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GOD SAVE IRELAND !

The Land of Saints, Sages, Poets, Patriots, Ollamhs, Warriors
Orators, Statesmen, and Mighty Men.

THE
IRISH NATIONAL
SONGSTER,

CONTAINING

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

Sentimental, Patriotic, and Comic Songs.

NEW YORK :

P. J. KENEDY, PUBLISHER,

5 BARCLAY STREET.

1892.

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ERIN-GO-BRAGH

SONGSTER.

AILEEN, MAVOURNEEN.

He tells me he loves me, and can I believe
The heart he has won he can wish to deceive,
Forever and always his sweet words to me,
Are Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree.

Last night when we parted, his gentle good-by,
A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh,
And still the same sweet words he whispered to me,
My Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree.

The friend of my childhood, the friend of my youth,
Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all truth,
O, still the same sweet words he whispered to me,
My Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree.

O, when will the day come, the dear happy day,
That a maiden may hear all a lover can say,
And speak out the words he now whispers to me.
My Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings showed the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood, few and faint, but fearless still !
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 Forever dimmed, forever crossed—
 Oh, who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honor's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
 And valor's task moved slowly by,
 While mute they watched, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh, who would live a slave in this ?

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS
 MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
 So the cheek may be tinged with a warm, sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting :

Oh, this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain ;
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH SONGSTER.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk, with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting—
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave,
Still faint behind them glowing—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine
eye;

And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of
air,

To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me
there,

And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to
hear,

When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the
ear;

And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison
rolls,

I think of my love! 'tis thy voice, from the kingdom of
souls,

Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

AMBITION.

BACON.

CINEAS was an excellent orator and statesman, and principal friend and counsellor to Pyrrhus; and falling in inward talk with him and discerning the King's endless ambition, Pyrrhus opened himself unto him, that he intended first a war upon Italy, and hoped to achieve it. Cineas asked him, "Sir, what will you do then?" "Then," said he, "we will attempt Sicily." Cineas said, "Well, sir, what then?" Said Pyrrhus, "If the gods favor us, we may conquer Africa and Carthage." "What then, sir?" said Cineas. "Nay then," saith Pyrrhus, "we may take our rest, sacrifice and feast every day, and make merry with our friends." "Alas, sir," said Cineas, "may we not do so now without all this ado?"

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

[The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usnach, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Emain. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are 'The Death of the Children of Tournan,' 'The Death of the Children of Lear,' and this, 'The Death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that in the second number of these melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir, Silent O'Moyle, etc.]

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin

On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!—
For every fond eye he hath wakened a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade!

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gloe—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall be wasted,
Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

ARRANMORE.

THOMAS MOORE.

OH ! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
 How oft I dream of thee ;
 And of those days when by thy shore
 I wandered young and free.
 Full many a path I've tried since then
 Through pleasure's flow'ry maze,
 But ne'er could find the bliss again
 I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliff
 At sunny morn I've stood,
 With heart ~~as~~ bounding ~~as~~ the ~~skiffs~~
 That danced along thy flood ;
 Or when the western wave grew bright
 With daylight's parting wing,
 Have sought that Eden in its light,
 Which dreaming poets sing.

That Eden where th' immortal brave
 Dwell in a land serene,
 Whose towers beyond the shining waves
 At sunset oft are seen ;
 Ah, dream too full of saddening truth !
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth,
 As sunny and ~~as~~ vain.

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,
 Is all that I claim,
 To pause and look back when thou hearest
 The sound of my name.

Another may woo thee, nearer,
 Another may win and wear;
 I care not though he be dearer,
 If I am remembered there.

Remember me—not as a lover
 Whose hope was cross'd—
 Whose bosom can never recover
 The light it hath lost.

As the young bride remembers the mother
 She loves, though she never may see,
 As a sister remembers a brother,
 Oh, dearest! remember me.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
 Could'st thou smile on me;
 I would be the fondest and nearest
 That ever loved thee!
 But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
 That never must burst upon thine;
 And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,
 Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me, then—Oh, remember
 My calm, light-love;
 Though bleak as the blasts of November
 My love may prove.
 That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
 If its brightest enjoyment should be
 A smile and kind look when we meet,
 And a place in thy memory.

A SWEET IRISH GIRL IS THE DARLING.

If they talk about ladies, I'll tell them the plan
 Of myself—to be sure I'm a nate Irishman;
 There is neither sultana nor foreign ma'mselle
 That has charms to please me, or can coax me so well

As the sweet Irish girl, so charming to see :
 Och ! a tight Irish girl is the darling for me.
 And sing filliloo, fire away, frisky she'll be,
 Och ! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me :

For she's pretty,
 She's witty,
 She's hoaxing,
 And coaxing,
 She's smiling,
 Beguiling to see, to see :
 She rattles,
 She prattles,
 She dances
 And prances,

Och ! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me

Now, some girls they are little, and some they are tall,
 Och, others are big, sure, and others are small ;
 And some that are teasing, are bandy, I tell ;
 Still none can please me, or can coax me so well
 As the dear Irish girl, so charming to see ;
 Och ! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me :
 For she's pretty, etc.

ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping,
 Its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wide, raging sea,
 And the tempest was swelling
 'Round the fisherman's dwelling,
 And she cried, " Dermont, darling, oh ! come back to me ! "

Her beads while she number'd,
 The baby still slumber'd,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee :

“Oh ! bless’d be that warning,
 My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

“And while they are keeping
 Bright watch o’er thy sleeping,
Oh ! pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
 And say thou wouldst rather
 They’d watch o’er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.”

The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermont returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe’s father to see,
 And closely caressing
 Her child, with a blessing,
Said, “I knew that the angels were whispering with thee.”

A BEGGARS’ WEDDING.

As Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggars’ wedding in the neighborhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony ; and that he might enjoy the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan that he should go thither, disguised as a blind fiddler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred they reached the scene of action, where the blind fiddler was received with joyful shouts. They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fiddler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. Never was a

more joyful wedding seen. They sung, they danced, told their stories, cracked jokes, and so on, in a vein of humor more entertaining to the two guests than they probably could have found in any other meeting on a like occasion. When they were about to depart they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fiddler very handsomely. The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening scattered about in different parts of the road and the neighboring village, all begging their charities in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding, others stone-blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated these sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly, told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery; and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labor, he would have them taken up and sent to gaol. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

THOU, thou reign'st in this bosom,
 There, there, hast thou thy throne;
 Thou, thou knowest that I love thee—
 Am I not fondly thine own?
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own?

Then, then, e'en as I love thee,
 Say, say, wilt thou love me?
 Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,
 Say, wilt thou cherish for me?
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, say, wilt thou cherish for me?

Speak, speak, love, I implore thee,
Say, say, hope shall be thine,
Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
Say but that thou wilt be mine!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but thou wilt be mine !

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA!

GEORGE COOPER.

BEAUTIFUL Isle of the Sea
Smile on the brow of the waters !
Dear are your mem'ries to me,
Sweet as the songs of your daughters.
Over your mountains and vales,
Down by each murmuring river,
Cheer'd by the flow'r-loving gales,
Oh ! could I wander for ever !
Land of the True and the Old,
Home ever dear unto me—
Fountain of pleasure untold,
Beautiful Isle of the Sea !
Fountain of pleasure untold,
Beautiful, beautiful Isle of the Sea !
Oft, on your shell-girdled shore,
Ev'ning has found me reclining,
Vision of youth dreaming o'er,
Down where the light-house was shining
Far from the gladness you gave,
Far from all joys worth possessing,
Still, o'er the lone, weary wave,
Comes to the wand'rer your blessing !
Land of the True and the Old,
Home ever dear unto me—
Fountain of pleasure untold,
Beautiful Isle of the Sea !
Fountain of pleasure untold,
Beautiful, beautiful Isle of the Sea !

BEN BOLT.

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
 Sweet Alice with hair so brown?
 She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
 And trembled with fear at your frown.
 In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
 In a corner obscure and alone,
 They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
 And poor Alice lies under the stone.
 They have fitted, etc.

Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
 Near the green sunny slope of the hill;
 Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide-spreading shades,
 And kept time to the click of the mill?
 The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
 And a quiet now reigns all around;
 See the old rustic porch, with its roses so sweet,
 Lies scatter'd and fall'n to the ground.
 See the old, etc.

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
 And the master so kind and so true;
 And the little nook by the clear running brook,
 Where we gather'd the flowers as they grew?
 On the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
 And the running little brook is now dry;
 And of all the friends who were school-mates then,
 There remain, Ben, but you and I.
 And of all, etc.

CANDOR.

MARIVAUX, a celebrated French writer of romances, who flourished in the first half of the last century, having one day met with a sturdy beggar, who asked charity of him, he replied. "My good friend strong and stout as you

are, it is a shame that you do not go to work." "Ah, master!" said the beggar, "if you did but know how lazy I am." "Well," replied Marivaux, "I see thou art an honest fellow, here is half-a-crown for you."

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife;
 By that sun, whose light is bringing
 Chains or freedom, death or life—
 Oh, remember life can be
 No charm for him who lives not free!
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Sinks a hero in his grave,
 Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.
 Happy is he o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,
 And light him down the steep of years—
 But oh, how blest they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
 When his heart that field remembers,
 Where we tamed his tyrant might!
 Never let him bind again
 A chain like that we broke from then.
 Hark! the horn of combat calls—
 Ere the golden evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round!
 Many a heart that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken even at victory's sound—
 But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wond'ring wor'd shall weep.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

[This ballad is founded upon many of the stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.]

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that o'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had tracked his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts:
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock!

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave.
Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourned her fate
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul
Round the lake night music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

BEAUTIFUL ERIN.

BEAUTIFUL Erin ! I leave thy shore,
 For a home far over the sea ;
 But where Niagara's waters roar,
 This heart still will beat for thee.
In fancy I'll roam the mountain side,
 Where the homes of my fathers stand ;
And I'll sing amid the dark woods wide,
 The songs of my own green land,
 I'll sing, I'll sing the songs of my own green land,
 I'll sing, I'll sing the songs of my own green land.
Breaking the bough with weary toil,
 In that land where plenty flows,
I'll sigh for my own dear verdant soil,
 Where my native shamrock grows.
Oh ! beautiful Erin, then fare thee well,
 Dear home of my childhood's hours !
No more 'mid thy fond bright scenes I dwell,
 Farewell to thy fields and flowers,
 Farewell ! farewell ! farewell to thy fields and flowers
 Farewell ! loved Erin, oh fare thee well.

BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING

By the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife ;
 And by that sun, whose light is bringing,
 Chains or freedom, death or life—
 Oh ! remember life can be
 No charm for him who lives not free
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Sinks a hero to his grave
 'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.
 Blessed is he, o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing shine
 And light him down the steep of years ;
 But oh ! how grand they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on victory's breast.

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers,
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white
 When his boding heart that field remembers
 Where we dimm'd his glory's light.
 Never let him bind again
 A charm like that we broke from them.
 Hark! the horn of combat calls—
 Oh! before the evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round.
 Many a heart that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken even at victory's sound.
 But oh! how blest that hero's sleep
 O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep.

COLLEEN BAWN.

'Twas on a bright morning in summer
 I first heard his voice speakin' low,
 As he said to a colleen beside me,
 Who's that purty girl milking her cow?
 Oh! many times afther ye met me,
 An' vowed that I always should be
 Your darlin' acushla, alanna, mavourneen,
 A suilish machree.

I haven't the manners or graces
 Of the girls in the world where ye in ve,
 I havn't their beautiful faces,
 But oh! I've a heart that can love;
 If it please ye, I'll dress me in satin,
 An' jewels I'll put on my brow,
 But oh! don't be afther forgettin'
 Your purty girl milking her cow.

* The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea, maiden, with me—
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and **snows**;
 Seasons may roll, but the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let Fate frown on, so we love and part not;
 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where *thou art not*.
 Then come o'er the sea, maiden, with me—
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;
 Seasons may roll, but the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea for the free,
 Land for courts and chains alone?
 Here we are slaves, but, on the waves,
 Love and liberty's all our own;
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound *us*,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
 Then come o'er the sea, maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and **snows**;
 Seasons may roll, but the true soul
 Burns the same where'er it goes.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home **is still**
 here,
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.
 Oh! what ~~were~~ love made for, if 'tis not the ~~same~~
 Through joy and through torment, through glory ~~and~~
 shame?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart—
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

COME BACK TO ERIN.

COME back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 Come back, aroon, to the land of thy birth,
 Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, ~~mavourneen~~
 And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
 Sure, when we lent you to beautiful England,
 Little we thought of the lone winter days,
 Little we thought of the hush of the star shine
 Over the mountains, the bluffs and the braes!

CHORUS.

Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 Come back again to the land of thy birth,
 Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Over the green sea, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 Long shone the white sail that bore thee away,
 Riding the white waves, that fair summer mornin',
 Just like a mayflower afloat on the bay.
 Oh! but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
 Like a gray curtain the rain falling down,
 Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean,
 Far, far away where my colleen had flown.
 Come back to Erin, etc

Oh! may the angels, oh, wakin' and sleepin',
 Watch o'er my bird in the land far away!
 And it's my prayer will consign to their keepin'
 Care o' my jewel by night and by day.

When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
 'Then all my heart flies to England and thee,
 Cravin' to know if my darlin' remembers,
 Or if her thoughts may be crossin' to me.

Come back to Erin, etc

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages and reasoning fools ;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
 To be withered and stained by the dust of the school
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
 But, while they are filled from the same bright bowl
 'The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.
 Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?
 From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss ?
 No—perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this !

COULDEST 'THOU LOOK AS DEAR.

COULDEST thou look as dear as when
 First I sighed for thee,
 Couldst thou make me feel again
 Every wish I breathed thee then,
 Oh, how blissful life would be !
 Hopes that now beguiling leave me,
 Joys that lie in slumber cold,
 All would wake, couldst thou but give me
 One dear smile like those of old

Oh, there's nothing left us now,
 But to mourn the past !
 Vain was every ardent vow ;
 Never yet did Heaven allow
 Love so warm, so wild, to last.
 Not even hope could now deceive me—
 Life itself looks dark and cold ;
 Oh, thou never more canst give me
 One dear smile like those of old !

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh ! the days are gone when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove,
 When my dream of life from morn 'till night
 Was love, still love.
 New hopes may bloom and days may come
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream,
 Oh there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past,
 Tho' he win the wise, who frowned before,
 To smile at last ;
 He'll never meet a joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul felt flame,
 And at every close she blushed to hear
 The one loved name.

Oh that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first love traced,
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste

'Twas odor, fled as soon as shed,
 'Twas morning's winged dream,
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream ;
 Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHIN AMOE.

THE beam on the streamlet was playing,
 The dew-drop still hung on the thorn,
 When a blooming young couple were straying,
 To taste the mild fragrance of morn.
 He sighed as he breathed forth his ditty,
 And she felt her breast softly to grow :
 "O, look on your lover with pity,
 Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe."

"Whilst green is yon bank's mossy pillow,
 Or evening shall weep the soft tear,
 Or the streamlet shall steal 'neath the willow,
 So long shall thy image be dear.
 O, fly to these arms for protection,
 If pierced by the arrow of woe,
 Then smile on my tender affection,
 Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe."

She sighed as his ditty was ended,
 Her heart was too full to reply ;
 Oh, joy and compassion were blended
 To light the mild beam of her eye.
 He kissed her soft hand : "What above thee
 Could heaven, in its bounty, bestow ?"
 He kissed her soft cheek : "Oh, I love thee,
 Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe."

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

[In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first arose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line: "The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep." The chain of silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "A celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace, at Almhaim, where the attending bards, anxious if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of silence and flung themselves among the ranks.]"

DEAR Harp of my country ! in darkness I found thee ;
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long ;
 When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
 But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country ! farewell to thy numbers—
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
 I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

 DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh, woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone ;
 By other fingers played,
 It yields not half the tone !

'Then here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They asked her, "Which might pass?"
 She answered, "He who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do:
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through.
 So here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth and grandeur shine,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in the dark gold-mine.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Though women keep it here.
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

DERMOT ASTHORE.

O, **DERMOT** ASTHORE, between waking and sleeping,
 I heard thy dear voice and wept to its lay,
 Every pulse of my heart the sweet measure was keeping
 Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away.

Tell me, my love, is this our last meeting?
 Shall we wander no more in Killarney's green bowers,
 To watch the bright sun o'er the dim hill retreating,
 And the wild stag at rest in his bed of spring flowers?

Dermot Asthore, how this fond heart would flutter,
 When I met thee by night in the shady boreen,
 And heard thine own voice in a soft whisper utter
 Those words of endearment—"Mavourneen Colleen."

I know we must part, but oh, say not forever,
 That it may be for years adds enough to my pain;
 But I'll cling to the hope, that though now we must sever
 In some blessed hour I shall meet thee again.

ONE OF DEAN SWIFT'S CERTIFICATES OF MARRIAGE.

UNDER an oak, in stormy weather,
 I joined this rogue and wench together;
 And none but He who rules the thunder
 Can put this wench and rogue asunder.

DUBLIN BAY.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

He sail'd away in a gallant bark,
 Roy Neill and his fair young bride,
 He had ventur'd all in that bounding ark
 That danced o'er the silver tide.
 But his heart was young and his spirit light,
 And he dashed the tear away,
 As he watched the shore recede from sight,
 Of his own sweet Dublin Bay.

Three days they sail'd, and a storm arose,
And the lightning swept the deep,
And the thunder-crash broke the short repose,
Of the weary sea-boy's sleep.
Roy Neill, he clasped his weeping bride,
And he kiss'd her tears away,
"Oh, love, 'twas a fatal hour," she cried,
"When we left sweet Dublin Bay."

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship
Some stood in their mute despair,
And some, more calm, with a holy lip,
Sought the God of the storm in prayer.
"She has struck on the rock!" the seamen cried,
In the breath of their wild dismay,
And the ship went down and the fair young bride
That sailed from Dublin Bay.

ERIN, MAVOURNEEN.

WHEN the pure sense of honor shall cease to inspire thee
And kind hospitality leaves thy gay shore;
When the nations that know thee, no longer admire thee,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

When the trumpet of fame shall cease to proclaim thee,
Of warriors the nurse, in the ages of yore,
When the muse and the record of genius disclaim thee,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

When thy brave sons no longer are generous and witty
And cease to be loved by the fair they adore,
When thy daughters no longer are virtuous and pretty,
Then, Erin, mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH SONGSTER

ERIN, O ERIN!

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frowned on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, O Erin, thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others' is set:
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet
Erin, O Erin, though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade!

'Unchilled by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
'Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower
'Thus Erin, O Erin, *thy* winter is past,
'And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last!

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam
Weep while they rise.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

OH! weep for the hour when to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
 The moon hid her light from the heavens that night,
 And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame

The clouds passed soon from the chaste, cold moon,
 And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
 But none will see the day when the clouds shall pass away
 Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay on the narrow pathway,
 When the Lord of the Valley crossed over the moor
 And many a deep print on the white snow's tint
 Showed the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false lord came
 But there's a light above, which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame

ERIN IS MY HOME.

OH, I have roamed in many lands,
 And many friends I've met,
 Not one fair scene or kindly smile
 Can this fond heart forget.
 But I'll confess that I'm content,
 No more I wish to roam:
 Oh, steer my bark for Erin's Isle,
 For Erin is my home

If England were my place of birth,
 I'd love her tranquil shore,
 And if Columbia were my home,
 Her freedom I'd adore ;
 Tho' pleasant days in both I've passed,
 I dream of days to come ;
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's Isle,
 For Erin is my home

EVER OF THEE.

GEORGE LINLEY.

EVER of thee I'm fondly dreaming ;
 Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer ;
 Thou wert the star that, mildly beaming,
 Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear
 Still in my heart thy form I cherish ;
 Ev'ry kind thought like a bird flies to thee.
 Ah, never, till life and memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me—
 Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
 Wandering afar, my soul's joy, to dwell—
 Ah, then I felt I loved thee only :
 All seem'd to fade before affection's spell.
 Years have not chill'd the love I cherish,
 True as the stars hath my heart been to thee,
 Ah, never till life and memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
 Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas,
 Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
 Upon the strength of a chance hit
 Amid a thousand flippancies,
 And his occasional bad jokes
 In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
 Ridiculing and maltreating
 Women or other timid folks,
 In a late cause resolved to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
 Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
 Appear'd expressly meant by fate
 For being quizz'd and play'd upon :
 So, having tipp'd the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down
 Until our wag should draw the cork ;
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.
 " Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York
 " Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
 But on four legs instead of two."
 " Officer ! " cried the legal elf,
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,
 " Do pray keep silence down below there.
 Now look at me, clown, and attend.
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend ?"—
 " Yees—very like—I often go there."
 " Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
 The counsel cried, with grin sardonic ;—
 " I wish I'd known this prodigy—
 This genius of the clods, when I
 On circuit was at York residing.
 Now, Farmer, do for once speak true—
 Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you,

Who doubtless think yourself ~~as~~ clever,
 Are there ~~as~~ many fools ~~as~~ ever
 In the West Riding?"
 "Why, no, sir, no; we've got our share,
 But not so many ~~as~~ when *you* were there."

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain;
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst—there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that Joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
 You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

ENTRAPPING A WITNESS.

AN illustration of O'Connell's dexterity in compassing an unfortunate culprit's acquittal may be here narrated. He was employed in defending a prisoner who was tried for murder committed in the vicinity of Cork.

The principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner—one corroborative circumstance was, that the prisoner's hat was found near the place where the murder took place. The witness swore positively that the hat produced was the one found, and that it belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James.

"By virtue of your oath, are you positive that this hat is the same hat?" "Yes." "Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your informations that it was the prisoner's?" "Yes." "Now let me see," said O'Connell, and he took up the hat, and began carefully to examine the inside. He then spelled aloud the name James slowly thus: "J-a-m-e-s." "Now, do you mean those words were in the hat when you found it?" "I do." "Did you see them there?" "I did." "This is the same hat?" "It is." "Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end to the case. There is no name whatever inscribed in the hat."

The result was instant acquittal.

— — —

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair!

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of Care

Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame

Ne'er so swiftly passes

As when through the frame

It shoots from brimming glasses.

Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions :
So we, sages, sit,
And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit ?
It chanced upon that day
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us,

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfered fire in—
But oh, his joy ! when round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying !

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mixed their burning treasure

Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us;
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that flame within us.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smoothes away a wrinkle.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet: 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night
 And maids who love the moon.
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made;
 'Tis then their soft attractions, glowing,
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.
 Oh, stay!—oh, stay!—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet: the fount that played
 In times of old through Ammon's shade,
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near.
 And thus should woman's heart and look
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.
 Oh, stay!—oh, stay!—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here?

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, oh, who would not fly?
 For one day of freedom, oh, who would not die?
 Hark, hark! 'tis the trumpet, the call of the brave,
 The death-song of tyrants and dirge of the slave.
 Our country lies bleeding—oh, fly to her aid!
 One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In Death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
 The dead fear no tyrants; the grave has no chains:
 On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed
 For virtue and mankind, are heroes indeed!
 And oh, even if Freedom from this world be driven,
 Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven!

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me.
 When the praise thou meetest,
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Other arms may press thee
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning—
 Oh! thus remember me.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH SONGSTER.

Oft, as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove **them**,
 Her who made thee love **them**—
 Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth, blazing,
 Oh ! still remember me.
 Then should music, stealing,
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee ;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee—
 Oh ! then remember me.

GIVE ME A COT IN THE VALLEY I LOVE

GIVE me a cot in the valley I love,
 A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove ;
 I care not how humble, for happy 'twould be,
 If one faithful heart will but share it with me.
 Our haunts shall be nature's own beautiful bowers,
 Our gems shall be nature's own beautiful flowers ;
 All woo'd by the sunshine, and kissed by the gale,
 The proudest might envy our home in the vale

Lov'st thou to listen to music's sweet voice,
 Then fly to the woods where the song birds rejoice—
 Or wouldst thou be free, to the forest repair,
 The stag in its freedom bounds merrily there.
 When summer nas gone, and winter's chill hours
 Have rifled the greenwood and blighted the flowers—
 Tho' ice-bound the brook, and snow-clad the dale,
 The proudest might envy our home in the vale.

GRACE DARLING;

OR, THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER.

"OH! father loved! the storm is raging,
 And cold and heavy the night mist falls;
 Some hapless crew, a prey to danger,
 For help, for help, despairing calls.
 Trim, trim the lamp—the boat launch quickly,
 Though dangers threaten, the worst we'll brave.
 The toil I heed not, if we can rescue
 The shipwreck'd wanderers from the grave.
 Oh! father loved! the storm is raging,
 And cold and heavy the night wind falls;
 The boat launch quickly—the boat launch quickly,
 Some hapless crew for help now calls."

"My gentle child, 't were worse than madness,
 To tempt the billow this fearful night;
 Again to sleep—to rest betake thee:
 Await—await the morning's light."
 "I cannot sleep—their shrieks appall me—
 Oh, father! heard you that piercing cry?
 Arise thee! hasten! the day is breaking!
 Look out! look out! a wreck I spy.
 Oh! father loved! I fear no danger:
 With thee I will boldly breast the wave;
 The boat launch quickly—the boat launch quickly
 Yon hapless crew we yet may save."

The boat is launch'd—through breakers roaring,
 Like some wild bird the frail skiff flew;
 That gentle girl, with love unshaken,
 Has saved from death that hapless crew.
 The danger past, her heart beats lightly,
 Her silent transport no pride betrays;
 Though grateful tears are round her falling,
 And hearts are throbbing to her praise
 The danger past, her heart beats lightly,
 Her silent transport no pride betrays,
 Though grateful tears are round her falling,
 And hearts are throbbing to her praise.

SWIFT AMONG THE LAWYERS.

DEAN SWIFT having preached an assize sermon in Ireland was invited to dine with the judges; and having in his sermon considered the use and abuse of the law, he then pressed a little hard upon those counsellors who plead causes which they know in their conscience to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the Dean; and after several altercations the counsellor asked him if the devil was to die whether a parson might not be found who, for money, would preach his funeral sermon, "Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and I would then give the devil his due, as I have done this day to his children."

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet?

Does Time, with his cold wing, wither
Each feeling that once was dear !—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither !
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has Love to that soul so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendor
All over the surface shine ?
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah, false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone !

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee ?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away ?

If thus the young hours have fled,
When sorrow itself looked bright ;
If thus the fair hope had cheated,
That led thee along so light,
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear ;
Come, child of misfortune, come hither
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR !

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea !
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
 Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest

HOW OFT HAS THE BANSHEE CRIED

How oft has the Banshee cried !
 How oft has Death united
 Bright links that Glory wove,
 Sweet bonds entwined by Love !
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth ;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth ;
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave !

We're fallen upon gloomy days !
 Star after star decays,
 Every bright name that shed
 Light o'er the land is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth :
 But brightly flows the tear
 Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quenched are our beacon-lights—
 Thou, of the Hundred Fights !
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung !
Both mute—but long as valor shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they lived and died !

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE'S the bower she loved so much,
And the trees she planted ;

HERE'S the harp she used to touch—
Oh, how that touch enchanted !

Roses now unheeded sigh,
Where's the hand to wreath them ?

Songs around neglected lie,
Where's the lip to breathe them ?

HERE'S the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted ;

HERE'S the harp she used to touch—
Oh, how that touch enchanted !

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness ;

Time, that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.

Years were days, when here she strayed—
Days were moments near her ;

Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer !

HERE'S the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted ;

HERE'S the harp she used to touch—
Oh, how that touch enchanted !

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomery ;
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie ;
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they longest tarry ;
For there I took the last farewell,
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasped her to my bosom !
 The golden hours on angel's wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender,
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder.
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my friend sae early,
 Now green's the sod, and cauld the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I oft hae kissed so fondly !
 I've los'd for aye the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me so kindly !
 Ah ! mouldering now in silent dust,
 The heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

'Tis years since last we met, and we may not meet again ;
 I have struggled to forget, but that struggle was in vain.
 For her voice lives on the breeze, and her spirit comes at
 will ;
 In the midnight on the leas, her bright smile haunts me
 still.

At the first sweet dawn of light, when I gaze upon the
 deep,
 Her form still greets my sight, while the stars their vigils
 keep.
 When I close mine aching eyes, sweet dreams my senses
 fill;
 And, from sleep when I arise, her bright smile haunts me
 still.

I have sailed 'neath alien skies, I have trod the desert
 path;
 I have seen the storm arise like a giant in his wrath.
 Every danger I have known that a reckless life can fill;
 Yet her presence is not flown, her bright smile haunts me
 still.

JUDGE BOAT.

SWIFT.

HERE lies Judge *Boat* within a coffin,
 Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffin';
 A *boat* a judge! Yes, where's the blunder?
 A *wooden* judge is no such wonder!
 And in his robes you must agree,
 No *boat* was better deckt than he.
 'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
 In short he was an able *sculler*.

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

CHARIBEL.

I CANNOT sing the old songs
 I sung long years ago:
 For heart and voice would fail me,
 And foolish tears would flow;
 For bygone hours come o'er my heart,
 With each fam'liar strain:

ERIN-GO-BRAGH SONGSTER.

I cannot sing the old songs,
 Or dream those dreams again;
 I cannot sing the old songs,
 Or dream those dreams again!

I cannot sing the old songs,
 Their charm is sad and deep;
 Their melodies would waken
 Old sorrows from their sleep;
 And tho' all unforgotten still,
 And sadly sweet they be—
 I cannot sing the old songs,
 They are too dear to me;
 I cannot sing the old songs,
 They are too dear to me!

I cannot sing the old songs:
 For visions come again
 Of golden dreams departed,
 And years of weary pain.
 Perhaps, when earthly fetters shall
 Have set my spirit free,
 My voice may know the old songs,
 For all eternity!
 My voice may know the old songs,
 For all eternity!

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE

T. HAYNES BAYLY.

I'LL hang my harp on a willow tree,
 I'll off to the wars again;
 My peaceful home has no charms for me,
 The battle-field no pain.
 The lady I love will soon be a bride,
 With a diadem on her brow;
 Oh! why did she flatter my boyish pride?
 She's going to leave me now.

She took me away from my warlike lord,
 And gave me a silken suit;
 I thought no more of my master's sword,
 When I played on my master's lute.
 She seem'd to think me a boy above
 Her pages of low degree.
 Oh! had I but lov'd with a boyish love,
 It would have been better for me.

Then I'll hide in my breast ev'ry selfish care,
 I'll flush my pale cheek with wine,
 When smiles awake the bridal pair,
 I'll hasten to give them mine.
 I'll laugh and I'll sing, though my heart may bleed,
 And I'll walk in the festive train;
 And if I survive it I'll mount my steed,
 And off to the wars again.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine
 In my helmet's sable plume,
 And then, on the field of Palestine
 I'll seek an early doom:
 And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,
 'Mid the noble and the brave,
 A tear from my lady-love is all
 I ask for the warrior's grave.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too:
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me—
 That smile turns them all to light

'Tis not in Fate to harm me,
 While Fate leaves thy love to me;
 'Tis not in Joy to charm me,
 Unless Joy be shared with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee,
 Were worth a long, an endless year
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely, without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me
 Along the path I've yet to roam—
 The mind that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home

ILL OMENS.

As daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 For the last time she e'er was to press it alone.
 For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
 Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
 And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she looked in the glass which a woman ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brushed him—he fell, alas! never to rise—
 "Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
 For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease
was growing,

She culled some, and kissed off its night-fallen dew,
And a rose farther on looked so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too.

But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,

Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:

"Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sighed at its
meaning),

"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,

A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on:

I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—

The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,

So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;

Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,

And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning

The close of our day, the calm eve of our night—

Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning

Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,

When passion first waked a new life through his frame,

And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,

Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of time,
 And waste its bloom away, Mary!
 Yet still thy features wore that light
 Which fleets not with the breath;
 And life ne'er looked more truly bright
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide! Mary,
 So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that which charmed all other eyes
 Seemed worthless in thine own, Mary!

 THE BARGAIN.

THOMPSON.—Ned, I heard that you were out late last evening.

NED.—Yes, Thompson; Patsey Bolivar, Baldy Sowers and I were together.

THOMPSON.—Where did you spend your evening?

NED.—Down in a lager-bier saloon. We had a gay time.

THOMPSON.—I suppose you imbibed freely?

NED.—What's dat?

THOMPSON.—You regaled yourselves.

NED.—I don't know; but we all made a bargain dat when we went home we must do de fust thing our wives told us to do; and de fust one dat refused was to pay de drinks in de mornin'.

THOMPSON.—Well, how did you succeed?

NED.—We met dis mornin', and Patsy Bolivar said when he went home he come near stumblin' over a pot of batter dat was settin' by the stove to raise; his wife said, "Dar, you fool! put your foot in dat batter!" and so he did.

THOMPSON.—Then he got clear.

NED.—Yes; den Baldy Sowers said when he went home his wife had gone to bed, so he got in de window; feelin about in de dark for a match, he run against de stove, when his wife bawled out, "Do knock over de stove;" and, would you believe it, he kicked it over right away.

THOMPSON.—He got clear.

NED.—Yes, Thompson, but I—

THOMPSON.—What, you didn't lose, did you?

NED.—Well, you see, Thompson, when I got home I thought I'd go to bed widout makin' any noise, but I guess dar was more stairs than ushal, or p'raps dar was a hole in de carpet, and—

THOMPSON.—You put your foot in it?

NED.—Yes; I tried to take two stairs at one step, or two steps at one stair, I don't 'zactly know which—p'raps both—and I stumbled; and what you t'ink my wife said?

THOMPSON.—Well, I suppose she requested you to be careful and not hurt youself.

NED.—Yes; she hollowed out "Dar you are agin', just tumble down and break your neck, do!"

THOMPSON.—That was most unreasonable on her part. It must have placed you in a most embarrassing position. Did you pay attention to her request?

NED.—No, sirree; I paid de drink.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED

It is not the tear at this moment shed,

When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled

Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded,
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them;
 For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,
 When we think how he lived but to love them.
 And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
 Where buried saints are lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
 From the image he left there in dying!

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I'VE a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here—
 Oh, not where the world its vigil keeps:
 I'll seek to whisper it in thine ear,
 On some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps;
 Where Summer's wave unmurm'ring dies,
 Nor Fay can hear the fountain's gush;
 Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
 The Rose saith, chidingly, "Hush, sweet hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
 When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
 Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
 Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
 Like him, the boy who, born among
 The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
 So ever thus—his only song,
 To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

ERIN-GO-BRAGH SONGSTER.

IRISH MARY.

JOHN BANIM.

AIR—"Lesbia hath a Beaming Eye."

FAR away from Erin's strand,
And valleys wide and sounding waters,
Still she is, in every land,
One of Erin's real daughters:
Oh! to meet her here is like
A dream of home and natal mountains,
On our hearts their verses strike—
We hear the gushing of their fountains!
Yes! our Irish Mary dear!
Our own, our real Irish Mary!
A flower of home, fresh blooming come,
Art thou to us our Irish Mary!

Round about us here we see
Bright eyes like hers, and sunny faces
Charming all!—if all were free
Of foreign airs, of borrowed graces.
Mary's eye it flashes truth!
And Mary's spirit, Mary's nature,
"Irish Lady," fresh in youth,
Have beam'd o'er every look and feature!
Yes! our Irish Mary dear!
When La Tournure doth make us weary,
We have you, to turn unto,
For native grace, our Irish Mary.

Sighs of home!—her Erin's songs
O'er all their songs we love to listen;
Tears of home!—her Erin's wrongs
Subdue our kindred eyes to glisten!
Oh! should woe to gloom consign
The clear fireside of love and honor.

You will see a holier sign
 Of Irish Mary bright upon her !
 Yes ! our Irish Mary dear
 Will light that home, though e'er so dreary,
 Shining still o'er clouds of ill,
 Sweet star of life, our Irish Mary !

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I HAVE heard the mavis singing
 His love-song to the morn :
 I have seen the dew-drops clinging
 To the rose just newly born ;
 But a sweeter song has cheered me,
 At the evening's gentle close ;
 I have seen an eye still brighter
 Than the dew-drops on the rose—
 'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
 And thine artless, winning smile,
 That made this world an Eden,
 Bonny Mary of Argyle !

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
 And thine eye its brightness, too ;
 Tho' thy step may lose its fleetness
 And thy hair its sunny hue ;
 Still to me shalt thou be dearer
 Than all the world can own—
 I have loved thee for thy beauty,
 But not for that alone :
 I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
 And its goodness was the wile
 Thou has made thee mine forever,
 Bonny Mary of Argyle !

I'M DREAMING OF THEE, NORAH.

I'm dreaming of thee, Norah, I'm dreaming still of thee,
 Thy spirit haunts me ever, like fairy melody;
 When in loneliness I wander, or in halls of mirth and
 glee,
 Ah! my heart to thine is turning, I'm dreaming still of
 thee.

I'm dreaming of thee, Norah,
 I'm dreaming still of thee.

I'm dreaming of thee, dearest, I dream of thee alone,
 I think how well I love thee, and feel we shall be one;
 For I know there is no other e'er can be so dear to me,
 Ah! whene'er I dream of angels, I'm dreaming still of
 thee.

I'm dreaming of thee, Norah,
 I'm dreaming still of thee.

 JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

JOYS that pass away like this,
 Alas! are purchased dear,
 If every beam of bliss
 Is followed by a tear.
 Fare thee well—oh, fare thee well!
 Soon, too soon, thou hast broke the spell.
 Oh, I ne'er can love again
 The girl, whose faithless art
 Could break so dear a chain,
 And with it break my heart!

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
 How beautiful they shone!
 But now that lustre flies,
 For truth, alas! is gone.
 Fare thee well—oh, fare thee well!
 How I've loved my hate shall tell.

Oh, how lorn, how lost would prove
 Thy wretched victim's fate,
 If, when deceived in love,
 He could not fly to hate.

KATTY, AVOURNEEN.

‘Twas a cowl’d winter’s night and the tempest was
 snarlin’,
 The snow, like a sheet, cover’d cabin and sty,
 When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin’,
 And tapp’d at the window where Katty did lie.
 “Arrah! jewel,” says he, “are you sleeping or waking,
 It’s a bitter cowl’d night, and my coat it is thin,
 The storm it is brewin’, the frost it is bakin’,
 Oh! Katty, avourneen, you must let me in.”

“Ah! then, Barney,” says Kate, and she spoke through the
 window,
 “How could you be taking us out of our beds,
 To come at this time, it’s a shame and a sin, too,
 It’s whiskey, not love, has got into your head.
 If your heart it was true, of my fame you’d be tindher,
 Consider the time, an’ there’s nobody in,
 What has a poor girl but her name to defend her?
 No, Barney, avourneen, I won’t let you in!”

“A cuishla,” says he, “it’s my heart is a fountain,
 That weeps for the wrong I might lay at your door;
 Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
 And Barney ’ld die to presarve it as pure.
 I’ll go to my home, tho’ the winter winds face me,
 I’ll whistle them off, for I’m happy within,
 And the words of my Katty will comfort and bless me,
 ‘No, Barney, avourneen, I won’t let you in!’”

KITTY TYRRELL.

You'RE looking as fresh as the morn, darli~~ng~~^{ng},
 You're looking ~~as~~ bright as the day;
 But while on your charms I'm dilating,
 You're stealing my poor heart away.
 But keep it and welcome, mavourneen,
 Its loss I'm not going to mourn;
 Yet one heart's enough for a body,
 So pray give me yours in return.
 Mavourneen, mavourneen,
 O! pray give me yours in return.

I've built me a neat little cot, darling,
 I've pigs and potatoes in store;
 I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
 And may be, a pound or two more.
 It's all very well to have riches,
 But I'm such a covetous elf,
 I can't help still sighing for something,
 And, darling, that something's yourself.
 Mavourneen, mavourneen,
 And that something, you know, is yourself.

You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darli~~ng~~^{ng},
 Say "yes," and you'll never repent,
 Or, if you would rather be silent,
 Your silence I'll take for consent.
 That good natured dimple's a tell-tale,
 Now all that I have is your own;
 This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,
 Next week you'll be Mistress Malone.
 Mavourneen, mavourneen,
 You'll be my own Mistress Malone.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

KATHLEEN, mavourneen ! the gray dawn is breaking,
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
 The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking
 Kathleen, mavourneen, what, slumb'ring still ?
 Ah ! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever ?
 Oh ! hast thou forgotten this day we must part ?
 It may be for years, and it may be forever,
 Oh ! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
 It may be for years and it may be forever,
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen, mavourneen ?

Kathleen, mavourneen ! awake from thy slumbers,
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light,
 Ah ! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers
 Arise, in thy beauty, thou star of my night,
 Mavourneen, mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part,
 It may be for years and it may be forever,
 Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
 It may be for years, and it may be forever,
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen, mavourneen ?

 A DARK SCENE.

A **DARKEY**, of a dark night, in a dark cellar, with a dark
 lantern, hunting after a dark cat.

 CONUNDRUM.

WHY do girls kiss each other and men not ?
 Because the girls have nothing better to kiss, and the
 men have

KATE O'BRIEN.

PERHAPS you don't know there's a sweet little stream,
 Far down in a dell, where a poet might dream;
 A nate little cabin stands close to the tide,
 And, och, such a jewel is shining inside.
 I don't mean a jewel that money can buy,
 But a warm-hearted creature with love in her eye;
 You'll not find a beauty so beauteous as she,
 From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.

Her name is O'Brien, they christened her Kate;
 There's many a beauty has shared the same fate;
 But never a one, to my thinking, I've seen
 So lovely, so trim, as my bright-eyed colleen:
 Her face is a picture for limners to paint;
 Her figure might serve for a heart winning saint;
 Oh, you'll not find a beauty so beauteous as she,
 From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.

Her hair, it is smooth as the raven's own back,
 But the bonniest bird has not tresses so black;
 And they curl round a neck that might rival the snow,
 With the grace of a swan on the waters below.
 Her mouth,—oh, what music I've heard from that same!
 Her breath, it might put the sweet roses to shame;
 Oh, you'll not find a beauty so beauteous as she,
 From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.

KATE O'SHANE.

THE cold winds of Autumn wail mournfully hero,
 The leaves round me falling are faded and sere;
 But chill though the breeze be, and threat'ning the storm,
 My heart, full of fondness, beats kindly and warm.

Oh! Dennis, dear, come back to me,
 I count the hours away from thee,
 Return and never part again
 From thine own darling—Kate O'Shane.

'Twas here we last parted, 'twas here we first met,
 And ne'er has he caused me one tear of regret ;
 The seasons may alter, their change I defy,
 My heart's one glad summer when Dennis is by.
 Oh ! Dennis, dear, etc.

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

SWIFT was invited by a rich miser to dinner. Requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth, uttered the following grace :

Thanks for this miracle ! this is no less
 Than to eat manna in the wilderness.
 Where raging hunger reign'd we've found relief,
 And seen that wondrous thing, a piece of beef.
 Here chimneys smoke that never smoked before,
 And we've all eat, where we shall *eat no more*.

KATIE O'RYAN.

ON the banks of the Shannon, in darling old Ireland,
 Dwells a fair damsel, she's soon to be mine,
 She's a darling young creature and lovely in feature,
 I ne'er can forget her ! dear Katie O'Ryan.
 She's as fair as the dawn of the morning while beaming,
 Her eyes soft, her lips like the ruby red wine,
 Oh ! she's the dear little shamrock, I'm constantly dreaming
 Of my own darling Katie, dear Katie O'Ryan.

CHORUS.

She's the dear little shamrock, I'm constantly dreaming
 Of my own darling Katie, dear Katie O'Ryan.

I now have rov'd far to a land call'd America,
 A home, Katie dear, for the honest and true,
 My heart saddens tho' when I think that I am
 So far away from old Ireland, and Katie, from you.
 The winter is on, but I heed not its cold, dear,
 The spring will bring flow'rs and joy to my heart,
 Oh! for it's nearing the time when I'll bring my love out **here**,
 Then in this free country our new lives we'll start.
 She's the dear, etc.

The fields here **are** green **as** they are in old Ireland,
 And all have their freedom to do what is right ;
 Ah! Katie, I've seen pretty girls by the thousand,
 And I'm thinking of none but you, darling, to-night.
 When the bright summer comes, I will hasten, sure, back
 again,
 Take your soft tender hands gently in mine. Oh!
 I'll never more leave you, but thro' life we'll wander ;
 Till death it will part me and Katie O'Ryan.
 She's the dear, etc

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May morning long ago,
 When first you were my bride ;
 The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
 And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day ~~as~~ bright as then ;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again !

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'ning for the words
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near—
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here ;
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest,
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends,
 But, O ! they love them better far,
 The few our father sends ;
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessing and my pride ;
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding, you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true,
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to.
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shine's always there ;
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair !

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth,
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.

Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid, that seldom rises ;
 Few its looks, but every one,
 Like unexpected light, surprises.
 Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
 Beauty lies in many eyes,
 But love in yours, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But also close the nymph hath laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
 Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain-breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress is loveliness—
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're designed
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
 Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
 In safe slumber love reposes—
 Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
 Wit, though bright, hath no such light
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina !

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold
 Which he won from her proud invader;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger—
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining:
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of Time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

 LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
 Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
 Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
 To heaven in mingled odor ascend.
 Do not disturb our calm, O Love!
 So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
 It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listened,
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glistened,
 His rosy wing turned to heaven's own tint.
 "Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
 "That love could so well, so gravely disguise
 His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

"Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping—
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise ;
He tinges the leavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flamē with his sighs.
 Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest
 If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest."

LOVE THEE, DEAREST, LOVE THEE !

LOVE thee, dearest, love thee ?
 Yes, by yonder star I swear,
 Which, through tears, above,
 Shines so sadly fair,
 Though too oft dim with tears like him,
 Like him my truth will shine :
 And love thee, dearest, love thee ?
 Yes—till death I'm thine !

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee ?
 No—that star is not more true ;
 When my vows deceive thee,
 He will wander too.
 A cloud of night may veil his light,
 And death shall darken mine ;
 But leave thee, dearest, leave thee ?
 No—till death I'm thine !

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

LIGHT sounds the Harp, when the combat is over,
 When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom ;
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

But when the foe returns,
 Again the hero burns—
 High flames the sword in his hand once more ;
 The clang of mingling arms
 Is then the sound that charms,
 And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung !
 Oh, then comes the Harp, when the combat is over,
 When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom ;
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
 Light went the Harp, when the War-God, reclining,
 Lay lulled on the white arm of Beauty to rest ;
 When round his rich armor the myrtle hung twining,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their rest
 But when the battle came,
 The hero's eye breathed flame ;
 Soon from his neck the white arm was flung ;
 While, to his wakening ear,
 No other sounds were dear,
 But the brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
 But then came the light Harp, when danger was ended,
 And Beauty once more lulled the War-God to rest ;
 When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their rest.

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—
 Youth may wither, but feeling will last :
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.
 Oh, if to love thee more, each hour I number o'er ;
 If this a passion be wortny of thee,
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee—
 Charms may wither, but feeling will last.
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom ! no sorrow shall pain thee,
 Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal ;
 Beam, bright eyelid ! no weeping shall stain thee,
 Tears of rapture alone thou shalt feel,
 Oh, if there be a charm in love to banish harm ;
 If pleasure's truest spell be to love well,
 Then be happy. for thus I adore thee—
 Charms may wither, but feeling will last,
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast

SHORT CHARITY SERMON.

DEAN SWIFT once preached a charity sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors ; which, coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, he took special care to avoid falling into the former error. His text was, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." The Dean, after repeating his text in a more than commonly emphatical tone, added, "Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of this loan ; if you like the security, down with your doct." The quaintness and brevity of the sermon produced a large contribution.

DUET.

LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH THEE.

He. — LOVE, my Mary, dwells with thee,
 On thy cheek his bed I see.

She. — No, that cheek is pale with care—
 Love can find no roses there.

Both.—'Tis not on the bed of rose,
 Love can find the best repose :
 In my heart his home thou'lt see—
 There he lives, and lives for thee.

He. — Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
 While he makes that eye his home.

She. — No, the eye with sorrow dim,
 Ne'er can be a home for him.

Both.—Yet 'tis not in beaming eyes,
 Love forever warmest lies;
 In my heart his home thou'lt see—
 There he lives, and lives for thee !

MY HEART'S IN OLD IRELAND.

My bark on the billow dash'd gloriously on,
 And glad were the notes of the sailor boy's song,
 Yet sad was my bosom and bursting with woe,
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.
 Oh, my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

More dear than the flowers that Italy yields,
 Are the red-breasted daisies that spangle thy fields,
 The shamrock, the hawthorn, the white blossom's glow,
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.
 Oh, my heart's, etc.

The shores they look lovely, yet cheerless and vain
 Bloom the lilies of France and the olives of Spain ;
 When I think of the fields where the wild daisies grow,
 Then my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.
 Oh, my heart's, etc.

The lilies and roses abandon the plains,
 Though the summer's gone by, still the shamrock remains
 Like a friend in misfortune it blooms o'er the snow,
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

Oh, my heart's, etc.

I sigh and I vow, if ever I get home,
 No more from my dear native cottage I'll roam;
 The harp shall resound, and the goblet shall flow,
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

Oh, my heart's, etc.

MOLLY BAWN.

O MOLLY BAWN, why leave me pining
 Or lonely waiting here for you—
 While the stars above are brightly shining,
 Because they have nothing else to do.
 The flowers late were open keeping,
 To try a rival blush with you,
 But their mother, Nature, kept them sleeping,
 With their rosy faces wash'd in dew.

The pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
 And the pretty stars were made to shine;
 The pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
 And may be you were made for mine.
 The wicked watch-dog here is snarling—
 He takes me for a thief, d'ye see?
 For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,
 And then transported I should be.

MOLLY, ASTHORE.

As I walk by Banna's banks I strayed, one evening in May,
 The little birds in blithest notes made vocal every spray
 They sung their little notes of love, they sung them o'er
 and o'er—

Ab! gramachree, my colleen oge my Molly, asthore

'The daisy pied and all the sweets the dawn of Nature
yields,

The primrose pale, the violet blue, lay scattered o'er the
fields,

Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore,

Ah ! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus a slave to love, and cruel Molly's
mate ;

How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its
core,

Ah ! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

You said you loved me, Molly, dear—ah ! why did I believe !
Yet who could think such tender words were meant but to
deceive,

That love was all I asked on earth—nay ! heaven could
give no more.

Ah ! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

Oh ! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or lowed for me the numerous herds that yon green pasture
fill,

With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store,

Ah ! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

Two turtle-doves above my head, sat courting on a bough,
I envied them their happiness to see them bill and coo,
Such fondness once for me was shown, but now, alas ! 'tis
o'er,

Ah ! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall
mourn,

While life remains in Stephen's heart 'twill beat for thee alone,
Though thou art false, may heaven on thee its choicest
blessings pour,

Ah ! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

MA AILLEEN, ASTHORE.

WHEN waking with the rosy day,
 From golden dreams of thee,
I watch the orient sunbeams play
 Along the purple sea ;
Oh ! then I could not choose but weep,
 As thou were mine no more,
Ah ! gramachree, ma colleen oge,
 Ma Ailleen, asthore !

When twilight brings the weeping hours,
 That sadden all the grove,
And angels leave their starry bowers
 To watch o'er faithful love,
Thy parting words, to me so sweet,
 I breathe them o'er and o'er,
Ah ! gramachree, my colleen oge,
 Ma Ailleen, asthore !

But soon they'll lay me in the grave,
 Where broken hearts should be ;
And when, beyond the distant wave,
 Thou dream'st of meeting me,
My sorrows all will be forgot,
 And all the love I bore,
Ah ! gramachree, ma colleen oge,
 Ma Ailleen, asthore !

MY EMMET'S NO MORE.

DESPAIR in her wild eye, a daughter of Erin
 Appear'd on the cliffs of the bleak rocky shore ;
Loose in the wind flow'd her dark streaming ringlets
 And heedless she gaz'd on the dread surge's roar

Loud rang her harp in wild tones of despairing;
 The time pass'd away with the present comparing,
 And in soul-thrilling strains deeper sorrow declaring,
 She sang Erin's woes and her Emmet no more.

O, Erin, my country, your glory's departed;
 For tyrants and traitors have stabbed thy heart's core,
 Thy daughters have laved in the streams of affliction,
 Thy patriots have fled, or lie stretched in their gore,
 Ruthless ruffians now prowl thro' thy hamlets forsaken,
 From pale hungry orphans their last morsel have taken;
 The screams of thy females no pity awaken;
 Alas! my poor country, your Emmet's no more.

Brave was his spirit, yet mild as the Brahmin,
 His heart bled in anguish the wrongs of the poor;
 To relieve their hard sufferings he brav'd every danger,
 The vengeance of tyrants undauntedly bore.
 E'en before him the proud titled villains in power
 Were seen, though in ermine, in terror to cower;
 But alas! he is gone, he has fallen, a young flower,
 They have murder'd my Emmet, my Emmet's no more

MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE.

MEET me, Miss Molly Malone,
 At the grove at the end of the vale;
 But be sure that you don't come alone,
 Bring a pot of your master's strong ale;
 With a nice bit of beef and some bread,
 Some pickled or cucumbers green,
 Or a nice little dainty pig's head,
 'Tis the loveliest titbit e'er seen,
 Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone.

Pastry may do for the gay,
 Old maids may find comfort in tea;
 But there's something about ham and beef,
 That agrees a deal better with me.
 Remember my cupboard is bare,
 Then come, if my dear life you prize,
 I'd have lived the last fortnight on air,
 But you sent me two nice mutton pies,
 Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone.

THIEVES.

"NED, I suppose you have travelled a great distance during the past seventeen years, as you have been continually on the move?"

"Yes, I've been putty much all ober de world, and at last I've come to a halt."

"That was a long road to travel."

"Well, it was; and one place I cum to was a little de hardest you eber heerd ob."

"Why so?"

"You see, de people dere was de greatest set ob thieves you eber see. I went to de stable to see 'bout my horse, and dere was a fellow trying to steal de poor animal's eyes. I asked him what he was 'bout, and he said he had a blind horse home, and he wanted my horse's eyes fur him. I told him he was a big thief, and asked him if dere was any more like him 'round dere.

"'Yes,' says he, 'plenty; we're all thieves, and been so for forty generations.'

"'Well,' said I, 'if *Old Uncle Gabriel* should land here to blow his trumpet on resumrection day, he would wake up a hard lot.'

"'He wouldn't raise nary one,' said he, 'for we'd steal his old horn before he could give a single toot.'"

NORAH CREINA.

WHO are you that walks this way,
 So like the Empress Dejanira?
 Is it true what people say,
 That you're the famous Shilnagaria?
 Or are you the great Pompey?
 Or Britain's Queen, bold Tilbureena?
 Or are you Dido, or Doctor Magee?
 O no, says she, I'm Norah Creina.
 I'm the girl that makes the stir,
 From Cork along to Skibbereena;
 All the day we drink strong tea,
 And whiskey too, says Norah Creina.

WHO are you that ask my name?
 Othello, Wat Tyler, or Julius Cæsar?
 Or are you Venus, of bright fame?
 Or that old foggy Nebuchadnezzar?
 Or maybe you are Pluto stout;
 Or jolly old Bacchus, drunk and hearty;
 There my lass, your eye is out,
 For I'm Napoleon Bonaparte.

WON'T you dine with me to-day?
 I'll send for you a horse and crupper;
 And lest you should refuse to stay,
 I'll tell you who we'll have to supper:
 Macgillicuddy of the Reeks,
 And Donaghue Glen, the Duke of Glo'ster,
 Oliver Cromwell, and Brian O'Lynn,
 Cadwallader Waddy, and Leslie Foster.

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret.
 Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
 Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

Ne'er hath a beam been lost in the stream
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul ;
 The spell of those eyes, the balm of thy sighs,
 Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine ;
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
 But bathed the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds that drank of the floods
 Distilled by the rainbow decline and fade ;
 While those which the tide of ruby had dyed
 All blushed into beauty, like thee, sweet maid !
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full choir of heaven is near—
 Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing
 Of summer wind through some wreathed shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost felling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell !—

'Twas whispered balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again.

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

As beauteous as Flora is charming young Norah,
 The joy of my heart and the pride of Kildare,
 I ne'er will deceive her, for sadly 'twould grieve her,
 To find that I sighed for another less fair.

CHORUS.

Her heart with truth teeming, her eye with smiles beaming,
 What mortal could injure a blossom so fair,
 Oh, Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare.
 Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love,
 Though beauties may smile and try to ensnare,
 Yet nothing shall ever my heart from thine sever,
 Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the Pride of Kildare.

MOLLIE DARLING.

A BEAUTIFUL SONG BY WILL S. HAYS.

Won't you tell me, Mollie darling,
 That you love none else but me?
 For, I love you, Mollie darling,
 You are all the world to me,
 Oh! tell me, darling, that you love me,
 Put your little hand in mine,
 Take my heart, sweet Mollie darling,
 Say that you will give me thine?

CHORUS.

Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest,
 Look up, darling, tell me this:
 Do you love me, Mollie darling?
 Let your answer be a kiss.

Stars are smiling, Mollie darling,
 Through the mystic veil of night;
 They seem laughing, Mollie darling,
 While fair Luna hides her light;
 Oh! no one listens but the flowers,
 While they hang their heads in shame,
 They are modest, Mollie darling,
 When they hear me call your name.

Mollie, fairest, etc.

I must leave you, Mollie darling,
 Though the parting gives me pain;
 When the stars shine, Mollie darling,
 I will meet you here again.
 Oh! good-night, Mollie, good-by, loved one,
 Happy may you ever be!
 When you're dreaming, Mollie darling,
 Don't forget to dream of me.

Mollie, fairest, etc.

COMIC VERSION OF MOLLIE DARLING.

WHEN I met you Mollie darling,
 I believe t'was after tea,
 You had on your "Dolly Varden,"
 And you completely dazzled me.
 When I asked you if you loved me,
 You gave my little hand a squeeze:
 Take my greenbacks, Mollie darling,
 But don't turn up at me your nose.

CHORUS.

Mollie dearest, fairest, sweetest,
 Look, darling, tell me that:
 Won't you love me, Mollie darling?
 Don't despise me 'cause I'm fat.

When we're married, Mollie Darling,
 And you are my loving spouse,
 We'll have lots of Dolly Vardens,
 Playing round about the house.
 When 'tis evening, Mollie darling,
 You'll put them in their little bed,
 And if they should annoy you, Mollie,
 Gently put on them a head.

Mollie, fairest, &c.

NORAH McSHANE.

I've left Ballymornach a long way behind me,
 To better my fortune I've crossed the big sea;
 But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,
 And faith I'm as wretched as wretched can be;
 I think of the buttermilk, fresh as the daisy,
 The beautiful hills and the emerald plain,
 And, ah! don't I oftentimes think myself crazy,
 About that black-eyed rogue, sweet Norah McShane.

I sigh for the turf-pile so cheerfully burning,
 When barefoot I trudged it from toiling afar,
 When I toss'd in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,
 And whistled the anthem of "Erin go bragh."
 In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-hearted,
 To my country and love I must get back again,
 or I've never been happy at all since I parted
 From sweet Ballymornach and Norah McShane.

Oh! there's something so sweet in the cot I was born in,
 Though the walls are but mud and the roof is but thatch
 How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the mornin',
 What music in lifting the rusty old latch.
 'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow,
 My pockets were light, but my head had no pain;
 And if I but live till the sun shine to-morrow,
 I'll be off to ould Ireland and Norah McShane.

NORA O'NEAL.

Oh ! I'm lonely to-night love, without you,
 And I sigh for one glance of your eye;
 For, sure there's a charm, love, about you,
 Whenever I know you are nigh.
 Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling,
 Is the glance which your eye can't conceal,
 And your voice is so sweet and beguiling
 That I love you, sweet Nora O'Neal.

CHORUS.

Oh ! don't think that ever I'll doubt you,
 My love I will never conceal,
 Oh ! I'm lonely to-night love, without you,
 My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal !

Oh ! the nightingale sings in the wild-wood,
 As if every note that he knew
 Was learned from your sweet voice in childhood,
 To remind me, sweet Nora, of you.
 But I think, love, so often about you,
 And you don't know how happy I feel,
 But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
 My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal !

Oh ! don't think, etc

Oh ! why should I weep tears of sorrow
 Oh ! why let hope lose its place ?
 Won't I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,
 And smile on your beautiful face ?
 Will you meet me ? Oh ! say you will meet me
 With a kiss at the foot of the lane,
 And I'll promise whenever you greet me
 That I'll never be lonely again.

Oh ! don't think, etc

NOREEN.

G. LINLEY.

NOREEN, darling! don't look so shy—

It kills me, that glance of your eye;

Oh, go where I will,

It follows me still,

Beaming bright, like a star in the sky.

While pressing your hand yesterday,

As idly we saunter'd along,

Each word that I wanted to say

Expired at the point of my tongue—

For, as in a book,

I read by your look,

That you seem well to know what I mean.

Yes, I love you, my darling Noreen!

Noreen! if to love you be wrong,

The blame to my heart doth belong.

For morn, noon, and night,

You're all its delight,

And your name the sweet theme of my song.

Then, darling, no longer delay,

Your glances my heart have undone,

That smile says what I wish'd to say,

To-morrow we two shall be one.

The priest and a ring

Will best settle the thing,

And explain what I really do mean.

Yes, I love you my darling Noreen!

THE MAY-DEW.

SAMUEL LOVER.

COME with me, love, I'm seeking

A spell in the young year's flowers;

The magical May-dew is weeping,

Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs;

Its pearls are more precious than those they find
In jewell'd India's sea;
For the dew-drops, love, might serve to bind
Thy heart, forever, to me!

OH, BANQUET NOT.

OH, banquet not in those shining bowers
Where Youth resorts, but come to me!
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feasts of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour;
Our guests, the shades of former years—
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more!

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves
Where Valor sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

OH, BLAME NOT THE BARD!

OH, blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burned with a holier flame:
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country !—her pride has gone by,
 And that spirit is broken, which never would bend ;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to betray ;
 Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires ;
 And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.
 Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
 He should try to forget what he never can heal :
 Oh, give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll
 feel !
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
 That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down ;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.
 But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs ;
 Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains ;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep !

OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME !

Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid ;
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head
 But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps :
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

OH, DOUBT ME NOT.

O! doubt me not!—the season
 Is o'er when folly made me rove;
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love
 Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturbed the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down—
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when folly made me rove;
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love
 And though my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
 Yet trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.
 The bee through many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er;
 But, when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there, and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when folly kept me free;
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awaked by thee

 OH, HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF
 OUR OWN!

Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own,
 In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
 Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers
 Where the sun loves to pause with so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws a thin veil o'er the day;
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give!

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love as they loved in the first golden time;
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
 With affection as free from decline as the bowers,
 And with hope like the bee, living always on flowers,
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now,
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
 No—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
 Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile—
 May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
 And the smile that ~~our~~ compassion can turn to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind
 But they who have loved me fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
 And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest
 Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
 But send round the bowl: while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting !—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any

Remains to be crowned by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
 Is always so slow to come forth,

That seldom, alas ! till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth.

But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;

They're born on the bosom of Pleasure—
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile

Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !

But Time, like a pitiless master.

Cries "Onward !" and spurs the gay ~~hour~~—
 Ah, never doth Time travel faster,

Than when his way lies among flowers !
 But come—may our life's happy measure

Be all of such moments made up ;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure—

They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun looked in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright ;

And now let our farewell of drinking
 Resemble that farewell of light :

You saw how he finished, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—

So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full, liquid glory, like him !

And oh, may our life's happy measure,
 Of moments like this be made up !

'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure—
 It dies 'midst the tears of the cup.

OH, REMEMBER THE TIME!

OH, remember the time in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you called me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blushed to be called so by you;
When I taught you to warble the gay Seguadille,
And to dance to the light castanet:
Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget!

They tell me you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love.

OH, SOON RETURN!

OUR white sail caught the evening ray,
The wave beneath us seemed to burn,
When all my weeping love could say,
Was—"Oh, soon return!"
Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown,
Now chilled beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunned by summer's zone.
Yet still where'er our course we lay,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I thought I heard her faintly say—
"Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
 Its thoughts a moment turned from thee,
 'Twas then the combat raged around,
 And brave men looked to me.
 But, though 'mid battle's wild alarm,
 Love's gentle power might not appear,
 He gave to Glory's brow the charm
 That made even danger dear.
 And when the vict'ry's calm came o'er
 The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
 I heard that farewell voice once more—
 "Oh, soon return!"

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst his bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing at once may spring
 To the throne of Him who made it!
 Farewell, Erin, farewell all
 Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
 Than that, whose braid is plucked to shade
 The brows with victory glowing.
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried are by our side
 And the foe we hate before us.
 Farewell, Erin, farewell all
 Who live to weep our fall!

OH, YES—SO WELL, SO TENDERLY !

OH, yes—so well, so tenderly,
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me ;
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
 Are worthless without thee !
 Though brimmed with blisses pure and ~~true~~,
 Life's cup before me lay,
 Unless thy love were mingled there,
 I'd spurn the draught away.

Without thy smile, how joylessly
 All Glory's meeds I see !
 And even the wreath of Victory
 Must owe its bloom to thee.
 Those worlds for which the conq'ror sighs,
 For me have now no charms ;
 My only world those radiant eyes,
 My throne those circling arms !

CONUNDRUM.

"MASTER, I have got a conundrum for you."
 "Well, sir, what is it ?"
 "Why is an old maid like a stale lemon ?"
 "I give it up."
 "Because neither ain't worth a squeezin'."

RECOLLECTION.

AS I sat at the open window one fine dewy evening, the stars shone out, the moon flung out her mild beams o'er the rocks that bound my view, the birds had retired to rest, the wakeful frogs made music in the neighboring marsh. It was as I gazed upon this beautiful scene, as I lifted my eyes to the Milky-Way, a thought rushed across my brain, and I recollected—What? That I owed my washer woman a dollar.

OH, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

OH, yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
 He'll turn unto Friendship that feels no decay;
 And though time may take from him the wings he once wore,
 The charms that remain will be bright as before,
 And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
 That Friendship our last happy moments shall crown,
 Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away;
 While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
 Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

OCH! NORAH DEAR.

OCH! Norah dear! I'm waiting here,
 I'm watching still for you, love;
 And, while you sleep, the flow'rets weep,
 All shrined in tears of dew, love.
 The silv'ry moon, its bright rays soon
 Behind the hills will fade, love;
 But better there her beauties bear,
 For thou her beams would shade, love.
 Och! Norah dear! etc.

Och! Norah dear! I'm waiting here,
 The stars look cold and blue, love;
 Their twinkling rays have come to gaze
 To see how bright are you, love.
 The breeze that brings such balmy things
 From all that's bright and fair, love,
 It sighs to sip from thy sweet lip
 The perfume that lies there, love.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears of childhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus in the stilly night, etc

When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in winter weather,
 I feel like one, who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
 And all but me departed.
 Thus in the stilly night, etc

PASTHEEN FION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH, BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

[In Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. 1, p. 330, there is a note upon the original of *Pastheen Fion*. The name may be translated either fair youth or fair maiden, and the writer supposes it to have a political meaning, and to refer to the son of James II. Whatever may have been the intention of the author, it is, on the surface, an exquisite love song, and as such I have retained it in this class of ballads, rather than in the next.—ED.]

OH, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight;
 Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright;
 Like the apple blossom her bosom white,
 And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, oh! I would go through snow and sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen !
 Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen,
 But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
 Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen !
 Then, Oro, come, etc.

Were I in the town, where's mirth and glee,
 Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
 With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
 'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly !
 Then, Oro, come, etc.

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
 Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
 Thinking to see you, love, once again ;
 But whistle and call were all in vain !
 Then, Oro, come, etc.

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe ;
 From all the girls in the world I'll go ;
 But from you, sweetheart, oh, never ! oh, no !
 Till I lie in the coffin stretched, cold and low !
 Then, Oro, come, etc.

PRETTY MAID MILKING HER COW.

It being on a fine summer's morning,
 As birds sweetly tuned on each bough,
 I heard a fair maid sing most charming
 As she sat a milking her cow.
 Her voice was enchanting—melodious,
 Which left me scarce able to go ;
 My heart it was soothed in solace,
 By the pretty maid milking her cow.

With courtesy I did salute her :
 " Good-morrow, most amiable maid ;
 I am your captive slave for the future."
 " Kind sir, do not banter," she said ;

"I am not such a precious rare jewel,
That I should enamor you so;
I am but a plain country girl,"
Said this pretty maid milking her cow.

"The Indies afford no such jewel,
So precious and transparent clear,
Oh! do not refuse to be my jewel,
But consent and love me, my dear;
Take pity and grant my desire,
And leave me no longer in woe;
Oh! love me, or else I'll expire,
Sweet Colleen dhas cruthin amoe."

"I don't understand what you mean, sir
I never was a slave yet to love;
These emotions I cannot experience,
So, I pray, these affections remove;
To marry, I can assure you,
That state I will not undergo,
So, young man, I pray you will excuse me.
Said this pretty maid milking her cow.

"Had I the wealth of great Omar,
Or all on the African shore;
Or had I great Devonshire's treasure,
Or had I ten thousand times more,
Or had I the lamp of Aladdin,
And had I his genius, also—
I'd rather live poor on a mountain,
With colleen dhas cruthin amoe."

"I beg you, withdraw, and don't tease me,
I cannot consent unto thee;
I prefer to live single and airy,
Till more of the world I see;
New cares they would me embarrass—
Beside, sir, my fortune is low:
Until I get rich I'll not marry,"
Said the colleen dhas cruthin amoe.

"A young maid is like a ship sailing,
 She don't know how long she may steer,
 For in every blast she is in danger,
 So consent, and love me, my dear.
 For riches I care not a farthing;
 Your affections I want, and no more;
 In wedlock I wish to bind you,
 Sweet colleen dhas cruthin amoe!"

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
 But oh! her beauty was far beyond
 Her sparkling gem's or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
 So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
 Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
 As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
 No son of Erin will offer me harm—
 For, though they love woman and golden store,
 Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the green isle;
 And blest forever is she who relied
 Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIAN THE BRAVE.

REMEMBER the glories of Brian the brave,
 Though the days of the hero are o'er;
 Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kinkora no more.

That star of the field, which so often hath poured
 Its beam on the battle, is set;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
 To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellished the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of slavery there?
 No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions,* who stood
 In the day of distress by our side;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirred not, but conquered and died.
 The sun which now blesses our arms with his light
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain,
 Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night
 To find that they fell there in vain.

RORY O' MORE.

YOUNG Rory O' More courted Kathleen Bawn:
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do *that* was to *tease*.

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favorite troops of O'Brien, when they were interrupted, in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!" Never was such another sight exhibited.

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye:

"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
 Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day:
 And 'tis plazed that I am; and why not, to be sure?
 For it's all for good luck," says bold Rory O' More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike:
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."

"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go:
 Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
 "O!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dhramas always go by contraries, my dear.

"Oh! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;
 And 'tis plazed that I am; and why not to be sure?
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O' More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,
 And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
 And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
 So I think, after that, I may *talk to the praste*."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
 And he look'd in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
 And he kiss'd her sweet lips—Don't you think he was right

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more;
 That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O' More.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are round her sighing ;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking ;
 Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwined him ;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
 When they promise a glorious morrow ;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
 From her own loved island of sorrow.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

St. Senanus.

"OH, haste and leave this sacred isle,
 Unholy bark, ere morning smile ;
 For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 A female form I see ;
 And I have sworn this sainted sod
 Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

The Lady.

"O Father ! send not hence my bark,
 Through wintry winds and billows dark
 I come with humble heart to share
 Thy morn and evening prayer :
 Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint,
 The brightness of thy sod to taint.

The lady's prayer Senanus spurned ;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark returned :
 But legends hint that had the maid
 Till morning's light delayed,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

SILENT, O MOYLE ! BE 'THE ROAR OF THY WATER.

[To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once ; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. This fanciful fiction was found among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.]

SILENT, O Moyle ! be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While murmuring mournfully. Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night star her tale of woes.
 When shall the Swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd ?
 When shall heav'n, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world ?

Sadly, O Moyle ! to thy winter wave weeping
 Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love ?
 When shall heav'n, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above ?

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

WITH deep affection and recollection
 I often think of the Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee!
 With thy bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime, in cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate, brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music spoke naught to thine!
 For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican:
 With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly!
 Oh! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kicsko,
 In Saint Sophia, the Turcoman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom I freely grant them;

And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork of thee !
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee !

THE OLD MAN AT THE ALTAR.

AN old man knelt at the altar,
His enemy's hand to take,
And at first his weak voice did falter,
And his feeble limbs did shake ;
For his only brave boy, his glory,
Had been stretch'd at the old man's feet
A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
By the hand which he now must greet.

And soon the old man stopp'd speaking,
And rage which had not gone by,
From under his brows came breaking
Up into his enemy's eye—
And now his limbs were not shaking.
But his clinch'd hands his bosom cross'd,
And he looked a fierce wish to be taking
Revenge for the boy he lost.

But the old man he glanced around him,
And thought of the place he was in,
And thought of the promise that bound him,
And thought that revenge was sin—
And then, crying tears, like a woman,
“Your hand !” he cried, “ay, that hand,
And I do forgive you, foeman,
For the sake of our bleeding land !”

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING WHICH LIBERTY SPOKE.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when the Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain !
Oh ! Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest
Till it moves like a breeze o'er the waves of the west.
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh ! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain !

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
Give to country its charm and to home its delights ;
If deceit be a wound and *suspicion* a stain ;
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same.
And, oh ! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain !

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resigned
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain.
Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light,
May be felt in Erin, as calm and as bright ;
And forgive even Albion while she draws,
Like a truant her sword in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain !

God prosper the cause, oh ! it cannot but thrive
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain :
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die !
The finger of glory shall point where they lie ;
While far from the footsteps of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave,
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain !

SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

AH! the moment was sad when my love and I parted—
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

As I kissed off her tears I was nigh broken hearted—
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder—
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
I felt that again I should never behold her.
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!
I buckled on my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder.
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!
All my pay and my bounty I hoarded for you, love,
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

Peace was proclaimed—escaped from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her;
But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her.
Savourneen deelish Eileen oge!

SWEET KITTY NEIL.

AH, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from your wheel,
Your neat little foot will be weary of spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning,

* Darling dear Young Ellen.

The sun has gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley.

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up, the while
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing ;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she could not choose but go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad troops are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing,
And Pat, without fail, led out sweet Kitty Neil,
Somehow when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing,
Somehow when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

Oh ! sweet is the smile of the beautiful morn,
As it peeps through the curtain of night,
And the voice of the nightingale singing his tune,
While the stars seem to smile with delight.
Old nature now lingers in silent repose,
And the sweet breath of summer is calm,
While I sit and wonder if Shamus e'er knows
How sad and unhappy I am !

CHORUS.

Oh ! Shamus O'Brien, why don't you come home,
You don't know how happy I'll be ;
I've but one darling wish, and that is that you'd come
And forever be happy with me !
I'll smile when you smile, and I'll weep when you weep,
I'll give you a kiss for a kiss,
And all the fond vows that I've made you, I'll keep—
What more can I promise than this ?

Does the sea have such bright and such beautiful charms
That your heart will not leave it for me?

Oh! why did I let you go out of my arms,
Like a bird that was caged and is free!

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, etc.

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, I'm loving you yet,
And my heart is still trusting and kind;
It was you who first took it, and can you forget,
That love for another you'd find?

No! no! if you break it with sorrow and pain,
I'll then have a duty to do;

If you'll bring it to me, I'll mend it again,
And trust it, dear Shamus, to you.

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, etc.

MARY AILEEN.

LYKE by the little grave, Mary Aileen,
One sweet word is all I crave, Mary Aileen!

Wilt thou hear me in my woe?

Wilt thou answer soft and low?

Canst thou speak a little? no, Mary Aileen!

Chorus: Mary Aileen! Mary Aileen!

Canst thou speak a little? no, Mary Aileen.

Midst the flowers now I'm speaking, Mary Aileen,

Canst thou hear my voice below, Mary Aileen?

Here till morning will I lie—

Here to-night I fain would die,

And to thee be ever nigh, Mary Aileen.

Chorus

Every night upon thy grave, Mary Aileen,

Shall my tears to sweet flowers lave, Mary Aileen!

I will whisper—"Art thou mine?"

Thou wilt answer—"Ever thine!"

Death but makes our love divine, Mary Aileen!

Chorus

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require;
But oh, each word I wriet
Love turns to fire!

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild Passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Toward you and home—
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep ;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I will tell you your fortune truly
As ever was told, by the new moon's light,
To a young maiden, shining as newly.
But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me :
Such secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition—the image of him
Whose destiny it is to adore you.
And if to that phantom you will be kind,
So fondly around you he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true, living lover !

Down at your feet in the pale moonlight
He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion—
An ardor, of which such an innocent sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion !
What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in Destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

MY GRAVE.

SHALL they bury me in the deep,
 Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
 Shall they dig a grave for me
 Under the green-wood tree?
 Or on the wild heath,
 Where the wilder breath
 Of the storm doth blow?
 O, no ! O, no !

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
 Or under the shade of cathedral domes?
 Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore ;
 Yet not there,—nor in Greece, though I love it more
 In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
 Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
 Shall they fling my corpse in the battle-mound,
 Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
 Just as they fall, they are buried so,—
 O, no ! O, no !

No ! on an Irish green hillside,
 On an opening lawn,—but not too wide !
 For I love the drip of the wetted trees :
 I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze
 To freshen the turf. Put no tombstone there,
 But green sods decked with daisies fair,
 Nor sods too deep ; but so that the dew
 The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,—
 "He served his country, and loved his kind."
 On ! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
 If one were sure to be buried so.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells :
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath
 cheered my way,
 Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me
 lay ;
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burned,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned :
 Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And blest even the sorrows that made me more dear to
 thee.

Thy rival was honored, whilst thou wert wronged and
 scorned ;
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorned ;

She wooed me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves :
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were slaves :
 Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
 Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had looked less
 pale !

I'hey say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering
 chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile
 stains.

Oh, foul is the slander—no chain could that soul subdue—
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too !

THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

MY Connor's cheeks are as ruddy as morn,
 The brightest of pearls but mimic his teeth,
 While nature with ringlets his mild brow adorn,
 His hair's Cupid's bowstrings, and roses his breath.

CHORUS.

Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,
 Together oft o'er the mountain we've strayed,
 By each other delighted, and fondly united,
 I've listened all day to my dear Irish boy.

No roebuck more swift can flee o'er the mountain,
 No Briton bolder 'midst danger or scar ;
 He's sightly, he's lightly, he's as clear as the fountain,
 His eye's twinkling love, and he's gone to the war.

Smiling, etc.

The soft tuning lark its notes shall cease to mourning
 The dull screaming owl shall cease its night sleep ;
 While seeking lone walks in the shades of the evening
 If my Connor return not, I'll ne'er cease to weep.

Smiling, etc.

The war is all over, and my love is not returning;
 I fear that some envious plot has been laid,
 Or some cruel goddess has him captivated;
 And left me to mourn here, a dear Irish maid.
Smiling, &c.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
 Oh, bear my heart to my mistress dear;
 Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it lingered ~~here~~.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door,
 Where weary travellers love to call,
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note in passing along,
 Oh, let one thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song!

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
 Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest;
 But when some warm, devoted lover
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
 Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 It was *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill—
 Oh, no!—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were **near**,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world **should**
 cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
 A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,
 Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
 He was haunted and watched by a Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wandered o'er
 The golden sands of that island shore,
 A footprint sparkled before his sight—
 'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
 As bending over the stream he lay,
 There peeped down o'er him two eyes of light,
 And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite!

He turned, but lo ! like a startled bird
That spirit fled !—and the youth but heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright lock,
The boy, bewildered, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

"O thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A voice, low whispering by his side,
"Now turn and see !"—here the youth's delight
Sealed the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite !

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmured, "there's none like thee,
And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite !"

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song !" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard
One faithful harp shall praise thee !"

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery !"

STRIKE THE GAY HARP.

STRIKE the gay harp!—see, the moon is on high;
 And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
 Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
 Obey the mite call, and heave into motion.
 Then sound, notes—the gayest, the lightest,
 That ever took wing, when heaven looked brightest!

Again! again!

Oa, could such heart-stirring music be heard
 In that City of Statues described by romancers,
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirred,
 And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
 And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us—
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
 And, list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?
Again, that strain!—to hear it thus sounding
Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding—

Again! again!—

Oa, what delight when the youthful and gay,
 Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
Thus dance, like the Hours, to the music of May,
 And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!

THE SONG OF WAR.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till not one hateful link remains
 Of slavery's ling'ring chains—
 Till not one tyrant treads our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollutes our fountains!
 No, never till that glorious day,
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, O Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains!

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till Victory's self shall smiling say,
 "Your cloud of foes hath passed away,
 And Freedom comes, with new-born ray
To gild your vines and light your fountains!"
 Oh, never till that glorious day,
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, O Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains!

THE PRINCE'S DAY.

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More formed to be grateful and blest than **ours**.
 But just when the chain
 Has ceased to pain,
 And Hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirits to sink—
Oh, the joy that we taste, like the light of the polea,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day!

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
 Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you **are** true
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
 While cowards, who blight
 Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
 The Standard of Green
 In front would be seen—

Oh, my life on your faith ! were you summoned this minute
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
 When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day .

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts which have suffered too much to forget :
 And hope shall be crowned, and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet !
 The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray ;
 Each fragment will cast
 A light to the last—
 And thus Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay ;
 A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.

[These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. MacMurchad too punctually obeyed the summons and had the lady conveyed to his capital at Ferns." The Monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while MacMurchad fled to England and obtained the assistance of Henry II.]

THE valley lay smiling before me
Where lately I left her behind ;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
That saddened the joy of my mind.
I looked for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine, when her pilgrim returned ;
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burned.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead ;—
Ah, would it were death, and death only !
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss ;
While the hand that had waked it so often,
Now throbbed to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women !
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought* !
While now—oh, degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame !
And through ages of bondage and slaughter
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane ;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward ! the green banner rearing
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;
On our side is Virtue and Erin
On theirs is the *Saxon and Guilt*

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING,

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
The light that lies in woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorned the lore she brought me ;
My only books were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me !

Her smile, when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite* whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray was turned away,
 Oh, winds could not outrun me !

And are those follies going ?
 And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise for brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing :
 No—vain, alas ! the endeavor
 From bonds so sweet to sever ;—
Poor Wisdom's chance against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever !

* This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed in your power ; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun ; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnell), has given a very different account of that goblin.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love;
 The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love;
 How sweet to rove through Morna's grove,
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear;
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear:
 And the best of all ways to lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I whose star, more glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear;
 Or, in watching the flight of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose which I gave thee, so dewy and bright,
 Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
 Who oft by the moonlight o'er her blushes hath hung,
 And thrilled every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
 Prolonged by the breath she will borrow from thee;
 For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
 She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED WITH
PLEASURES AND WOES.

THIS life is all chequered with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep—
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.

So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be ~~dried~~;
 And, ~~as~~ fast ~~as~~ the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy and heads ever ~~wise~~,
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
 And the light, brilliant Folly, that flashes and ~~dies~~

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Through fields full of light, with heart full of ~~play~~.
 Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
 Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have ~~wasted~~,
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
 But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
 These flowerets together, should Wisdom but ~~see~~
 One bright drop or two that has fallen on the leaves
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

OH, THE SHAMROCK!

THROUGH Erin's Isle, to sport a while,
 As Love and Valor wandered,
 With Wit, the sprite, whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squandered:
 Where'er they pass, a triple grass
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green as emerald seen
 'Through purest crystal gleaming.
 Oh, the Shamrock—the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf of Bard and Chief—
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valor, "See, they spring for me,
 Those leafy gems of morning!"—
 Says Love, "No, no, for me they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning."
 But Wit perceives the triple leaves,
 And cries, "Oh, do not sever
 A type that blends three godlike friends,
 Love, Valor, Wit, forever!"
 Oh, the Shamrock—the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf of Bard and Chief—
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry the VIII, an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or Coullins (long locks), on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish maiden is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant) or those who wore their habits; about the same period there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

So firmly fond may last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall one drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather!
 May Love, as twine his flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
 May Valor ne'er his standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom!
 Oh, the Shamrock—the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf of Bard and Chief—
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
 Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
 And who often, at eve, through the bright waters roved,
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
 Till Heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
 And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the
 same—
 While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame;
 And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
 Was changed to bright chords, uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been
 known
 To mingle Love's language with Sorrow's sad tone;
 Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
 To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

'TIS GONE, AND FOREVER.

'Tis gone, and forever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Looked upward, and blest the pure ray, ere it fled.
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee!

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once like a sunburst her banner unfurled!
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!—
Then—then—had one hymn of deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood!
Then vanished forever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remembered, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee!

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near!

The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It **can** twine in itself, and make closely its own.
 Then oh, what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something still that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near!

'Twere a shame, when flowers around **us** rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
 They are both of them bright, but they're **changeable**
 too,

And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
 Then oh, what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something still that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer, left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred, no rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes—to give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow, when friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown,
 Oh, who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

TO LADIES' EYES.

To ladies' eyes a round, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
 Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose ;
 For thick as stars that lighten
 Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
 The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all, so drink them all !
 Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but given, they seem but given,
 As shining beacons, solely,
 To light to heaven, to light to heaven.
 While some—oh, ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them !)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all, so drink them all !
 In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portrayed, Love seems portrayed ;
 But shun the flattering error—
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade :
 Himself has fixed his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips--but this is telling—
 So here they go, so here they go !
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all, so drink them all !

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was hoary and chill;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

"O sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stranger,
 "The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger:
 A home and country remain not for me!
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike the sweet numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

"O Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more;
 And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
 Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me!
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

"Where now is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood?
 Sister and sire did weep for its fall;
 Where is the mother, that looked on my childhood?
 And where is my bosom-friend, dearer than all?
 Ah, my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh.
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin, mavourneen, sweet Erin-go-bragh."

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME.

ANONYM\ US.

AIR—"Brighton Camp."

I'M lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
 And o'er the moor and valley;
 Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
 Since parting with my Sally.
 I seek no more the fine and gay,
 For each does but remind me
 How swift the hours did pass away
 With the girl I left behind me.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
 The stars were bright above me,
 And gently lent their silv'ry light,
 When first she vow'd to love me.
 But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
 Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the heart to sing her praise
 With all the skill of Homer,
 One only theme should fill my lays,
 The charms of my true lover.

So let the night be e'er so dark,
 Or e'er so wet and windy,
 Kind Heaven send me back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.
 Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
 Her eyes like diamonds shining,
 Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
 May leave the swain repining.
 Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,
 To my beauteous fair to bind me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.
 The bee shall honey taste no more,
 The dove become a ranger,
 The falling waves shall cease to roar,
 E'er I shall seek to change her.
 The vows we register'd above
 Shall ever cheer and bind me
 In constancy to her I love,
 The girl I've left behind me.
 My mind her form shall still retain
 In sleeping or in waking,
 Until I see my love again,
 For whom my heart is breaking
 If ever I return that way,
 And she should not decline me,
 I evermore will live and stay
 With the girl I've left behind me.

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

THERE'S A sweet little spot, away down by Cape Clear,
 Sure, it's Ireland herself, to all Irishmen dear;
 Where the white praties blossom like illigant flowers,
 And the wild birds sing sweetly above the round towers
 And the dear little Shamrock that none can withstand,
 Is the beautiful Emblem of Old Ireland.

In his hat, good St. Patrick used always to wear,
 The Shamrock, whenever he went to a fair ;
 And Nebuchadnezzar, no doubt highly prized
 A bit of the blossom when he went disguised ;
 For, the bosom of beauty itself might expand,
 When bedecked by the Shamrock of Old Ireland

When, far, far away, a sweet blossom I've seen,
 I've dreamt of shillelahs and shamrocks so green
 That grow, like two twins, on the bogs and the hills,
 With a drop in my eye, that with joy my heart fills ;
 And I've blessed the dear sod from a far distant strand,
 And the beautiful Shamrock of Old Ireland.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

J. J. CALLANAN.

Irish Jacobite Song.

PRINCE CHARLES he is King James's son,
 And from a royal line he sprung ;
 Then up with shout, and out with blade,
 And we'll raise once more the white cockade.
 O ! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,
 Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth ;
 Then up with shout, and out with blade—
 We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe ;
 On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow ;
 The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
 Since our rightful prince went far away.
 He's gone, the stranger holds his throne ;
 The royal bird far off is flown :
 But up with shout, and out with blade—
 We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
 The woods no more with stanch hounds ring,
 The song from the glen so sweet before
 Is hush'd since Charles has left our shore;
 The Prince is gone: but he soon will come,
 With trumpet-sound, and with beat of drum;
 Then up with the shout and out with the blade—
 Huzza for the right and the white cockade.

THE BLARNEY.

AIR—"Kate Kearney."

Oh! did you ne'er hear of the Blarney
 That's found near the banks of Killarney;
 Believe it from me
 No girl's heart is free,
 Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.

For the Blarney's so great a desaiver,
 That a girl thinks you there—tho' you lave her,
 And never finds out
 All the tricks you're about,
 Till she's quite gone herself, with your Blarney.

Oh! say, would you find this same Blarney,
 There's a castle, not far from Killarney,
 On the top of the wall—
 But take care you don't fall,
 There's a stone that contains all this Blarney.

Like a magnet, its influence such is,
 That attraction it gives all it touches,
 If you kiss it, they say,
 That from that blessed day,
 You may kiss whom you please, with your Blarney

THE MAIDS OF MERRY IRELAND.

R. WYNNE.

OH, the maids of merry Ireland, so beautiful and fair,
With eyes like diamonds sparkling, and richly flowing hair;
Their hearts are light and cheerful, and their spirits ever
gay,

The maids of merry Ireland, how beautiful are they !

They are like the lovely flowers in summer time that bloom,
On the sportive breezes shedding their choice and sweet
perfume,

Our eyes and hearts delighting with their varied array,
The maids of merry Ireland, how beautiful are they !

They smile when we are happy, when we are sad they
sigh ;

When anguish wrings our bosoms, the tear they gently
dry ;

Oh, happy is the nation that owns their tender sway,
The maids of merry Ireland, how beautiful are they !

Then ever like true patriots may we join both heart and
hand,

To protect the lovely maidens of this our fatherland ;
And that Heaven may ever bless them, we all devoutly
pray,

Oh the maids of merry Ireland, how beautiful are they !

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

J. H. THOMAS.

CHILDHOOD days now pass before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago,
Like a dream they hover o'er me—
Calm and bright as evening glow ;

Days that knew no shade of sorrow,
 When my young heart, pure and free,
 Joyful hail'd each coming morrow,
 In the cottage by the sea.

Fancy sees the rose-tree twining
 Round the old and rustic door,
 And beneath the wild waves shining,
 Where I've gathered shells of yore ;
 Here I heard my mother's warning,
 As she took me on her knee,
 And I feel again life's morning,
 In the cottage by the sea.

What, though years have passed above me,
 Though through fairer scenes I roam,
 Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,
 Childhood's dear and happy home ;
 And when life's long day is closing,
 Oh, how happy would it be,
 On some faithful breast reposing—
 In the cottage by the sea.

THE HEART BOW'D DOWN BY WEIGHT OF WOE.

THE heart bow'd down by weight of woe,
 To weakest hope will cling ;
 To thought and impulse while they flow,
 That can no comfort bring,
 With those exciting scenes will blend
 O'er pleasure's pathway thrown,
 But men'ry is the only friend
 That grief can call his own.

The mind will, in its worst despair,
 Still ponder o'er the past,
 On moments of delight that were
 Too beautiful to last ;

ERIN-GO-BRAGH SONGSTER.

To long departed years extend
Its visions with them flown :
For memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

THE VESPER HYMN.

HARK, the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters, soft and clear—
Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear :
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along ;
Now like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Hark ! again like waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along.

THE IRISH GIRL.

ONE evening, as I stray'd down the river's side,
Looking all around me as an Irish girl I spied,
So red and rosy were her cheeks, and yellow was her hair,
And costly were the robes which my Irish girl did wear.
Her shoes of Spanish leather were bound round with
spangles gay,
The tears came down her crystal eyes, and she began to
say,
Och hone, and alas ! astore areen machree,
Why should you go and leave me, and slight your **own**
Molly ?

The first time that I saw my love, I was sick and very
bad,

All the request I asked was that she might tie my head !
I asked her if one as bad as me could ever mend again !
For love's a sore disorder—did you ever feel the pain ?
My love, she'll not come nigh me for all the moan I make,
Nor neither will she pity me if my poor heart should
break,

But was I of some noble blood and she of low degree,
She would hear my lamentation, and come and pity me.

My only love is faire than the lilies that do grow,
She has a voice that's clearer than any winds that blow ;
She's the promise of this country, like Venus in the air,
And let her go where'er she will, she's my joy and only
dear.

Be it so, or be it not, of her I take my chance,
The first time that I saw my love, she struck me in a
trance,

Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes have so bewitched me,
That, were I King of Ireland, Queen of it she should be.

THE MAID OF ERIN.

My thoughts delight to wander
Upon a distant shore ;
Where lovely, fair, and tender,
Is she whom I adore.
May Heaven, its blessings sparing
On her bestow them free,
The lovely maid of Erin
Who sweetly sang to me.

Had fortune fix'd my station
In some propitious hour,
The monarch of a nation
Endow'd with wealth and power,

That wealth and power sharing,
 My peerless queen should be
 The lovely maid of Erin,
 Who sweetly sang to me.

Although the restless ocean
 May long between us roar,
 Yet, while my heart has motion,
 She'll lodge within its core;
 For, artless and endearing,
 And mild and young is she,
 That lovely maid of Erin
 That sweetly sang to me.

When fate gives intimation
 That my last hour is nigh,
 With placid resignation
 I'll lay me down and die;
 Fond hope my bosom cheering,
 That I in Heaven shall see
 The lovely maid of Erin
 That sweetly sang to me.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resigned?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
 Every thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.

Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see ;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee !

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

WE may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west :
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own green isle,
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh, remember the smile that adorns her at home !

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, placed within call ;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watched after all.
 Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briery fence
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells ;
 Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you
 roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh, remember the smile that adorns her at home !

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her **good-by**;
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
 The same as he looked when he left the shore.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crowned,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward **you**
 roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh, remember the smile that adorns her at home!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver! go—
 The heart, whose hopes could **make it**
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst **break it**.

When every tongue thy follies named,
 I fled the unwelcome story;
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.

But go, deceiver ! go—
 Some day, perhaps thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee :
 The few who loved thee once have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it ;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank, cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendor !

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET

He.—What the bee is to the floweret,
 When he looks for honey-dew,
 Through the leaves that close embower it,
 That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
 Is to waves that wander near,
 Whispering kisses, while they're going,
 That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
 Who will fly when sweets are gone
 And, when once the kiss is over,
 Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
 If sunny banks *will* wear away.
 'Tis but right that bees and brooks
 Should sip and kiss them, while they *may*.

WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET

WHEN midst the gay I meet
 That gentle smile of thine,
 Though still on me it turned most ~~sworn~~
 I scarce can call it mine.
 But, when to me alone
 Your secret tears you show,
 Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
 And claim them while they flow.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free;
 Give smiles to those who love you ~~less~~,
 But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
 Can smile with many a beam,
 Yet still in chains of coldness ~~sleep~~,
 How bright soe'er it seem;
 But when some deep-felt ray,
 Whose touch is fire, appears,
 Oh, then the smile is warmed away,
 And, melting, turns to tears.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free;
 Give smiles to those who love you ~~less~~,
 But keep your tears for me!

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
 Upon the rosy sea, love,
 I watch the star whose beam so oft
 Has lighted me to thee, love.
 And thou, too, on that orb so dear
 Ah, dost thou gaze at even—
 And think, though lost forever here,
 Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven!

There's not a garden-walk I tread,
 There's not a flower I see, love,
 But brings to mind some hope that's **fled**,
 Some joy I've lost with thee, love.
 And still I wish that hour was near,
 When, friends and foes forgiven,
 The pains, the ills we've wept through **here**,
 May turn to smiles in heaven.

WINKING AT ME.

KIND friends, your attention I'll ask for awhile,
 And I'll try to amuse you in my simple style,
 To sing to you nightly it's a pleasure, I see:
 For, the gents in the house all keep winking at **me**.
 Winking at me, winking at me,
 Now, how can I sing while you're winking at **me**?

'There's a gentleman sitting down there at the **right**,
 He came here to-day in a terrible plight,
 He's lately been jilted by a fair one, you see,
 And now he comes here and keeps winking at **me**.

Mr.———, our leader, as each one does know,
 Has lately contrived to let his moustache grow,
 He's got a nice wife and big children three,
 Now, how can he play, while he's winking at **me**?

There's a gentleman there now, who should be at home
 Rocking the cradle of babes he does own.

Spoken.—Yes, that gentleman there, who wears the blue
 cravat and has a rose in his button-hole.

No wonder you blush, sir, married man as you be,
 To sit there all night and keep winking at **me**.

There's a gent, sitting there, dressed with elegant taste,
 By the side of a lady, his arm round her waist,
 An artful deceiver I fear he must be.
 For while he makes love to her, he keeps winking at **me**

And now to conclude with my silly rhymes,
I hope I've not offended or wasted my time,
'Twas meant in a jest: for, you plainly can see,
There's a boy in the gallery keeps winking at me.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turned,
To look at orbs that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burned.
But *too* far, each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear that mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came:
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
That bless my home and guide my way

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meet,
Illumed all the pale flowers,
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
I said (while the moon's smile
Played o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
"The moon looks on many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but *this*."
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee;
While oh, I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me!

ERIN-GO-BRAGH SONGSTER.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves,
But oh, how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame
She saw History write, with a pencil of light
That illumin'd the whole volume, her Wellington's **name!**

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams such as break from her own dewy **skies—**
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.
For though heroes I've numbered, unblest was their lot,
And unhallowed they sleep in the crossways of **Fame;**
But oh, there is not one dishonoring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's **name!**

Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, even *thou* hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast **stood,**
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And, bright o'er the flood of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's **name!**

WILLIAM REILLY'S COURTSHIP.

TWAS on a pleasant morning, all in the bloom of spring
When as the cheerful songsters in concert sweet did sing:
The primrose and the daisy bespangled every lawn,
In an arbor I espied my dear Colleen Bawn.

I stood awhile amazed, quite struck with surprise,
 On her with rapture gazed, while from her bright eyes
 She shot such killing glances, my heart away was drawn
 She ravish'd all my senses, my fair Colleen Bawn.

I tremblingly addressed her : " Hail, matchless fair maid,
 You have with grief oppress'd me, and I am much afraid,
 Except you cure my anguish, which now is in its dawn,
 You'll cause my sad overthrow, my sweet Colleen Bawn."

Then, with a gentle smile, she replied unto me,
 " I cannot tyrannize, dear Willie, over thee.
 My father he is wealthy, and gives severe command,
 If you but gain his favor, I'll be your Colleen Bawn."

In rapture I embraced her, we swore eternal love,
 And naught should separate us, except the power above
 I hired with her father, and left my friends and land,
 That with pleasure I might gaze on my fair Colleen Bawn

I served him a twelvemonth, right faithfully and just,
 Although not used to labor, was true to my trust ;
 I valued not my wages, I would not it demand,
 For I could live for ages with my Colleen Bawn.

One morning, as her father and I walked out alone,
 I asked him for his daughter, saying, " Sir, it is well known,
 I have a well stock'd farm, five hundred pounds in hand,
 Which I'll share with your daughter, my fair Colleen
 Bawn."

Her father, full of anger, most scornfully did frown,
 Saying, " Here are your wages, now, sir, depart the town."
 Increasing still his anger, he bid me quick begone,
 " For none but a rich squire shall wed my Colleen Bawn "

I went unto his daughter, and told her my sad tale,
Oppress'd with grief and anguish, we both did weep and
wail :

She said, "My dearest Reilly, the thought I can't withstand,
That in sorrow you should leave me, your dear Colleen
Bawn."

A horse I did get ready, in the silent night,
Having no other remedy, we quickly took our flight,
The horse he chanced to stumble, and threw both along,
Confused, and sorely bruised, me and my dear Colleen
Bawn.

Again we quickly mounted, and swiftly rode away,
"O'er hills and lofty mountains we travell'd night and day
Her father swift pursued us, with his well chosen band,
And I was overtaken, with my fair Colleen Bawn.

Committed straight to prison, there to lament and wail,
And utter my complaints to a dark and dismal jail,
Loaded with heavy irons, 'til my trial shall come on,
But I'll bear their utmost malice for my dear Colleen
Bawn.

If it should please kind fortune once more to set me free,
For well I know my charmer is constant unto me,
Spite of her father's anger, his cruelty and scorn,
I hope to wed my heart's delight, my dear Colleen Bawn

WILLY REILLY.

"OH, rise up, Willy Reilly, and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,
To leave my father's dwelling-house, his houses and free
land :"

And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome
plain,
Through shady groves and valleys, all dangers to refrain;
But her father followed after, with a well-arm'd band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound,
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
'Til at the bar of justice before the Judge he'd stand,
For nothing but the stealing of his dear Colleen Bawn.

"Now, in the cold, cold iron, my hands and feet are bound,
I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground,
But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be succored by my dear Colleen Bawn."

The jailor's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say,
"Oh! get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand,
I'm afeard you'll suffer sorely for your dear Colleen Bawn."

Now Willy's dressed from top to toe all in a suit of green,
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
He's tall and straight and comely as any could be found,
He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she the heiress to a
crown.

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did
hear,
The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you clear."
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,
Still hoping to be succored by my dear Colleen Bawn."

The Judge he said, "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her, she will declare the truth."
Then, like a moving beauty bright before him she did
stand,
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight and dear
Colleen Bawn."

"Oh, gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look
on me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family;
And by his base contrivances this villany was planned,
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she :
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on re;
I forced him for to leave his place and come along with
me,
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

Out spoke the noble Fox, at the table he stood by,
"Oh! gentlemen, consider on this extremity;
To hang a man for love is a murder, you may see,
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."

"Good, my lord, he stole from her, her diamonds and her
rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred
pounds—
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand
pounds."

"Good, my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove,
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to
me"

"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in
a foreign land."

Then our spoke noble Fox, "You may let the prisoner
 go,
 The lady's oath has cleared him, as the jury all may know;
 She has released her own true love, she has renewed his
 name,
 May her Lord bright gain high estate, and her offspring
 rise to fame!"

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,
 Your dreams of pride are o'er:
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more!
 In vain the Hero's heart hath bled,
 The Sage's tongue hath warned in vain;
 Oh! freedom, once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again.

Weep on, perhaps in after years
 They'll learn to love your name,
 And many a deed may wake in praise
 That long hath slept in blame!
 And when they tread the ruined Isle
 Where rest at length the lord and slave,
 They'll wondering ask how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave.

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
 Your web of discord wove;
 And while your tyrants joined in hate
 You never joined in love.
 But hearts full of that ought to twine
 And man profaned what God hath given,
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine
 Where others knelt to Heav'n!"

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

WHAT would you do, love, when I am going,
 With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?
 What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
 And friends may chide us for being fond?
 Tho' waves divide us and friends be chiding,
 In faith abiding I'll still be true,
 And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
 In deep devotion—that's what I'll do.

What would you do, love, if distant tidings
 Thy fond confidings should undermine,
 And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,
 Should think other eyes were as bright as thine?
 Oh! name it not!—tho' guilt and shame
 Were on thy name—I'd still be true!
 But that heart of thine should another share it,
 I could not bear it—what would I do?

What would you do, love, when home returning,
 With hopes high burning, with wealth for you,
 If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam,
 Should be lost near home—ah! what would you do
 So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow,
 In want and sorrow, that left me you!
 And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
 This heart thy pillow—that's what I'd do!

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

YOU remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she blest her humble lot
 When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.

Together they toiled through winds and rains,
 Till William, at length, in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains"—
 Then sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there ;
 The wind blows cold, the hour is late :"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the porter bowed as they passed the gate.
 "Now, welcome, Lady !" exclaimed the youth,
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all !"
 She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall !
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger wooed and wed ;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

WHEN other lips and other hearts
 Their tales of love shall tell,
 In language whose excess imparts
 The power they feel so well ;
 There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
 Some recollection be
 Of days that have as happy been,
 And you'll remember me.

When coldness, or deceit, shall slight
 The beauty now they prize,
 And deem it but a faded light
 Which beams within your eyes ;

When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
 'Twill break your own to see—
 In such a moment I but ask
 That you'll remember me.

YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE YOUR NORAH?

"You would not leave your Norah
 To pine alone behind,
 The wide, wide world before her,
 And no one to be kind?
 The times are hard and trying,
 But, Dennis, perhaps they'll mend,
 You would not leave your Norah?
 You yet may want a friend."

CHORUS.

You would not leave your Norah
 To pine alone behind,
 The wide, wide world before her,
 And no one to be kind?

"Yes, Norah, dear, I'm going,
 And yet it breaks my heart,
 To see your eyes are flowing
 With tears because we part.
 'Tis sad to leave old Erin,
 A stranger's home to share,
 But sadder still, I'm fearing,
 With none to love me there."

You would not, etc.

'Then, Dennis, take me with you,
 You know not half I'd do,
 There's no one to forbid you,
 I've saved a pound or two.

I'll soothe you in evrey sorrow,
 If first the priest you'll tell :"
 Yes, Norah, dear, to-morrow,
 Then Erin, fare thee well.

You could not, sta.

WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE

When thro' life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we us'd to love
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
 Oh how welcome breathes the strain,
 Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flow'rs
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours;
 Filled with balm the gale goes on.
 Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death
 So when pleasure's dream is gone
 Its memory lives in music's breath.

Music oh ! how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell
 Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are ev'n more false than they
 Oh ! 'tis only music's strain,
Can sweetly soothe and not betray !

JUANITA

Soot o'er the fountain,
 Ling'ring falls the southern moon ;
 Far o'er the mountain,
 Breaks the day too soon !
 In thy dark eye's splendor,
 Where the warm light loves to dwell
 Weary looks, yet tender,
 Speak their fond farewell !
 Nita ! Juanita !
 Ask thy soul if we should part !
 Nita ! Juanita !
 Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming
 Moons like these shall shine again,
 And daylight beaming,
 Prove thy dreams are vain,
 Wilt thou not, relenting,
 For thine absent lover sigh,
 In thy heart consenting
 To a prayer gone by ?
 Nita ! Juanita !
 Let me linger by thy side !
 Nita ! Juanita !
 Be my own fair bride !

WHIP-POOR-WILL'S SONG.

Oh ! meet me when daylight is fading,
 And is darkening into the night ;
 When song-birds are singing their vespers,
 And the day has far vanished from sight ;
 And then I will tell to you, darling,
 All the love I have cherished so long :
 If you will but meet me at evening,
 When you hear the first whip-poor-will's song.

Whip-poor-will—Whip-poor-will,
 You hear the first whip-poor-will's song,
 Oh ! meet me ! oh ! meet me !
 When you hear the first whip-poor-will's song.

And in the long years of the future,
 Though our duties may part us awhile ;
 And on the return of this evening
 We be severed by many a mile ;
 Yet deep in our bosoms we'll cherish
 The affection, so fervent and strong,
 We pledged to each other this evening,
 When we heard the first whip-poor-will's song,
 Whip-poor-will—Wh p-poor will,
 Oh ! hear the first whip-poor-will's song.
 Oh ! meet me ! oh ! meet me !
 When you hear the first whip-poor-will's song.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home. [elsewhere.
 There's no place like home !

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
 And feel that my parent now thinks of her child ;
 She looks on that moon from our own cottage-door,
 Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc. [no more.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain ;
 Oh ! give me my lowly, thatched cottage again !
 The birds, singing gaily, that came at my call,
 Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all !
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

KILLARNEY.

By Killarney's lakes and fells
 Em'rald isles and winding bays,
 Mountain paths and woodland dells,
 Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
 Bounteous nature loves all lands,
 Beauty wanders ev'ry where,
 Foot-prints leave on many strands,
 But her home is surely there !
 Angels fold their wings, and rest
 In that Eden of the west,
 Beauty's home Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney—

Innisfallen's ruined shrine,
 May suggest a passing sigh.
 But man's faith can ne'er decline
 Such God's wonders floating by :
 Castle Lough and Glenna Bay,
 Mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest :
 Still at Mucross you must pray,
 Though the monks are now at rest.
 Angels wonder not that man
 There would fain prolong life's span :
 Beauty's home Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney—

No place else can charm the eye
 With such bright and varied tints :
 Every rock that you pass by,
 Verdure broiders or besprings :
 Virgin there the green grass grows,
 Every morn Spring's natal day,
 Brigh-hued berries daff the snows,
 Smiling winter's frown away.

Angels often pausing there,
 Doubt if Eden were more fair :
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney—

Music there for Echo dwells,
 Makes each sound a harmony,
 Many voiced the chorus swells,
 Till it faints in ecstasy.
 With the charming tints below
 Seems the heaven above to vie :
 All rich colors that we know,
 Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky,
 Wings of angels so might shine
 Glancing back soft light divine :
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney—

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

WHEN the swallows homeward fly,
 When the roses scattered lie,
 When, from neither hill nor dale,
 Chants the silvery nightingale,

Chorus : In these words my bleeding heart
 Would to thee its grief impart :
 Shall we ever meet again ?

Parting, ah ! parting, parting is pain,
 Parting, ah ! parting, parting is pain !

When the white swan southward roves,
 There to seek the orange-groves,
 When the red tints of the West
 Prove the sun has gone to rest :

In these words my bleeding heart
 Would to thee its grief impart :
 Shall we ever meet again ?

Parting, ah ! parting, parting is pain,
 Parting, ah ! parting, parting is pain !

O poor heart ! whate'er befall,
 There is rest for thee and all
 That on earth which fades away,
 Comes again in bright array :
 In these words my bleeding heart
 Would to thee its grief impart :
 Shall we ever meet again ?
 Parting, ah ! parting, parting is pain,
 Parting, ah ! parting, parting is pain !

MY POOR HEART IS SAD WITH ITS DREAMING

My poor heart is sad with its dreaming,
 It brings back the once happy day,
 When earth like a heaven was seeming,
 But now it has passed all away—
 They say that young love's like the flower
 That needs tender care in its urn,
 But mine it was snatched from its bower,
 And I never gained one in return.
Chorus : My poor heart is sad with its dreaming :
 For, it brings back the once happy day.
 When earth like a heaven was seeming,
 But now it has all passed away.

My sad heart recalls all the pleasure
 Of thoughts that were all, all for thee,
 When dreaming of you, of its treasure,
 And you seemed to love none but me :
 Tho' we meet not as friends, yet I'll never
 One unkind word to thee give :
 For, your cherished memory ever
 Shall be my sole joy while I live ! **Chorus**

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

I WANDERED, to-day, to the hill, Maggie,
 To watch the scenes below :
 The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie.
 As we used to, long ago.
 The green grove has gone from the hill, Maggie,
 Where first the daisies sprung :
 The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
 Since you and I were young !

CHORUS.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
 And the trials of life nearly done :
 Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
 When you and I were young !

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
 Where the young and the gay and the best,
 In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
 Have each found a place of rest,
 Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
 And join in the songs that were sung—
 For, we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
 When you and I were young !

Chorus.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
 My steps are less sprightly than then :
 My face is a well written page, Maggie,
 But time alone was the pen !
 They say we are ag d and grav, Maggie,
 As sprays by the white breakers flung :
 But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie.
 When you and I were young !

Chorus.

LITTLE SWEETHEART, COME AND KISS ME

LITTLE sweetheart, come and kiss me,

Just ~~once~~ more before I go :

Tell me truly, will you miss me,

As I wander to and fro ?

Let me feel the tender pressing

Of your ruby lips to mine,

With your dimple hands caressing,

And your snowy arms entwine.

Chorus : Ah ! little sweetheart, come and kiss me,

Come and whisper, sweet and low !

That your heart will sadly miss me,

As I wander to and fro.

Little sweetheart, come and kiss me,

We may never meet again !

We may never roam together

Down the dear old shady lane !

Future years may bring us sorrow,

That our hearts but little know :

Still of care we should not borrow—

Come and kiss me ere I go.

Ah ! little sweetheart, come and kiss me,

Come and whisper, sweet and low !

That your heart will sadly miss me,

As I wander to and fro.

I WILL BE TRUE TO THEE

I will be true to thee,

Though I share in thy worst despair ;

I will be true to thee,

Though my own heart be bowed with care ;

Though cold neglect upon thy hopes may fall,
 Though fears of death may hover near thy soul,
 Though funeral knells upon thine ears may toll :
 Yet, I will be true to thee,
 I will be true to thee,
 I will be true to thee !

I will be true to thee,
 Though I roam in far off land,
 Whether on earth or sea,
 In a bower or desert strand ;
 Though darkest clouds may mar the morning beams,
 And vapors dull may settle on the streams,
 Though blighting Time destroy thy fondest dreams ;
 Yet, I will be true to thee,
 I will be true to thee,
 I will be true to thee !

I will be true to thee—
 I will pray for thee, night and day ;
 Wilt thou be true to me,
 As in years that have rolled away ?
 When all thy childhood's dearest hopes have fled,
 And gloomy visions linger round thy head,
 When all thy dear and early friends are dead :
 Then, I will be true to thee,
 I will be true to thee,
 I will be true to thee !

LET THE DEAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL REST.

LET the dead and the beautiful rest—
 Make her grave 'neath the willow by the stream,

Where the wind-harps will whisper o'er the blest,
Like the song of some Angel in our dream.

DUET.

Oh ! so young and fair, with her bright golden hair !
Oh ! so young and fair, with her bright golden hair !

CHORUS.

Let her sleep, let her sleep,
Let her sleep 'neath the willow by the stream :
Let her sleep, let her sleep,
Let her sleep 'neath the willow by the stream.

Let the dead and the beautiful rest—
For, the Spring-time is coming with its flowers,
When the wild-rose will blossom o'er her breast,
As the song-birds will while away the hours.
Duet and Chorus.

Let the dead and the beautiful rest—
Where the long drooping willow branches wave ;
While the moon, slowly sinking in the West,
Leaves the stars keeping vigils o'er her grave.
Duet and Chorus.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING ?

PAUL.—What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long ?
That ever, amid our playing,
I hear but their low, lone song ;
Not by the sea-side only—
There it sounds loud and free—
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me.

FLORENCE.—Brother ! I hear no singing !
 'Tis but the rolling wave,
 Ever its lone course winging
 Over some ocean cave ;
 'Tis but the noise of water
 Dashing against the shore,
 And the wind from some bleaker quarter
 Mingling with its roar.

BOTH.—No, no ! it is something greater,
 That speaks to the heart alone :
 The voice of the great Creator
 Dwells in that mighty tone !

'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER.

'Tis but a little faded flower,
 But, oh ! how fondly dear !
 'Twill bring me back one golden hour,
 Through many a weary year.
 I may not to the world impart
 The secret of its power,
 But, treasured in my inmost heart,
 I keep my faded flower.

Chorus : 'Tis but a little faded flower,
 But, oh ! how fondly dear !
 'Twill bring me back one golden hour,
 Through many a weary year.

Where is the heart that doth not keep,
 Within its inmost core,
 Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,
 Of days that are no more ?
 Who hath not saved some trifling thing,
 More prized than jewels rare ?
 A faded flower—a broken ring—
 A tress of golden hair ?

Chorus.

**'TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND WHERE THE
HEART CAN NEVER BE.**

Tho' I mingle in the throng
Of the happy and the gay,
From the mirth of dance and song
I would fain be far away ;
For, I love to ~~use~~ no wile,
And I ~~can~~ but deem it sin
That the brow would wear a smile,
When the soul is sad within—
Tho' a parent's stern command
Claims obedience from me,
Oh ! 'tis hard to give the hand
Where the heart can never be—
 'Tis hard to give, ~~ha~~.

I have sighed and suffered long,
Yet have never told my grief,
In the hope that for my wrong
Time itself will find relief.
I will own no rebel thought,
And I will not wear the chain
That for me must still be fraught
With but misery and pain—
In all else I will be bland,
But in this I must be free,
And I will not give the hand
Where the heart can never be.
 And I will not give, ~~ha~~.

**THE WIDOW IN THE COTTAGE BY THE
SEA-SIDE.**

Just one year ago to-day, love,
I became your happy bride,
Changed a mansion for a cottage
To dwell by the river side ;

You told me I'd be happy,
 But no happiness I see—
 For, to-night I am a widow,
 In the cottage by the sea.

Chorus : Alone, all alone by the sea-side he left me,
 And no other's bride I'll be ;
 For, in bridal flowers he decked me,
 In the cottage by the sea.

From my cottage by the sea-side,
 I can see my mansion home,
 I can see those hills and valleys,
 Where with pleasure I have roamed ;
 The last time that I met him,
 Oh ! how happy then were we—
 But to night I am a widow,
 In the cottage by the sea.

Chorus.

Oh ! my poor and aged father,
 How in sorrow he would wail,
 And my poor and aged mother,
 How in tears her eyes would swell—
 And my poor and only brother,
 Oh ! how he would weep for me,
 If he only knew his sister
 Was a widow by the sea !

Chorus.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, sweet Hally,
 I'm dreaming now of Hally ;
For, the thought of her is one that never dies ;
 She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
 And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

Chorus : Listen to the mocking-bird,
 Listen to the mocking-bird,
 The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave ;
 Listen to the mocking-bird,
 Listen to the mocking-bird,
 Still singing were the weeping willows wave.

Ah ! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
 Ah ! well I yet remember
 When we gathered in the cotton, side by side,
 'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
 'Twas in the mild September,
 And the mocking-bird was singing far and wide—
 Listen to the mocking-bird, etc.

When the charms of Spring awaken, awaken, awaken,
 When the charms of Spring awaken,
 And the mocking bird is singing on the bough,
 I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,
 I feel like one forsaken,
 Since Hally is no longer with me now—
 Listen to the mocking-bird, etc.

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

THEY came from a land beyond the sea,
 And now o'er the western main
 Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
 From the sunny land of Spain.
 "Oh ! where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
 Our destined home or grave ?"
 Thus sung they, as by the morning's beams,
 They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo ! where afar o'er ocean shines
 A sparkle of radiant green,
 As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
 Whose light through the wave was seen.
 " 'Tis Innisfail, 'tis Innisfail ! "
 Rings o'er the echoing sea ;
 While bending to Heav'n, the warriors hail
 That home of the brave and free.

Then turned they unto the Eastern wave,
 Where now their Day-God's eye
 A look of such sunny omen gave
 As lighted up sea and sky
 Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
 Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
 When first on the Isle of Destiny
 Our great forefathers trod.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

THE bachelor leads a miserable life,
 Some folks that are wed no better :
Yet a fellow may live happy with a good wife,
 But the question is " How shall I get her ? "

There are pretty good wives, and pretty bad wives,
 And some wives worser than others :
But as for those wives who scold all their lives,
 They are nothing but fuss, plagues and bother

Some choose them a wife for ease or grace,
 Or a pretty, firm step while walking :
 Some choose a fine figure, some a fine face,
 Yet a very few choose one for talking.

Then to choose you a wife to join you through life,
 Choose one that can speak sincerely :
 Who, though not over nice can give advice,
 And love a good husband dearly.

So now, young men if to wedlock inclined,
 May deceit nor flirtation ne'er trap ye :
 May those who are single, get wives to their mind,
 And those that are married be happy.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

SOME one has gone from this strange world of ours,
 No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
 No more to linger, where sunbeams must fade,
 Where, on all beauty, Death's fingers are laid,
 Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
 Weary with parting and never to meet,
 Some one has gone to the bright golden shore !
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door :
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

CHORUS.

Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
 Weary with parting never to meet,
 Some one has gone to the bright golden shore !
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door :
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
 Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in.
 Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright.
 When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light
 Weary with sowing and never to reap,
 Weary with labor and welcoming sleep,

Some one's departed to Heaven's glad shore !
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door :
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Chorus : Weary with mingling, etc.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
 One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street :
 Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
 Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.
 Yes ! there is one more in angelic bliss,
 One less to cherish, and one less to kiss,
 One more departed to Heaven's bright shore !
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door :
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Chorus : Weary with mingling, etc.

'TIS EVENING BRINGS MY HEART TO THEE !

'Tis evening brings my heart to thee,
 When all is lovely, calm and still :
 That welcome hour so dear to me,
 When purest thoughts my bosom fill !
 The bird flies homeward to its nest,
 The zephyr woos the wandering bee,
 The dewdrop seeks the lily's breast :
 So evening brings my heart to thee !

Chorus : To thee ! to thee !

'Tis evening brings my heart to thee !

A truant beam returns again
 To mingle with the orb of day :
 A streamlet, winding through the glen,
 Will lose itself in ocean spray :
 And when the sky with beauty glows,
 And starry eyes look on the sea,
 When weary nature seeks repose,
 Then evening brings my heart to thee ! Chorus

Oh ! I could linger at thy side,
 And dream away my every care :
 Or fancy life a silver tide,
 With not a wave to ripple there :
 Though fortune frown and coldly spurn,
 And mine a chequered path must be,
 Till mem'ry's lamp shall cease to burn,
 Will evening bring my heart to thee ! **Chorus**

EVANGELINE.

SWEET Evangeline, my lost Evangeline,
 We have lived and loved each other fond and true :
 Ever true to thee, though far away I've been
 My heart has ever dwelt with you ;
 But, O, those happy days will ne'er return,
 Those happy days that we have seen :
 For, I am left to weep, alone,
 My sweet Evangeline !

CHORUS.

O, how sad we've been, lost Evangeline,
 Since we laid thee where the sweetest flowers wave,
 And the Angels bright, robed in spotless white,
 Are watching o'er thy green and mossy grave.
 Evangeline, Evangeline, Evangeline, Evangeline,
 She's gone to the silent grave !

I am lonely now, my dear Evangeline ;
 The days are long, the nights are sad and drear ;
 And how changed, alas ! each well remembered scene,
 Since you and I were sitting here !
 Alas ! you never more will smile on me—
 And life is now a sad, sad dream !
 I lived to love none else but thee,
 My sweet Evangeline. **Chorus.**

COME, BIRDIE, COME.

BEAUTIFUL bird of spring has come,
 Seeking a place to build his home,
Warbling his song so light and free,
 Beautiful bird, come live with me.
 Come live with me, you shall be free,
 If you will come and live with me :
 Come live with me, you shall be free,
 Beautiful bird, come live with me.
 I'm all alone,
 Come live with me,
 Come live with me.

Chorus : Come, birdie, come live with me,
 We will be happy, light and free :
 You shall be all the world to me,
 Come, birdie, come and live with me.

Ye little birds that sit and sing,
 Many a thought of loved ones bring,
 Hovering around your tiny nest,
 Calling your loved ones home to rest.
 Oh ! happy bird, no thought of care,
 No aching heart, no grief to bear,
 Over the land, over the sea,
 Come change your home and live with me.
 Come change your home,
 No more to roam,
 Come change your home.

Chorus.

Birdie, what makes you fly away,
 When I come near you ? tell me, pray :
 I'll not deceive you, you are free,
 If you should come and live with me.
 Now, birdie, fly, fast to the sky,
 To your sweet home : for, night is nigh,

CARRIE LEE.

WHERE the babbling brook does flow,
 And the honey-suckles grow,
And the ivy clings around the old oak tree,
 In a cottage neat and small,
Lived a maiden loved by all,
 My bright-eyed darling, pretty Carrie Lee.
Chorus : Angels called her : loved one, come ;
 This earth's no place for thee !
 They took her to their happy home,
 My bright-eyed Carrie Lee.

When the sun sank in the West,
 And all nature was at rest,
Save the Katy-did and plaintive Whip-poor-will,
 Carrie's lovely voice was heard
Like some merry warbling bird,
 As we sat together on the old door sill. **Chorus.**

Oft, at noonday, would we rove
 Through the shady woodland grove,
And talk of the happy days to come,
 When wedded I should be
With my gentle Carrie Lee :
 And we'd mark that spot out for our future home.
Chorus.

Ah ! but now how things have changed !
 Summer flowers have come again,
But my darling from all earthly pain is free
 They have laid her in the grave,
'Neath the weeping willow's shade,
 And my heart is breaking for my Carrie Lee.
Chorus.

DREAMING OF THEE.

DREAMING of thee, only of thee,
Still by thy side, love, longing to be ;
Days wander by, joys they are flown,
Fondly I sigh, love, pining alone.
Summer is flying, come in thy bloom ;
Roses are dying, cheer thou my gloom.
Dreaming of thee, only of thee,
Still by thy side, love, longing to be.

Star of my night, when shall we meet ?
When shall thy lips, love, sweet words repeat ?
When shall our days peacefully glide,
Never to part, love ? come to my side.
Summer is waking, roses will bloom ;
Shadows are breaking, dawn on my gloom.
Dreaming of thee, only of thee,
Still by thy side, love, longing to be.

WITH ALL MY SOUL THEN LET US PART.

With all my soul then let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free,
If thou wilt send me back my heart,
Why, I will send thine back to thee !
We have passed some happy hours together,
While time was ever on the wing :
Spring would be but gloomy, gloomy weather,
If there was nothing else but Spring.

Say, oh ! say not this to me :
That both are anxious to be free ;
Thou dost but little know the heart
That beats, that beats alone for thee.

Oh ! thus it is affections wither—
 Like Autumn leaves—so is thine—
 A heart both false and fickle ever !
 But oh ! thou canst not send back mine !

THE BLACKBIRD.

It was on one fine morning for soft recreation,
 I heard a fair damsel making a sad moan,
 Sighing and sobbing with sad lamentation,
 Saying my Blackbird most loyal has flown.

My thoughts they deceived me, reflection it grieves me,
 And I am o'er-burden'd with sad misery ;
 But if death should blind me, as true love inclines me,
 My Blackbird I'll seek out wherever I be.

Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
 He was the chief-flower that in it did spring,
 Fair ladies of honor his person did nourish,
 Because that he was the true son of a king.

But, O, that false fortune has proved so uncertain,
 That caus'd the parting between you and me,
 But if he remain in France or in Spain,
 I'll be true to my Blackbird wherever he be.

In England my Blackbird and I were together,
 When he was the most noble and gen'rous of heart,
 But woe to the time when he arrived there,
 Alas ! he was soon forced from me to part.

In Italy he beam'd and was highly esteemed,
 In England he seems but a stranger to me,
 But if he remain in France or in Spain,
 All blessings on my Blackbird wherever he be.

But if by the fowler my Blackbird is taken,
 Sighing and sobbing will be all the tune,
 But if he is safe, and I'm not mistaken,
 I hope I shall see him in May or in June.

The birds of the forest, they all flock together,
 The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove,
 So I'm resolved in fair or foul weather,
 Once in the Spring to seek out my love.

Oh, he is all my treasure, my joy and my pleasure,
 He's justly belov'd though my heart follow thee,
 How constant and kind, and courageous of mind,
 Deserving of blessing wherever he be.

It's not the wide ocean can fright me with danger,
 Although like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
 For I'll find more friendship from one that's a stranger,
 More than from one that in Briton was born.

THE COULIN.

[In the reign of Henry VII. an Act was made restraining the Irish from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Coulines (long locks) on the heads. The Irish bard, in the character of a virgin, declares a preference for her lover with the Coulin before any other. Of this song the air alone has come down to us, and is universally admired.]

THE last time she looked on the face of her dear,
 She breathed not a sigh, and she shed not a tear ;
 And she took up his harp, and she kissed his cold cheek,—
 "Tis the first and the last for thy Norah to seek."

For beauty and bravery Cathan was known,
 And the long, flowing coulin he wore in Tyroë ;
 The sweetest of singers and harpers was he,
 All over the North, from the Bann to the sea.

O'er the marshes of Dublin he often would rove
 To the Glens of O'Toole, where he met with his love ;

And at parting they pledged that, next midsummer day,
He would come for the last time, and bear her away.

The king had forbidden the men of O'Neal,
With the coulin adorned to come o'er the pale ;
But Norah ~~was~~ Irish, and said, in her pride,
"If he wear not his coulin I'll ne'er be his bride."

The bride has grown pale as the robe that she wears,
For the Lammas is come, and no bridegroom appears ;
And she hearkens, and gazes, when all are at rest,
For the sound of his harp and the sheen of his vest.

Her palfrey is pillioned, and she has gone forth
On the long, rugged road that leads down to the North :
Where Eblana's strong castle frowns darkly and drear
Is the head of her Cathan upraised on a spear.

The Lords of the Castle had murdered him there,
And all for the wearing that poor lock of hair :
For the word she had spoken in mirth or in pride
Her lover, too fond and too faithful, had died.

'Twas then that she looked in the face of her dear,
She breathed not a sigh, and she dropped not a tear ;
She took up his harp, and she kissed his cold cheek :
"Farewell ! 'tis the first for thy Norah to seek."

And afterward, oft would the wilderness ring,
As, at night in sad strains, to that harp she would sing
Her heart-breaking tones,—we remember them well,—
But the words of her wailing no mortal can tell.

THE GREEN ISLE

FAIREST ! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee

Never did Ariel's plume,
 At golden sunset hover
 O'er scenes so full of bloom,
 As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
 And fearlessly meets the ardor
 Of the warm Summer's gaze,
 With only her tears to guard her.
 Rocks, through myrtle boughs
 In grace majestic frowning,
 Like some bold warrior's brows
 That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
 That never hath bird come nigh them
 But from his course thro' air
 He hath been won down by them.
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
 And caves where the gem is sleeping.
 Bright as the tears thy lid
 Lets fall in lonely weeping.
 Glens where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancor,
 And harbors, worthiest homes
 Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 O, let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious, —
 Thinking how man hath curst
 What Heaven hath made so glorious !

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

[A four-leaved Shamrock is of such rarity that it is supposed to endue the labor with magic power.]

ILL seek a four-leaved shamrock in all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves, O, how I'll weave my
spells !

I would not waste my magic might on diamond, pearl,
or gold,

For treasure tires the weary sense,—*such* triumph is
but cold ;

But I would play th' enchanter's part, in casting bliss
around, —

Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world
be found.

To worth I would give honor ; I'd dry the mourner's
tears,

And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
And hearts that had been long estranged, and friends
that had grown cold,

Should meet again, like parted streams, and mingle as
of old.

Oh ! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter
bliss around,

And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world
be found !

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanished dreams
of love,

Should see them all returning, — like Noah's faithful
dove ;

And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's
dark'ning sea,

And Mis'ry's children have an Ark, and saved from
sinking be.

Oh ! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter
bliss around,

And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world
be found !

ELLA REE.

Oh ! Ella Ree, so kind and true,
In the little churchyard lies—
Her grave is bright with drops of dew,
But brighter were her eyes—
Then carry me back to Tennessee :
There let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie !
Carry me back to Tennessee, etc.

Her pretty eyes and gentle form,
Methinks I yet can see ;
I love the spot where she was born,
Way down in Tennessee.
Then carry me back to Tennessee :
There let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie !
Carry me back to Tennessee, etc.

The summer-moon will rise and set,
And the night-birds thrill their lay,
And the possum and coon so softly step
Round the grave of Ella Ree.
Then carry me back to Tennessee :
There let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn,
And the land where Ella lie !
Carry me back to Tennessee, etc.

THE
FAUGH-A-BALLAGH
SONG-BOOK.

CONTAINING A VERY FINE SELECTION OF

IRISH, NATIONAL, POPULAR, AND COMIC SONGS,
AMUSING RECITATIONS, AND SIDE-
SPLITTING ANECDOTES.



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THE

FAUGH-A-BALLAGH

SONG-BOOK.

FAUGH-A-BALLAGH.*

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

* *Faugh-a-Ballagh* "literally translated, "Clear the Road," originated in the South and West of Ireland. The regiments raised in these localities took the old shout with them to the Continent. The 87th, or Royal Irish Fusiliers, from their use of it, went generally by the name of "The Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys." Nothing human could withstand the undaunted courage and fierce impetuosity of these soldiers, when animated by this soul-inspiring cry. Firm indeed must be the soldiers who could stand before them, when, rushing like a mountain avalanche, they charged bayonets on their opposing foes. At that cry they drove before them, in every instance recorded in history, the best and most disciplined soldiers of Europe. "Nothing," says Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, "nothing so startled the French soldiery as the wild yell with which the Irish regiments sprung to the charge;" and never was that haughty and intolerant shout raised in battle, but a charge, swift as thought and fatal as lightning, like a rushing incarnation of FAUGH-A-BALLAGH. *

"Hope no more for Fatherland,
All its ranks are thinned or broken ;"
Long a base and coward band
Recreant words like these have spoken,
But we preach a land awoken ;

Fatherland is true and tried,
As your fears are false and hollow ;
Slaves and Dastards stand aside—
Knave and Traitors, FAUGH-A-BALLAGH

Know ye, suffering brethren ours,
Might is strong, but Right is stronger :
Saxon wiles or Saxon powers
Can enslave our land no longer
Than your own dissensions wrong her :
Be ye one in might and mind—
Quit the mire where cravens wallow—
And your foes shall flee like wind
From your fearless FAUGH-A-BALLAGH.

Thus the mighty multitude
Speak in accents hoarse with sorrow—
“ We are fallen, but unsubdued ;
Show us whence we Hope may borrow,
And we'll fight your fight to-morrow.
Be but cautious, true, and brave,
Where ye lead us, we will follow ;
Hill and valley, rock and wave
Soon shall hear our FAUGH-A-BALLAGH ”

Fling our banner to the wind,
Studded o'er with names of glory ;
Worth and wit, and might and mind,
Poet young, and Patriot hoary,
Long shall make it shine in story.

Close your ranks—the moment's come—
 NOW, ye men of Ireland follow;
 Friends of Freedom, charge them home—
 Foes of Freedom, FAUGH-A-BALLAGH.

To make the general tone, and some of the allusions in this song intelligible, we should, perhaps, mention that it was written in October, 1842, when the hope and spirits of the people were low, and published in the third number of the *Nation*, as the Charter-Song of the contributors. It was supposed to be first sung, as it actually was, at one of their weekly suppers.

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

WHEN boyhood's fire was in my blood,
 I read of ancient freemen,
 For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
 Three hundred men and three men.
 And then I prayed I yet might see
 Our fetters rent in twain,
 And Ireland, long a province, be
 A nation once again

And, from that time, through wildest woe
 That hope has shone, a far light;
 Nor could love's brightest summer glow
 Outshine that solemn starlight:
 It seemed to watch above my head
 In forum, field, and fane;
 Its angel voice sang round my bed.
 A nation once again.

THE FAUGH-A-BALLAGH SONG-BOOK.

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark"
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly:
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train,
And righteous men must make our land
A nation once again.

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding—
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;
For thus I hoped some day to aid—
Oh! can such hope be vain?—
When my dear country shall be made
A nation once again.

AILLEEN.

BY JOHN BANIM.

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
'Tis not for love of fame;
Tho' fortune should her smile bestow,
And I may win a name, Ailleen,
And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name, Ailleen,
And bless another name.

For this—but this—I go; for this
I lose thy love awhile,
And all the soft and quiet bliss
Of thy young, faithful smile, Ailleen,
Of thy young, faithful smile.

And go to brave a world I hate,
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave, and try a fate
 Upon a stranger shore, Aileen,
 Upon a stranger shore.

Oh! when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care!
 Oh! when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear, Aileen,
 I know a brow shall wear.

And when with both returned again
 My native land to see,
 I know a smile will meet me there,
 And a hand will welcome me, Aileen,
 And a hand will welcome me.

AWAKE, AND LIE DREAMING NO MORE

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "DESERTED COLLEGE."

AIR—Savourneen Deelish.

YE great of my country, how long will ye slumber,
 Spell-bound, far remote from her once happy shore.
 Unmoved by her wrongs and her woes without number!
 Oh! awake then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!
 Awaken to fame and poor Erin's condition;
 To heal all her wounds on your noblest ambition:
 Oh! break off the spell of the foreign magician
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!

Not the want of green fields nor of countless resources
 The sons of sweet Erin have cause to deplore,
 Nor the want of brave hearts for the muster of forces;
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!

A patriot flame and endearing emotion
 Are wanting to bless the sweet isle of the ocean;
 Yet Erin is worthy of love and devotion.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!

Let Fashion no more, in pursuit of vain pleasure,
 To far-distant lands in her train draw you o'er;
 In your own native isle is the goodliest treasure:
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!
 When once love and pride of your country ye cherish,
 The seeds of disunion and discord shall perish,
 And Erin, dear Erin, in loveliness flourish.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more!

AN IRISH STEW.

AIR—Paddle your own canoe.

SURE I've sung ye many a song in my time,
 But now ye want something new;
 So I'm afther giving a bit of a rhyme,
 Concerning an Irish shtew.
 For I've got the original ould resate,
 For cooking to rights that same;
And if ye can only get hould of the mate
 If ye shpoil it, yersilf's to blame.

CHORUS.

So let me give ye this bit of advice—
 Ye can very soon prove it's true—
 That nothing in life is half so nice,
 As a savory Irish shtew.

In choosing your mate, *don't "cut it too fat,"*
 Nor by eny manes *over lean,*
 For the keind o' mutton that plazes Pat
 Is—a sort of betwixt and betwane.

Your pertaties should be of the mealy sort,
 And your onions sound and swate ;
 And its pale 'em, and wash 'em, and slice 'em, yea
 ought,
 And pop 'em both in with the mate.
 So let me give, &c.

Then pepper, and salt, and sason to taste—
 Och ! the *wather*, I'd most forgot—
 Pour in—*just enough*—if ye schwamp it the *laste*,
 By jabers, ye'll shpoil the lot.
 Then yez can sit down and watch the pot boil,
 Till the mate's done thoroughly through ;
 And you'll soon be rewarded for all your toil,
 By a savory Irish shtew.
 So let me give, &c.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE IS THE LIFE WE LOVE

AWAY we march to the bugle sounding,
 Our hands are firm, and our hearts are glad ;
 Our steps are light o'er the green turf bounding,
 And happy is the life of a soldier lad.
 For smiling lasses, brimming glasses
 Greet us home when daylight passes.
 And then we sing to the skies above,
 A soldier's life is the life we love !

But when from home and call'd to duty,
 Our hopes are high, and our flag's unfurl'd,
 We bid adieu to smiles and beauty,
 For a soldier's home is the wide, wide world.
 We seek our foes 'mid cannons' rattle,
 And when we're victors in the battle,
 Oh, then we sing to the skies above,
 A soldier's life is the life we love !

At Waterloo a hero led us,
 Whose brows are wreath'd for the deeds he's done;
 He taught our foreign foes to dread us:
 Then cheer for immortal Wellington!
 For all who hear that hero's story
 Praise his deeds, and share the glory.
 Then let us sing to the skies above,
 A soldier's life is the life we love.

Though some may fall beyond the billows,
 No foot shall tread on the soldier's grave;
 We'll bear them far where bending willows,
 In some lone spot, o'er their ashes wave.
 For though a soldier is call'd stern-hearted,
 Tears we give for those departed;
 And our dirge shall be to the skies above,
 A soldier's life is the life we love.

THE BEAR THAT SPOKE IRISH.

ONCE as Father O'Leary was returning home from St. Omer, he made a short stay at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Taking a promenade he was induced by a placard to visit a booth where the most wonderful bear ever heard of was being exhibited. The exhibition was well worth the few sous paid for admission. Bruin would write with his paw on the sanded floor the hour of the day; would bow his head, and lay his right paw on his breast when bade to pay his respects to any well-looking woman; would execute a step or two on his hind legs, throw up his fore legs, and cry, "Vive le Roi" as well as any bear in Europe. After executing some things wonderful in their way, he began to get tired of the exhibition, lay down in a sulky mood, and would do nothing, though spoken to in a very angry fashion. His exhibitor, seeing threats in vain, spoke kindly to him, and he condescended to give a few more proofs of his capacity but all at once ceased to perform,

and would not budge for threat or entreaty. This so vexed his master that he administered a few prods on sensitive portions of his frame, and these brought out a succession of angry sounds which the priest recognized as fearful curses delivered in Irish. He slipped out, called on the mayor, and informed him that a live Irishman was at the moment exhibiting as a bear in such a place. Both gentlemen proceeded at once to the exhibition, and the priest approaching the performing animal as near as was convenient, asked him in his own vernacular, "How are you, Paddy? (*Cionas tha thu?*)" and was promptly, perhaps inadvertently, answered, "Well, I thank you (*Tha im go maith; go raibh maith aguth*)." The questioner then turned to the civic chief, and reported progress, and poor Pat was in a very short time uncased from his bearish envelope by a handy practitioner brought by the mayor. According as his human form went on developing itself more and more in its primitive nakedness, the female portion of the audience began to decamp, and very soon a suitable covering had to be provided for the poor fellow. His story was soon told. The sailors, his present masters, had found him floating in the Bay of Biscay on a hen-coop, which he had fortunately made his own when shipwrecked. He could only speak Irish, and they French. They gave him food, and otherwise treated him well, and as the ship neared the coast they planned the exhibition. The mayor obliged them to furnish their discharged servant with a reasonable sum for his services, and so, by means of the priest's good offices, Pat was restored to the arms of his family and friends in Kerry.

BARNEY O'HEA;

OR, NOW LET ME ALONE.

Now let me alone, though I know you won't,
 I know you won't, I know you won't;
 Now let me alone, though I know you won't.
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.

It makes me outrageous when you're so contagious—
 You'd better look out for the stout Corney Creagh!
 For he is the boy that believes I'm his joy—
 So you'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea.
 Impudent Barney, none of your blarney,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.

I hope you are not going to Brandon fair,
 To Brandon fair, to Brandon fair;
 For sure I'm not wanting to meet you there,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.
 For Corney's at Cork, and my brother's at work,
 And my mother sits spinning at home all the day,
 So no one will be there, of me to take care,
 And I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.

When I got to the fair, sure the first I met there,
 The first I met there, the first I met there—
 When I got to the fair, the first I met there,
 Was impudent Barney O'Hea.
 He bothered and teased me, though somehow he pleased
 me,
 'Till at last—oh! the saints—what will poor Corney
 say?
 But I think the boy's honest, so on Sunday I've promised,
 For better or worse to take Barney O'Hea.
 Impudent Barney, so sweet was his blarney,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.

BLACK TURF.

AIR—Buy a Broom.

THROUGH Dublin sweet city I ramble, my hearty,
 With my kish of black turf for cold wintry noon,
 They're cut from the bog of one Felix M'Carthy,
 Arrah, now buy, acushla, from your own Jack Muldoon
 Black turf, black turf, &c.

Spoken.—Will you buy a mock? I will give you twenty-four black sods for one penny; devil the like of them ever was burnt before for heat, or boiling your pot; just take one of them in your hand, troth I am selling four pinnerth to Mistress Toole, of Coal Alley, and her decent husband, who is a knife grinder, declared to me that he can work without the dispensation of a candle, since he began to burn my black turf. Will you buy, Mither? do, acushla. Will you, Mistress? do ma'am; don't be foolish to be spending your good-looking money for coals; in troth, there wasn't luck nor grace in this country since the invention of coals, or any ill-lookin' chimmistical commodity like them—will you buy a mock? Orra, buy of Jack Muldoon his flaming black turf?

When your feet is all snow, and your toes are frostbitten,
Arrah, then you'll discover my turf is your friend,
There's such light from the blaze that a letter I've written
To my sweetheart, Moll Grogan, for Christmas to spend.
Black turf, black turf, &c.

Spoken.—Come now, girls, I am just come out, and the first that hansels me will get a fine sod over, orra jewels, if you was after seeing the big boat-load I got consigned to myself, by my father-in-law, Murty Grogan. O millia murther! this is the lucky turf the quality of Dublin shud be fond of; for the very bog it was cut from moved half way to Dublin to see you, and only the *polis* overtook it, and wouldn't let it come any further than my father-in-law's it would be living in Dublin now, and all the young bogs would be Dublin people—this is the reason, I tell yez, that all yez should lose no time to buy as much as you can. Will you buy, Mither? I can only give twelve sods for a penny of this turf, for you may depend on it, the parents for them are well known; the devil fire the sod of this turf, but after its burnt, will walk out of the grate and get themselves blackened over and over again, fit for use, and ready to boil any kittle, saucepan, or any of that

family, every bit as well as before, so that you see plainly you will never have the same 'otunity any more of buying such lucky turf. So yez won't buy—do you want any, my chap? Is that a penny in your hand? Come and buy, now, avic; O rista! crista! what bad times it is, they lon't know the vartue of the turf from the moving bog.

Black turf, black turf, &c.

Orra gramachree avourneen, avourneen, avourneen,

Will you buy, avourneen, my moving black turf?

I am now nearly broke, to the bog I must hurry,

And to Jim Casey's berrin I'll be in time for to go,

Och, he died t'other day, and many he's left sorry,

For he was a good hearted fellow (*cries*), but now he's laid low.

Black turf, black turf, &c.

Spoken.—Och! och! och! what sundry times those are; the world, in troth, is nothing but a boat-load of deceit, and the nonest people from the great gunchability of sickness, are leaping up out of the world just like young trout of a summer's day. Orra Jim Casey, avic, you've gone without as much as bidding one of us good by (*cries*). Och! heaven be your bed, Darby Quinn, if you war alive, it's yourself that would cry millia murder after poor Jim. I would be on the vartue of my oath, if Moll Casey took my advice, Jim would be at work to-day, the dirty sutrican. I tould her to give him a little buttered punch, which would be the means of conglomerating his bowels; but stid of that, she gives him a skillet full of mouldy polcanon:—Will you buy, &c.

THE BOYS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

WHAT for should I sing you of Roman or Greek,

Or the boys we hear tell of in story,

Come match me for fighting, for frolic or freak,

An Irishman's reign in his glory

For Ajax and Hector and bold Agamemnon
Were up to the tricks of our trade, O?
But the rollicking boys of war, women, and noise,
Are the boys of the Irish brigade, O.

What for should I sing you of Helen and Troy,
Or the mischief that came by her flirting;
There's Biddy M'Clinch, the pride of Fermoy,
Twice as much of a Helen that's certain.
Then for Venus Medicis, or Queen Cleopatra,
Bad luck to the word could be said, O,
By the rollicking boys of war, women, and noise,
The boys of the Irish brigade, O.

What for should I sing you of classical fun,
Or of games whether Grecian or Persian;
Sure the Curragh's the place where the knowing one's
done,
And Mallow that flogs for divarision;
For fighting, for drinking, for women and all,
No times like our times e'er were made, O,
By the rollicking boys, of war, women, and noise,
The boys of the Irish Brigade, O.

BARNABY FINEGAN.

I'm a decent gay laboring youth,
I was reared in the town of Dunshaughlin,
I'm a widower now in Maynooth,
Since I buried sweet Molly M'Loughlin;
I married but once in my life,
But I'll never commit such a sin again;
I discovered when she was my wife,
She was fond of one Barnaby Finegan.

His father had cabins of mud
That I often went to admire—
They were built at the time of the flood,
To keep all his ancestors drier.
When he found I had Molly bespoke,
He was getting quite fat, but got thin again
In struggle his gizzard he broke,
And we'd a stiff of poor Barnaby Finegan.

His corpse for convenience was put
Among all his friends in the barn, sir,
Some travelled there upon foot,
While others came mounted on garrons, sir;
My wife for his loss cried and sobbed,
Though I put her out twice she got in again,
But I gave her a boul't in the gob,
For which I was soon attacked by the Finegana

The bed and the corpse was upset—
The fighting commenced in a minute, sure,
Not a stick could they get,
Till they broke all the legs of the furniture.
In showers the blood flew about,
Eyes were knocked out and shoved in again,
But I got a sowestering clout,
That spilled me atop of poor Finegan.

How long I was dead I don't know—
I couldn't believe I was living, sir—
I roused with the pain in my toes,
For they had them both tied with a ribbon, sir;
I opened my mouth for to speak,
But the sheets was put up to my chin again,
Molly roars out, "you know you're awake,
You'll be tried with Barnaby Finegan."

"You lump of deception," I cried—
And I thought to bounce up to knock her about,
By course as my two toes were tied,
I was as fast as a spoon in thick stirabout;
I soon got the use of my toes,
By a friend of the corpse, Larry Gilligan,
He helped me to leap into clothes,
To go spread a grass quilt over Finegan.

My wife she came on the spree,
Full of whisky and grief from the herrin,
She showed as much mercy to me,
As a hungry man shows to a herring.
But one belly-go-fister I gave
Her, that caused her to cry and to grin again.
In three months I opened the grave,
And threw her on the bones with poor Finegan.

Now that I'm single again,
I spend my time raking and battering,
I go to the fair with the men,
And I dance with the maids at the patthorn.
Then they think I am stuck to a T——
They'll get shy, drop the talk, and begin again,
But they shan't come the huckle at me,
For they might be acquainted with Finegan.

BRYAN O'LYNN.

BRYAN O'LYNN was a gentleman born,
He lived at a time when no clothes they were worn,
But as fashions walked out of course Bryan walked in,
Whoo! I'll soon lead the fashions, says Bryan O'Lyⁿⁿ

Bryan O'Lyⁿⁿ had no breeches to wear,
He got a sheep skin for to make him a pair,
With the fleshy side out, and the woolly side in,
Whoo! they're pleasant and cool, says Bryan O'Lyⁿⁿ

Bryan O'Lynn had no shirt to his back,
 He went to a neighbor's and borrowed a sack,
 Then he puckered the meal bag up under his chin,
 Whoo! they'll take them for ruffles, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no hat to his head,
 He stuck on the pot being up to the dead,
 Then he murdered a cod for the sake of its fil,
 Whoo! 'twill pass for a feather, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn was hard up for a coat,
 He borrowed a skin of a neighboring goat,
 With the horns sticking out from his oxters, and then,
 Whoo! they'll take them for pistols, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no stockings to wear,
 He bought a rat's skin to make him a pair,
 He then drew them over his manly shin,
 Whoo! they're illegant wear, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no brogue to his toes,
 He hopped in two crab-shells to serve him for those,
 Then he split up two oysters that matched like twins,
 Whoo! they'll shine out like buckles, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch to put on,
 He scooped out a turnip to make him a one,
 Then he planted a cricket right under the skin,
 Whoo! they'll think it's a ticking, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn to his house had no door,
 He'd the sky for a roof, and the bog for a floor;
 He'd a way to jump out, and a way to swim in,
 Whoo! it's very convaynient, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, his wife and wife's mother,
 They all went home over the bridge together,
 The bridge it broke down, and they all tumbled in,
 Whoo! we'll go home by water, says Bryan O'Lynn.

BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.

AIR. —Paddy O'Carroll.

BAD luck to this marching,
 Pipeclaying and starching;
How neat one must be to be killed by the French!
 I'm sick of parading,
 Through wet and cowl'd wading,
Or standing all night to be shot in the trench.
 To the tune o' a fife,
 They dispose of your life,
You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt,
 Now I like Garryowen,
 When I hear it at home,
But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt.

Then though up late and early,
 Our pay comes so rarely,
The devil a farthing we've ever to spare;
 They say some disaster,
 Befel the paymaster;
On my conscience, I think that the money's not there
 And, just think, what a blunder;
 They won't let us plunder,
While the people invite us to rob them, 'tis clear,
 Though there isn't a village,
 But cries, "Come and pillage."
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mcunseer.

Like a sailor that's nigh land,
 I long for that island
Where even the kisses we steal if we please;
 Where it is no disgrace,
 If you don't wash your face,
And you've nothing to do but stand at your ease.

With no sergeant t' abuse us,
 We fight to amuse us,
 Sure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon,
 How I'd dance like a fairy,
 To see ould Dunleary,
 And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,
 And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
 They'll kiss them and coax them, and spend their money
 free,
 Of all the towns of Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
 Her lips are like roses and her mouth much the same,
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,
 Which through my bosom has burnt a large hole,
 Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear and pure,
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands,
 And the more I think of it the more my heart warms,
 If I was at Kilkenny, I should then be at home,
 For there I got sweethearts, but here can get none.

I'll build my love a castle on Kilkenny's free ground,
 Neither lords, dukes, nor squires, shall ever pull it down,
 And if any one should ask you to tell him my name,
 I am an Irish exile and from Kilkenny I came

BIDDY TOOLE;

OR, THE ROVING GARDENER.

My name is Barney Brallaghen, I'm a gardener by trade,
 Served seven years in one situation;
 I first lost my heart, then threw away my spade;
 Oh! listen to my long lamentation!
 Oh, my! the world is now to me
 A garden of great desolation!
 I'm a stem without a flower since I lost my Biddy Toole,
 And left in a state of agitation.

CHORUS.

Oh, my! look upon me now!
 Will you take a quiet observation?
 I have been to Donnybrook to look for Biddy Toole,
 And return'd in a state of agitation.

Her father was a baker, and her mother was a cook,
 And they gave her a good education;
 She could "Parly voo Fransay," and talk it like a book
 And sing it with a deal of animation.
 Oh, my! then to hear her play
 The piano, it was worth a fortune;
 For hours I have stood at "In my Cottage near a Wood,"
 And "Love among the Roses," was a caution.
 Oh, my! look upon me now, &c.

I courted her in silence, for "I never told my love,"
 I thought she was so much above my station;
 To gain her hand and heart across the seas I'd rove,
 And try my hand at foreign emigration.
 Oh! why did I leave my love behind?
 I must have been a piece of vegetation,
 To leave off digging mould to go and dig for gold,
 And return in a state of agitation.
 Oh, my! look upon me now, &c.

I crossed the briny ocean, and in a foreign land,
 I found for myself a habitation :
 Alone and solitary, I oft thought of Biddy Toole,
 She was my only consolation.
 Oh, my ! digging every day,
 My brow in a broiling perspiration ;
 But credit to the bold, I found a lump of gold,
 And return'd in a state of agitation.
 Oh, my ! look upon me now, &c.

I hurried to her father's, and asked for Biddy Toole,
 And told him I'd come across the ocean,
 With my pocket full of gold and my heart and my hand,
 To offer my "true love's devotion."
 Oh, my ! list to his reply—
 "You ought to have been here a little sooner ;
 But if you should go to Donnybrook, ask for Mrs. Jones,
 She's married to a piany-fortey tooner !"
 Oh, my ! look upon me now, &c.

MORAL.

They say there's many a slip 'twixt the goblet and the
 lip,
 So, bachelors, a word or two I crave you ;
 Before you risk your life for a fortune or a wife,
 Be certain that the lady fair will have you.
 Oh, my ! to them you must go and boldly declare your
 adoration ;
 For how are they to know ? If you never tell them so
 ou'll be left in a state of agitation,
 Oh, my ! look upon me now, &c.

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

'TWAS on a windy night about two o'clock in the morning,
 An Irish lad so tight, all wind and weather scorning ;
 At Judy Callaghan's door, sitting upon the paling,
 His love tale he did pour, and this is part of his wailing

CHORUS.

Only say—you'll be Mistress Brallaghan,
Don't say nay—charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh! list to what I say, charms you've got like Venus,
Own your love you may, for there's only the wall between
us.

You lay fast asleep, snug in bed and snoring,
While round the house I creep—your hard heart imploring
Then do say, &c.

I've got an acre of ground, I've got it set with praties.
I've got tobacco a pound, and I've got some tea for the
ladies.

I've got a ring to wed, some whiskey to make us gaily,
A mattress, feather bed, and a handsome new shilleela.
Then do say, &c.

I've got an old tom-cat, which through one eye is staring
I've got a Sunday hat, a little the worse for wearing.
A Sunday hose and coat, and old gray mare to ride on,
A saddle and bridle to boot, that you may ride astride on.
If you'll say, &c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow, and I've got a sty to keep 'em.
A calf and a brindle cow, and I've a cabin to sleep 'em.
I've got some gooseberry wine, the trees they grew no
riper on,
And fine potheen galore that we can feed the piper on
When you say, &c.

You've got a charming eye, you've got some spelling and
reading,
You've got, and so have I, a taste for genteel breeding,
You're rich and fair and young, as every body's knowing
And you've got a decent tongue whenever you set it
going.

Then do say, &c.

Oh! for a wife till death I am willing to ake you,
 But oh! I spend my breath, the d—I himself can't wake
 you,
 Tis just beginning to rain—so I'll get under cover,
 I'll come to-morrow again to be your constant lover
 If you'll say, &c

BILLY O'ROURKE.

FAITH, I grased my brogues and cut my stick at the
 latther end of May, sirs,
 Then off to Dublin town I tripped, to walk upon the quay,
 sirs,
 To see if I could get employ to cut their hay and corn, sirs,
 To pick up pence upon the sea the cockneys I might larn,
 sirs.

CHORUS.

With my phillaloo and heart so true,
 Arrah! Billy O'Rourke's the Bouchal.

I gave the captain six thirteens, to carry me o'er to l'orgate,
 But before we got half of the road the wind it blew at a
 hard rate;
 Says the captain, says he, "to the bottom we'll go,"
 Says I, "I don't care a farthin';
 I hired you to carry me to Porgate, you know,
 And I'll make you stick to your bargain."
 With my phillaloo &c

The great big stick that grew out of the ship,
 It began to roar and shiver,
 And one and all both great and small
 Cried, "Paddy, you'll go to the river."
 I put a girl upon my back,
 I jumped into the wather,
 "Och murther, Pat, what are you at?"
 But safe to land I brought her.

With my phillaloo, &c

I met an honest gentleman a travelling the road, sirs,
 "Good morning," says I, "pray how do you do?" but he
 proved a mighty rogue, sirs,
 For at the corner of a lane a pistol he pulled out, sirs,
 And he rammed the muzzle, arrah, what a shame! into
 my very mouth, sirs.

With my phillaloo, &c.

Your money, blast your Irish eyes!" "Arrah! be merci-
 ful," cried I, sirs,
 He swore my brains he would blow out, if I should bawl
 or cry, sirs,
 He levelled fair just for my sconce, three steps I did retire,
 sirs,
 His pan it flashed, and his head I smashed—Och! a
 shillelah never misses fire, sirs.

With my phillaloo, &c.

BRENNAN ON THE MOOR.

It's of a famous highwayman a story I will tell;
 His name was Willy Brennan, in Ireland he did dwell;
 And on the Kilworth mountains he commenced his wild
 career,
 Where many a wealthy gentleman before him shook with
 fear.

CHORUS:

Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor,
 Bold and undaunted stood young Brennan on the Moor

A brace of loaded pistols he carried night and day;
 He never robbed a poor man upon the king's highway;
 But what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black
 Bess,
 He always did divide it with the widow in distress.

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor &c

One night he robbed a packman, of the name of Pedlar
 Bawn;
 They travelled together till the day began to dawn;
 The pedlar seeing his money gone, likewise his watch and
 chain,
 He at once encountered Brennan and robbed him back
 again.

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

Now, Brennan seeing the pedlar as good a man as he,
 He says, "My worthy hero, will you come along with me?"
 The pedlar, being stout-hearted, he threw his pack away,
 And he proved a loyal comrade until his dying day.

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

One day on the highway, as Willy he sat down,
 He met the Mayor of Cashel a mile outside the town,
 The Mayor, he knew his features—"I think, young man,"
 said he,
 "Your name is Willy Brennan—you must come along with
 me."

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

As Brennan's wife had gone to town provisions for to buy,
 When she saw her Willy, she began to weep and cry,
 He says, "Give me that tenpenny." As soon as Willy
 spoke,
 She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

Then with his loaded blunderbuss—the truth I will unfold—
 He made the Mayor to tremble, and robbed him of his gold;
 One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there,
 And he, with his horse and saddle, to the mountain did
 repair.

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

Then Brennan being an outlaw upon the mountain high,
 The cavalry and infantry to take him they did try;
 He laughed at them with scorn, until at length, it's said,
 By a false-hearted woman he basely was betrayed.

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

In the County Tipperary, at a place they call Clonmore,
 Willy Brennan and his comrade that day did suffer sore:
 He lay amongst the fern, which was thick upon the field,
 And nine wounds he did receive before that he did yield.

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

Then Brennan and his companion, when they were betrayed,
 They with the mounted cavalry a noble battle made;
 He lost his foremost finger, which was shot off by a ball,
 So Brennan and his comrade were taken after all.

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

So they were taken prisoners, in irons they were bound,
 And conveyed to Clonmel Jail, strong walls did them
 surround.

They were tried and found guilty—the Judge made this
 reply:

“For robbing on the king’s highway you’re both condemned
 to die.”

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

When Brennan heard his sentence, he made this reply:
 “I own that I did rob the rich, and did the poor supply;
 In all the deeds that I have done I took no life away;
 The Lord have mercy on my soul against the judgment
 day.”

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

“Farewell unto my wife, and to my children three,
 Likewise my aged father—he may shed tears for me;
 And to my loving mother”—who tore her gray locks and
 cried,

Saying, “I wish, Willy Brennan, in your cradle you had
 died.”

Chorus—Brennan on the Moor, &c.

BARNEY O'TOOLE.

Oh ! be still, Barney, dear, with your jealous complain.s,
 For you know that your darling's as true as the sainte ;
 Oh ! you'll break the young heart that you won long ago
 And that would be murder, dear Barney, you know.

CHORUS.

Oh ! Barney, Barney, Barney, Barney O'Toole ;
 And taught her to love you so, Barney O'Toole.

It's yourself that would tell me a different tale,
 With your arms round my waist, in the Dargle's sweet vale,
 When your own winning tongue made your Norah a fool,
 And told her to love you so, Barney O'Toole.

Oh ! Barney, Barney, Barney, Barney O'Toole,
 I'll be jealous of you, Mr. Barney O'Toole.

Oh ! you swore that the wild rose which grew o'er my head,
 And the violets hid in its soft mossy bed,
 Where the emblems of innocence, beauty, and truth,
 And you said, Barney dear, I was fairer than both.
 Oh, Barney, &c.

Am I different now ? that you're always in doubt,
 With your cruel suspicions of what I'm about ;
 You had better be careful, or by the same rule,
 I'll be jealous of you, Mr. Barney O'Toole.

Oh, Barney, &c.

Say once more, Barney darling, the word in ear,
 That the girl of your heart is still cherish'd and dear ;
 And believe that your Norah is faithful and true,
 For she lives for you, Barney, and only for you.

Oh, Barney, &c.

BIDDY McCARTY.

AIR—Robinson Crusoe.

KIND friends, if you'll listen, I'll sing you a song,
 And one that I hope you'll be pleased at.
I'm not very fat, but then what of that?
 I'm a person that's not to be sneezed at.
Now, I don't weigh as much as a fish-ball,
 Though once I was fat, plump, and hearty;
For I'm pining away, since I met with, one day,
 A pea-nut girl, Biddy McCarty.
For I'm pining away, since I met with, one day,
 A pea-nut girl, Biddy McCarty.

Miss Biddy and I used to meet on the sly,
 I'd treat her whenever she'd ax it;
Each day, on the street, Miss Biddy I'd meet,
 Going round, peddling nuts in a basket.
Sure, I thought I was all right with her then,
 When I took her, one night, to a party;
There a butcher so stout, oh! he cut me right out,
 And he stole away Biddy McCarty.
There a butcher so stout, oh! he cut me right out,
 And he stole away Biddy McCarty.

BOWLD SOJER BOY.

OH, there's not a trade that's going, worth showing or
 knowing,
Like that from glory growing, for a Bowld Sojer Boy;
Where right or left we go, sure you know, friend or foe
Will have the hand or toe from the Bowld Sojer Boy.
There's not a town we march thro', but ladies looking arch
 thro'
The window panes will search thro' the ranks to find
 their joy,
While up the street, each girl you meet, with look so sly
 will cry "My eye,
 Oh, isn't he a darling, the Bowld Sojer Boy!"

But when we get the rout, how they pout and they shout,
 While to the right about goes the Bowld Sojer Boy.
 'Tis then the ladies fair, in despair, tear their hair,
 But the devil a one I care, says the Bowld Sojer Boy.
 For the world is all before us, where the landladies adore us,
 And ne'er refuse to score us, but chalk us up with joy.
 We taste her tap, we tear her cap, "Oh, that's the chap
 for me," says she,
 " Oh, isn't he a darling, the Bowld Sojer Boy."

Then come along with me, gramachree, and you'll see
 How happy you will be with your Bold Sojer Boy.
 Faith if you're up to fun, with me run, 'twill be done
 In the snapping of a gun, says the Bowld Sojer Boy.
 And 'tis then that without scandal, myself would proudly
 dandle,
 The little farthing candle of our mutual love and joy.
 May his light shine as bright as mine, till in the like
 he'll blaze, and raise
 The glory of his corps, like a Bowld Sojer Boy.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sod with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
 Nor in sheet or shroud we bound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we heap'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him:
 But nothing he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
 When the clock told the hour for retiring;
 And we heard by the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone in his glory.

CROOS-KEEN LAWN.

LET the farmer praise his grounds,
 As the huntsman does his hounds,
 And the shepherd his sweet-scented lawn,
 While I more blest than they,
 Spend each happy night and day
 With my smiling little Croos-keen lawn, lawn, lawn,
 Oh, my smiling little Croos-keen lawn.
 Leante ruma Croos-keen
 Sleante gar ma voor meh neen
 Agus gramachree, ma cooleen ban, ban, ban,
 Agus gramachree, ma cooleen ban.

THE FAUGH-A-BALLAGH SONG-BOOK.

In court with manly grace,
Should Sir Toby plade his case,
And the merits of his cause make known,
Without his cheerful glass,
He'd be stupid as an ass,
So he takes a little Croos-keen lawn.

Leante ruma, &c.

'Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips so dry,
Though the lark should proclaim it is dawn;
But if we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another Croos-keen lawn.

Leante ruma, &c.

And when grim death appears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say, begone you slave,
For great Bacchus gives me lave
Just to fill another Croos-keen lawn.

Leante ruma, &c.

CORPORAL CASEY.

WHEN I was at home I was merry and frisky,
My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold whiskey,
My uncle was rich, but could never be aisy,
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.

Spoken.—The corporal was an odd sort of a man, and he came every morning into my mother's house and took his drops of calamity water, as he used to call it; and then he drew up a long big form before the fire, and he'd sit himself down, and take me upon his knee, and tell me of all the Spanish generals he killed, and all the French battles that he'd won. Now, you must know, that I felt a sort of sneaking kindness to a red coat; so says I to the

corporal one morning, "Would you have any objection to make me a bit of a soldier?" "Musha avonneen," says the corporal, "I don't care if I do." So with that he tips me a bright shilling and away I goes to his

Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 Oh, rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 My dear little Sheelah I thought would turn crazy,
 Oh, when I trudged away with tough Corporal Casey

I marched from Killeany, and as I was thinking
 On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;
 But soon I was forced to look fresk as a daisy,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.

Spoken.—Well, there we were, all drawn out upon the parade, rank and file, as they call it—so says I to myself, Patrick, my money, the best thing you can do is, to make friends of the corporal. Now, I knew if anything could get over him at all at all, 'twould be the thoughts of the *ounneen*. So over I goes to him—"Morrow to you, Mr. Corporal," says I, speaking very dignified to him, "would your honor's reverence and glory like to take a drop of anything to drink this morning?" "By the powers," says he. "I don't care if I do." So over I goes to the sign of the Sack and Water—just such another little hole in the wall as my poor ould mother kept in her time—God rest her soul, she's dead and gone—well, there I calls for three naggins of whiskey, and upon my honor if I ever got one drop of it. Well over we comes again upon the parade, rank and file, as they call it—so, right about left, says the corporal. Now you must know that my left arm was hanging over my right shoulder that morning. So over the Corporal comes to me, and he gives me such a *loudogue* under the ear, that och, by the powers, it made me caper to his

Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 Och, rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 I had to go with him, I ne'er could be *aisy*,
 He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly,
That fell on my pate, but they bothered me rarely;
And who should the first be that dropt, who, an't plase ye!
It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.

Spoken.—When the corporal fell, he was down—there
he lay *superficially* on the broad of his back, like a half-
crown. “Hurrah, corporal!” says I, “are you dead?”—
speaking low and aisy for fear of waking the poor cratur—
“are ye dead?” says I, “are ye dead an’ be buried,”
says I—“will ye speak?” Then I thought he was dead,
sure enough—then I listened a bit awhile, and I thought
I heard the corporal snore. “Are ye dead?” says I, again.
“Ah, no,” says he, “I’m not dead, but I’m kilt and speech-
less; but if you had any regard for me in my lifetime, be
after looking for my head and place it between my
shoulders; as it is my only wish that I should be buried
in a Christian-like sort of a manner.” “Then,” says I, “as it
is your only request, it shall be done.” So away I trots
all over the field in search of his napper, but not
a head could I find of the corporal at all at all. So I
was just returning with the good news to inform him that I
couldn’t find it—when where at all do you think I saw
it? why between the tall legs of a grenadier who had just
fell before him. Now you must know I had a pretty
decent knowledge of the corporal’s head, for in his day he
wore a large red, raw pimple on the top of his nose. “Here,
Mr. Corporal,” says I, “here’s your head.” “A plague
on you, don’t ye know your own nose?” “A plague on
you” says he, “’tis no head of mine.” “Head or no head,”
says I, “no other head you’ll get from me;” so I threw his
head in his face, and away run from his

Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
Och, rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey.
And now my dear friends, I come here for to *plase ye!*
After eight years’ campaigning with Corporal Casey.

CAMP SONG.

WHEN the battle is o'er and the sounds of **fight**
 Have closed with the closing day,
How happy around the watch-fire's **light**,
 To chat the long hours away ;
To chat the long hours away, my **boy**,
 And talk of the days to come,
Or—a better still and a purer joy—
 To think of our far-off home.

How many a cheek will then grow **pale**
 That never felt a tear !
And many a stalwart heart will quail,
 That never quailed in fear !
And the breast that, like some mighty **rock**
 Amid the foaming sea,
Bore high against the battle's **shock**,
 Now heaves like infancy.

And those who knew each other not,
 Their hands together steal,
Each think of some long hallowed **spot**,
 And all like brothers feel :
Such holy thoughts to all are **given** ;
 The lowliest has his part ;
The love of home, like love of **heaven**,
 Is woven in our heart.

CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

WHEN, on Ramillies' bloody field,
 The baffled French were forced to **yield**,
 The victor Saxon backward reeled
 Before the charge of Clare's **Dragoons**.
The flags we conquered in that fray
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say ;
We'll win them company to-day,
 Or bravely die like Clare's **Dragoons**.

Vive la, for Ireland's wrongs;
 Vive la, for Ireland's right;
 Vive la, in battle's throng,
 For a Spanish steel and sabre bright.

The brave old lord died near the fight;
 But for each drop he lost that night,
 A Saxon cavalier shall bite
 The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.
 For never, when our spears were set,
 And never, when our sabres met,
 Could we the Saxon soldier get
 To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.
 Vive la, the new brigade,
 Vive la, the old one too;
 Vive la, the Rose shall fade
 And the Shamrock shine forever new.

Another Clare is here to lead—
 The worthy son of such a breed;
 The French expect some famous deed
 When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.
 Our colonel comes from Brien's race;
 His wounds are in his breast and face;
 The *bearna baoghoil* is still in his place,
 The foremost of his bold dragoons.
 Vive la, &c., as 2d verse.

There's not a man in squadron here,
 Was ever known to flinch or fear;
 Though first in charge and last in rear
 Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons.
 But see, we'll soon have work to do,
 To shame our boasts, or prove them true,
 For hither comes the English crew
 To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.
 Vive la, &c., as 1st verse.

O comrades, think how Ireland pines,
 Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,
 Her dearest hopes, her ordered lines,
 And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
 Then fling your green flag to the sky,
 Be Limerick your battle-cry,
 And charge till blood flows fetlock high.
 Vive la, &c., as 2d verse

CUSHLAMACHREE.

DEAR Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
 An emerald set in the ring of the sea,
 Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
 Thou queen of the west, the world's Cushlamachree
 Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger;
 There smiles hospitality hearty and free;
 Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
 And the wand'rer is welcom'd with Cushlamachree.

Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over,
 Brotherly peace with their foes they agree,
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
 The soul-speaking blush that says Cushlamachree.
 Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,
 While sadly I wander an exile from thee;
 And, firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
 May Heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.

DUBLIN CARMAN.

I'm Larry McCue, a boy so true,
 I belong to the Emerald Isle;
 Your attention I crave, and I'll chant you a stave,
 And perhaps it'll cause you to smile.
 I'm jolly and gay, the truth I say—
 And the girls both near and far,
 Says it's quite a thrate to take a sate,
 And a drive on my jaunting car.

CHORUS.

Driving, jolting, driving, on a jaunting car;
 For when I get a fare, I drive away dull care—
 As I sit on my jaunting car,
 The reins I grip, and I crack my whip,
 And off goes my jaunting car.

In Dublin town, of great renown,
 You'll find me on the stand;
 On my car so nate just take a sate,
 And I'll drive through the streets so grand;
 The sights so fine, all others outshine,
 No matter near or far,
 The reins I'll grip, and crack my whip
 And off flies my jaunting car.
 Driving, jolting, &c.

If a girl to your mind you wish to find,
 Ould Ireland's just the part;
 The colleens fair, I do declare,
 Are sure to steal your heart,
 With a glance so sly and beaming eye
 As bright as any star,
 By the powers of Jove, you're sure to fall in love
 If you drive in the jaunting car.
 Driving, jolting, &c.

So if you wish for sport, sure I'm the sort
 Can find you lots of fun;
 I can sit on my yoke and crack a joke
 With any boy under the sun.
 I know well enough where they sell good stuff,
 And the girls behind the bar
 Can tell by my wink, what sort of drink
 Can grease the wheels of my jaunting car.

Spoken.—Car, your honor; here you are, sir; the ~~fire~~
~~car~~ on the stand. You want a Hansom; oh, well, as yo

~~are~~ not over handsome, your honor, may be you'd look better in a Hansom than sitting on an outside car. Are you going out, ma'am? This way for Irishtown and Sandymount. Long life to you, Captain, don't forget your own boy, sir; look at the animal—the real quality blood that's in him: sure his own mother won the goold cup at the Curragh. Get up, sir and I'll drive you out of you mind; and if you're a teetotaller, you need not be dry, for I have a well in my car, and some beautiful springs underneath; all I'll ask is my fare, leaving any other little trifle to yourself, while I'm—

Driving, jolting, &c

DORAN'S ASS.

ONE Paddy Doyle lived in Killarney;
 He courted a girl named Biddy Toole.
 His tongue was tipped with a bit of blarney,
 The same to Paddy was a golden rule:
 Both day and dawn she was his colleen;
 When to himself he'd often say:
 What need I care, when she's my drolleen,
 A coming to meet me on the way!
 Whack fol de darral ido
 Whack fol de darral lal la.

One heavenly night in last November,
 Paddy went out to meet his love;
 What night it was I don't remember,
 But the moon shone brightly from above.
 That day the boy had got some liquor,
 Which made his spirits light and gay;
 Arrah! what's the use in walking quicker,
 When I know she'll meet me on the way!
 Whack fol de darral, &c

THE FAUGH-A-BALLAGH SONG-BOOK.

He tuned his pipes and fell a humming,
As gently onward he did jog ;
But fatigue and whiskey overcame him,
So Paddy lay down upon the sod.
He was not long without a comrade,
One that could kick up the hay ;
For a big jackass soon smelt out Paddy,
And lay down beside him on the way.
Whack fol de darral, &c.

As Pat lay there in gentle slumbers,
Thinking of his Biddy dear,
He dreamt of pleasures without numbers
A coming on the ensuing year.
He spread his arms out on the grass,
His spirits felt so light and gay ;
But instead of Biddy, he gripped the ass,
Roaring out : I have her any way.
Whack fol de darral, &c.

He hugged and smugged his hairy messer,
And flung his hat to worldly care ;
Says Pat : she's mine, and may heaven bless her,
But oh ! be me soul, she's like a bear.
He put his hands on the donkey's nose,
With that the ass began to bray ;
Pat jumped up, and roared out :
Who sarved me in such a way ?
Whack fol de darral, &c.

Pat ran home as fast as he could,
At railway speed, or as fast, I'm sure.
He never stopped a leg or foot,
Until he came to Biddy's door.
By that time, 'twas getting morning—
Down on his kness he fell to pray,
Crying : let me in, my Biddy darling,
I'm kilt, I'm murdered on the way.
Whack fol de darral, &c.

He told her his story mighty eased,
 While she prepared a whiskey glass—
 How he hugged and smugged the hairy beast ;
 Go along says she, 'twas Doran's ass.
 I know it was, my Biddy darling.
 They both got married the very next day,
 But he never got back his ould straw hat,
 That the jackass ate up on the way.
 Whack fol de darral, &c.

DENNIS M'CASTER, THE IRISH SCHOOL-MASTER.

THEN Dennis M'Caster, the Irish schoolmaster,
 No one could teach faster the English tongue ;
 He was poet and punster, and by every youngster
 O'er the province of Munster his praises were sung.
 Rare scholars had Denny, from Cork and Kilkenny,
 From Kilbrain sure many did flock to his school,
 Where he o'er the sly ones, the Neills and O'Brians,
 And wild Irish lions, triumphant did rule.

Spoken.—Doctor Dennis M'Caster neither taught on Bell's nor the Lancasterian system—faith, they were both one to him—but on a plan of his own, which he called the Munsterman's, or the true Irish system. “Master Felix O'Brian,” said he, “before you go *down*, come *up* and say your lesson, for you are my best scholar. Now, what's the first figure of your A B C?” “I don't know, sir.” “You don't know. For shame, Felix; what does my donkey often get to eat?” “Nothing, sir.” “Nothing, and what else?” “Water, sir.” “Arrah, does he get nothing but *water* to eat?” “Yes, sir, *pitatee pails*.” “Pitatee pails, and what else?” “Hay.” “That's a good boy; go on.” “I can't, sir.” “You can't! remember you're my head scholar, and tell me what bird is it that lays the honey.” “Bee.” “B, that's right; then *be* a good boy, my honey, and go on.” “I can't, sir.” “You can't! a pretty tale will be made of my

head scolar, and I can make neither head nor tail of him
 Can't you tell me where all the salt fish comes from?"
 "Yes, sir, from Judy Donovan, the fishmonger, sir." "And
 where else?" "From the salt sea, sir." "Arrah! can't
 you say C without the salt, as it should be?" "Yes, sir,
 sea without salt, as it should be." "Go on, you bogtrotter."
 "I can't, sir." "You can't, tell me, my jewel, how often do
 flog you?" "Every day, sir." "Can't you say *day* alone?"
 Yes, sir." "Go on." "I can't, sir." "Arrah, what sex am
 I of?" "Faith, sir, I don't know; you know better than I,
 why do you ask?" "Because I want to know." "*She* sex,
 sir?" "No." "*He*, sir." "E, that's right, my boy. What's
 next?" "I can't tell—yes, sir, I can, F." "Bravo! go
 on." "I can't, sir." "What does carman Pat say to his
 horse?" "Gee, thunder, now." "Can't you say G without
 thunder, now?" "Yes, sir;" "Gee an' no thunder now."
 "Go on." "I can't, sir." "Now, tell me how many of you
 learn at my academy?" "Aich one of us." "Can't you
 say H, and not one of us?" "Yes, sir, aich and not one of
 us." "An' by the holy poker, I'll make aich of you
 remember it, like the great actor on the stage used to say
 to the Munster man. I'll fill your bones full of H's
 (aches), and by the powers, that will be one way to make
 you a man of letters."

Then success to M'Caster, the Irish schoolmaster,
 For sure such a pastor the world never saw;
 And long life to the dry land of th' Emerald island—
 Faith, but I love you! och, Erin-ge-bragh.

Though Dan was a gen'us, I must say between us
 He was not a Venus in shape or in air;
 For Mrs. Nature, when she made me the teacher,
 Did not for each feature take at all any care:
 His eye was a skew one, his nose was a blue one,
 His mouth was a true one from ear to ear;
 Yet vanity drove him—like many above him,
 If folks did not love him, he would make them fear

Spoken.—"Come and go on with your lesson. What's next to H?" "I don't know." "You don't know! Can't you tell me what your old aunt's got by the side of her nose?" "A cartuncle, sir." "And what else?" "A long bristle, sir." "What else?" "Oh, it's an eye, sir." "Aye that's right, go on." "I can't, sir?" "Can't you tell me how your mother opens the door?" "Puts her finger in the hole, sir." "Arrah what does she lock it with?" "A kay with a lucky stone tied to it." "Can't you say K without lucky stone?" "Kay, and no lucky stone." "Go on." "I can't, sir." "What measure is that next the yard?" "Yard, sir; the pigstye, sir." "Arrah, what letter's that a yard and a quarter long?" "An' ell, sir." "L, an' by the hoakey! such a decent sized one required a whole sheet to write it upon." "Go on: what's next to L?" "Hell, a school, sir." "Nonsense, what letter?" "I don't know, sir." "Can't you tell me what your mother does with your shirts?" "Shirts, I've got none, sir." "What does she do with your father's then?" "Pawn them, sir." "For shame, Felix, don't expose your relations; she only lends them to your uncle. What does she do when she makes them?" "Hem, sir." "M, that's true; go on." "I can't." "Which of my fowls lays the large duck eggs?" "The cock-a-doodle-doo, sir." "But who's cock-a-doodle's wife?" "Hen, sir." "N, good; go on what's next?" "I can't say that, sir." "You can't! I'll bring it out of you, my boy; take that thump. (Oh!) O, I thought I could bring it out; now wipe your nose, and tell me what's the next one?" "P, Q, sir." "That's right, my boy; always mind your P's and Q's, and then you may go and sit down to sing."

Success to M'Caster, &c.

Our hero, M'Caster, the wise Irish pastor,

A shocking disaster did meet in his youth,

For, fighting a duel with Paddy O'Trowel,

A shillelah so cruel knocked out every tooth.

Their shillelahs were oaken, a word was not spoken,
 Till one leg was broken by Paddy or two;
 Pat then beat no further, for Dan halloed murther?
 And swore he was kilt from his hat to his shoe.

Spoken.—"Master Felix O'Brian, come and begin the end of your lesson. Where did I leave you?" "At the P's and Q's, sir." "Well, now come back and go forward: that's the way to get on, my boy. What's next to Q?" "P, sir." "What else?" "I don't know, sir." "What did the justice put your father in?" "The stocks, sir." "And what else!" "The army, sir." "And what's the first letter of army?" "Ar, sir." "Good; go on." "I can't, sir." "What is that like a pot-hook and hanger?" "That's your left-hand leg, sir." "Left-hand leg, arrah! then what is my left-hand leg like?" "A crooked S, sir." "Go on." "I can't, sir." "What does your mother drink out of the tea-pot on a morning?" "Whiskey." "What else at breakfast?" "Tea dust, sir." "Arrah! can't you say tea, without dust, as it should be." "Go on, you son of a dust-man, and tell me what's next?" "I can't, sir." "You can't—who struck you just now?" "Your mutton fist, sir." "Mutton fist! and who does my mutton fist belong to?" "You, sir." "U, go on." "I can't, sir." "What did the pig say to the Frenchman?" "We, sir." "Och! faith, 'twas a learned pig. Go on." "I can't, sir." "What does your uncle knock the trees down with?" "With an axe, sir." "X, go on. What's next?" "I can't say that, sir." "Why can't you say it?" "I can't say why, sir." "Go on; perhaps you'll remember the last letter first." "Yes, sir, Y, sir." "Ho! you've remembered the first at last; now what's next?" "I don't know, sir." "You don't. Can you tell me what part of Paddy's body I knocked a hole in?" "His head, sir." "Z, that's right, my boy, you'll make a clever man. Now go home, and write upon your paper skull, a wise head (Y Z), whilst you sing."

Success to M'Caster, &c.

DARLING OLD STICK.

My name is Morgan McCarthy, from Trim !
My relations are all dead except one, brother Jim—
 And he's now gone soulgering to Cape Hull,
 And I expect he's laid low with a nick in his skull !

CHORUS.

Let him be dead or a livin',
 A prayer for his soul shall be given,
 That he shall be sent home or to heaven,
 For he left me this Darling Old Stick !

If this stick it could spake, it would tell you **some** tales,
And batter the countenances of the O'Nales !
 It has caused bits o' skull to fly up in the air ;
 It was the promotion of fun at every fair.
The last time I used it 'twas on Patrick's Day,
Harry Fagan and I jumped into a shay ;
 We went to a fair at the side of Athloy,
 Where we danced, and when done, kissed **Kate McAl-**
 voy !
 And her sweetheart went out for her cousin ;
 By the powers he brought in a dozen.
 What a daldum they'd have knocked us in,
If I hadn't 'ave had this Darling Old Stick !

War! was the word when a faction came in,
 For they pummelled me well—they stripped off to the
 skin !
Like a rector I stood, watching the attack,
And the first one came up I knocked on his back !
 Then I poked out the eye of Pat Glancy,
 For he once humbugged my sister Nancy !
 In the meantime Miss Kate took a fancy
To me and my innocent Stick !

I smathered her sweetheart until he was black,
 Kate tipped me the wink, we were off in a th-vack !
 We went to a house at the end of the town,
 Where we kept up our spirits by pouring some down.
 When the whiskey began to warm her,
 I got her snug up in a corner ;
 She said her sweetheart would inform on her !
 'Twas there I said praise to my Stick !

Kate she drank whiskey to such a degree
 That for her support she had to lean upon me ;
 I said I would see her safe to her abode,
 'Twas there we fell in the middle of the road.
 Until roused by the magistrate's orders,
 Devil a toe could we go farther,
 Surrounded by police for murder,
 Was myself and my innocent Stick.

When I was acquitted I jumped from the dock,
 An' all the gay fellows around me did flock,
 They gave me a sore arm they shook my hand so often
 It was only for fear of seeing my own coffin !
 I went and I bought a gold ring, sirs,
 Miss Kate to the Priest I did bring, sirs—
 That night we did joyfully sing, sirs,
 The adventures of myself and my Stick !

DIGGING FOR GOULD.

DARBY KELLY below in Kilkenny did live,
 A sketch of whose character I'm going to give ;
 He was thought by the people a green polished rogue,
 He could waste the whiskey, or waste the old brogue ;
 All kinds of diseases with herbs he could cure,
 He'd interpret your dreams to be certain and sure,
 By the boys of the village he was often fool'd ;
 For aslape or awake, he was dreaming of gould.
 Fol de dol, &c

He had a fine open house, but the winders were broke,
 The gables were down to let out the smoke;
 Some beautiful pigs, through the wide world to range,
 Though they were thin, they were thick with the mange
 He was so neglectful of domestic affairs,
 The rats eat the bottoms all out of the chairs,
 And the wife by the husband was so overruled,
 When she asked him for coppers, he was talking of gould
 Fol de dol, &c.

The house thus neglected, sure nothing went right;
 When a youth of the village came to him, one night.
 A nice boy he was, his name was Dan Mac,
 And ready to fly with the duds on his back;
 All the clothes that he had wasn't enough
 To make him a bolster to stick on a crutch,
 And his juvenile days in a lime-kiln were schooled,
 But he used to cod Darby about finding gould.
 Fol de dol, &c.

Says Dan : Ere last night I had a beautiful dream ;
 But bad luck to the doubt ! last night I'd the same ;
 And to-day, as I dozed, after slacking some lime,
 I dreamt it again for the third and last time.
 Och, murder ! says Darby, come tell us your dream,
 Same time his two eyes like rockets did gleam,
 Says Dan : I dreamt at the castle Kilcool
 I found a jar that was crammed full of gould.
 Fol de dol, &c.

Poor Darby a big mouth opened like a dead hake,
 Saying : You'll be a hero, just like your name-sake ;
 You'll ride in your coach, you fortunate elf,
 While I may be in one, going down to the hulks.
 No matter, said Darby, we must emigrate,
 So, come down at mid-night, and don't be too late ;
 Bring some boys whose courage won't easy be cooled,
 And we'll dig till daylight to find all the gould.
 Fol de dol, &c.

They arrived at the castle, at about one o'clock,
 Where Dan dreamt he found all the gold in a crock,
 They all set to work with picks, shovels and spades.
 And a hole, that would swallow a house, soon was made,
 Says Darby: Bad luck to the curse we must give,
 Or we'll be beggars as long as we live!
 Says Dan: May a load on my back be stooled,
 For, I have bursted my breeches in digging for gould!
 Fol de dol, &c.

The prayers availed nothing, the crock was soon found,
 Tim Rooney he lifted it over the ground;
 With joy Darby leaped on the back of Ned Fail,
 Like a fish from the stream with a hook in his tail,
 Says Darby: My wife won't abuse me to-night,
 When I take home the shiners so yellow and bright!
 I'll buy house and land about Kilcool.
 And we'll all bless the night we went digging for gould!
 Fol de dol, &c.

The crock was then placed on Darby's own back,
 To carry home and each man have his whack,
 They arrived at the door with the gould to be sacked,
 When Mac with a spade knocked the crock into smash.
 Poor Darby, near smothered, ran in with affright;
 His wife jumps up to get him a light:
 When she heard Darby mourning, her passion was
 cooled,
 She knew by the smell he was covered with gould!
 Fol de dol, &c.

DEAN SWIFT GIVES A LESSON IN POLITENESS, AND GETS HIS REWARD.

THE Dean was in his study reading, when the door was pushed open, and a young fellow came in, dragging a fine salmon by the gills, and, without saying "by your leave" or "with your leave," he walked over and flops it across

the Dean's knees, and says: "There's a fine salmon my father sent you." "Oh, I'm very much obliged, but I'd be more obliged if you had just shown better manners." "Well, I wish I knew how." "Sit down here, and I'll show you how to behave." He took the fish in his hand, went outside, and shut the door; then he tapped, and heard the young fellow cry out, "come in;" and what should he see but the young monkey with his own spectacles on his nose, and pretending to read a book. "Please your Reverence," says he, with a bow, "my father will be much obliged by your acceptance of this salmon, which he has just taken." "Your father is a respectable man," says the archer, taking off the spectacles, "and I'm sure you're a good boy; here's half a crown for you. Take the fish down to the kitchen and tell the cook she's to give you your dinner." He then sprung up, took a pull at his hair, and relieved the Dean of the fish. You may be sure the master laughed on the wrong side of his mouth, and took the hint.

DICK DARLIN', THE COBBLER.

OCH! my name is Dick Darlin' the cobbler,
 My time I served down there in Kent;
 Wid de wimmin I was always a squabbler,
 But now I'm resolved to repent.

For twenty years I'd been a rover,
 An' wasted the prime of my life;
 One day, I resolved to give over,
 An' settle myself down to a wife.

Spoken.—Yes, I got married. Now upon my conscience a woman is the most obstreperous and outrageous creature on the face of the earth. Before I was married, whiniver I'd go among 'em, they'd be fighting for me; and when I married one o' them, in the hopes to be quiet and peaceable, had scran to the day she'd be aisy if she was fighting wid me.

Now I'll give ye the contints uv my oath: that befor I was married, there wasn't a nicer, quieter, dacenter, betther disposed or meeker disposition'd boy than myself; but since I'm married bedad if I didn't git into a bit of a fight now an' then, I'd go mouldy. And **never** a fight iver I was in or heard tell of, but a woman was at the top, the bottom, both sides, and in the middle of it.

My wife she was blinkin' an' blearin',
 My wife she was humpy and black,
 The worst all over for swearin',
 And her tongue is kept goin' click clack

Spoken.—Bad luck to me if iver I could tell how a woman's tongue is hung at all! We all know that a man's tongue is hung by one ind, but bad seran to me if I don't think that a woman's is hung be the middle, an' no sooner one ind strikes the upper part of her jaw, but the other ind hits the lower, and there it is upper an' lower, the whole day peltin', till at last I'd have to give her a welt in the gob wid my last to stop her an' thin she'd run out of the cellar, roarin' watch, watch, watch! here's this murder'n villin' he's killin' me, he's give me a welt in the gob wid his last, an' he's broke the collar bone of me.

A—rew, wirrastrew! what'll I do? And thin widout waitin' for any one to tell her what to do she up wid a brick an' lets drive at me. I can dodge it aisy enough cause I'm us'd to it; but another poor man there stanin' by, and not sayin' a word to any body, he got it plump in the mug; up comes the police, and walks the three of us off for assault and batthery, an' hang the one go batthered but the poor man who had nothing to do with it. But that's the way of it, evil communications corrupt good manners.

But now we are parted for iver—
 One mornin' before it was light,
 I shov'd the old jade in a river,
 And cautiously bid her good night.

My troubles of wedlock bein' over,
 This country I thought I would try;
 Once more I've become a free rover,
 An' single I'll stop till I die.

Spoken.—A fellow came into my shop the other day. "Dick," says he. "Sir," says I. "I'll bet ye three dollars to one," says he, "that I can sole three pair of boots while you sole one." "You can't," says I. "Will ye bet," says he. "I will," says I. "Done," says he. "Done," says I, and to work we wint. An' afther I'd bate him, as an Irishman ought to do, the dirty bla'guard wouldn't pay me. But may be I hadn't satisfaction out of him; I wint out an' I bate him; I bate him till I was as blind as a bat. I bate him till I broke nearly all the bones in my body; and they had to carry me home on a shutther. He come to me aftherwards, an' says he, "you ought to pay me somethin'." "Didn't I give you a practical lesson in industry? You didn't know how much work you could do till I brought it out uv you," says he. Be gob! bat I knew how much work he hindered me from doin'. Bat hould on a bit; let me come across him again, if iver I come across him again—by my mother's beautiful eyes, and that's my illigant silf, *I'll keep clear uv him.*

DANDY PAT.

COMPOSED BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

AIR—Tommy Taylor.

OH! I'm the boy called Dandy Pat, Dandy Pat;
 I was born in the town of Ballinafat,
 I'm Pat the Dandy O!
 I courted one Miss Kate Molloy, Kate Molloy;
 She sed I was the broth av a boy!
 I'm Dandy Pat, heigho!
 I'm Dandy Pat, ochone! heigho!
 From Magherafelt to Ballinafat,
 There's none comes up to Dandy Pat!

My leg and foot is nate and trim, nate and trim
The girls all cry : " Jist look at him !

He's Pat the Dandy, O !"

My stick is med av good blackthorn,
I'm the funniest man ivir wus born ;

I'm Dandy Pat, heigho,

I'm Dandy Pat, heigho ! &c.

[Repeat

My coat is med av Irish frieze, Irish frieze ;

The not a one can take the prize

From Dandy Pat, heigho !

My hat is med av Irish felt, Irish felt.

The hearts av all the girls I melt,

I'm Pat the Dandy O !

I'm Dandy Pat, heigho ! &c.

[Repeat

I tuk a walk to the Cinthral Park, Cinthral Park ;

A nice young lady med the remark :

" That's Pat the Dandy, O !"

She axed me home to take some tay, some tay ;

She sed she'd nivir go away

From Dandy Pat, heigho !

From Pat the Dandy, O ! &c.

[Repeat.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

GREEN were the fields where my forefathers dwelt,

Oh ! Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh,

Tho' our farm it was small, yet comfort we felt,

Oh ! Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh !

At length came the day when our lease did expire,

And fain would I live where before lived my sire,

But ah, well-a-day, I was forced to retire ;

Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh.

Though all taxes I paid, yet no vote could I pass, oh !

Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh !

Aggrandized no great man, and I felt it, alas ! oh !

Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh !

Forced from my home, yea, where I was born,
 To range the wide world, poor, helpless, forlorn;
 I look back with regret, and my heart-strings are torn,
 Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh!

With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,
 Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh!
 Attach'd to my country, a friend to reform,
 Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh!
 I supported old Ireland, was ready to die for it,
 If her foes e'er prevailed, I was well known to sigh for it;
 But my faith I preserved, and am now forced to fly for it;
 Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh!

DEAR OLD IRELAND.

[A writer in the *Irish People*, March 9th, 1867, referring to this song, relates the following:—"In Virginia many a time, when Captain Downing sat at his tent door and led off this popular song, the entire Irish Brigade took up the chorus. On the night after the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, the Federal army lay sleepless, and watchful on their arms with spirits damped by the loss of many gallant comrades. To cheer his brother officers, Captain Downing sang his favorite song. The chorus of the first stanza was taken up by his gallant regiment; next by 'The Brigade;' next by the division; then by the entire line of the army for six miles along the river, and when the Captain ceased, it was but to listen with undefinable feelings to the chant, that came like an echo from the Confederate lines on the opposite shore, of

'Dear old Ireland! brave old Ireland!
 Ireland! boys, hurrah!"]

DEEP in Canadian woods we've met,
 From one bright island flown;
 Great is the land we tread, but yet
 Our hearts are with our own,
 And ere we leave this shanty small,
 While fades the Autumn day,
 We'll toast old Ireland!
 Dear old Ireland!
 Ireland! boys,
 Hurrah!

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
 The new ones and the old,
 In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes
 Enlarged some fifty-fold.
 But take them all, the great and small
 And this we've got to say:—
 Here's dear old Ireland!
 Good old Ireland!
 Ireland! boys,
 Hurrah!

We know that brave and good men tried
 To snap her rusty chain,
 That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
 And all, 'tis said, in vain;
 But no, boys, no! a glance will show
 How far they've won their way,
 Here's good old Ireland!
 Lov'd old Ireland!
 Ireland! boys,
 Hurrah!

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
 The pattern and the fair;
 The stuff they take, the fun they make
 And the heads they break down there,
 With a loud "hurroo" and a "phillalo"
 And a thundering "clear the way,"
 Here's gay old Ireland!
 Dear old Ireland!
 Ireland! boys,
 Hurrah.

And well we know, in the cool grey even
 When the hard day's work is o'er,
 How soft and sweet are the words that greet
 The friends who meet once more:

With "Mary Machree!" and "My Pat Tishe!"
 And "My own heart night and day!"
 Ah, fond old Ireland!
 Dear old Ireland!
 Ireland! boys,
 Hurrah!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
 For their peaceful homes for miles,
 O'er fields and roads and hills to mass,
 When Sunday morning smiles;
 And deep the zeal their true hearts feel,
 When low they kneel and pray;
 Oh, dear old Ireland!
 Blest old Ireland!
 Ireland! boys,
 Hurrah!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
 And never may see again
 The dear old isle where our hearts are set,
 And our first fond hopes remain!
 But come, fill up another cup;
 And with every sup let's say—
 Here's lov'd old Ireland!—
 Good old Ireland!
 Ireland! boys,
 Hurrah!

ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

WHEN I was young and in my prime, my age just twenty
 one,
 I acted as a servant unto a gentleman;
 I served him true and honest, and very well, it's known,
 But in cruelty he banished me from Erin's Lovely Home.

For what he did banish me I mean to let you hear:
I own I loved his daughter, and she loved me as dear,
She had a large fortune, and riches I had none,
And that's the reason I must go from Erin's Lovely Home

'Twas in her father's garden, all in the month of June,
We were viewing of those flowers all in their youthful
bloom;
She said, "My dearest William, if with me you will roam,
We'll bid adieu to all our friends, in Erin's Lovely Home."

I gave consent that very night along with her to roam,
From her father's dwelling—it proved my overthrow;
The night was bright; by the moonlight we both set off
alone,
Thinking to get safe away from Erin's Lovely Home.

When we came to Belfast, by the break of day,
My love, she then got ready our passage for to pay;
Five thousand pounds she counted down, saying "This shall
be your own,
But do not mourn for those we've left in Erin's Lovely
Home."

'Tis of our sad misfortune I mean to let you hear,
'Twas in a few hours after, her father did appear,
He marched me back to Homer jail in the county of
Tyrone,
And there I was transported from Erin's Lovely Home.

When I heard my sentence, it grieved my heart full sore,
But parting from my true-love it grieved me ten times
more.
I had seven links upon my chain, for every link a year,
Before I can return again to the arms of my dear.

While I lay under sentence, before I sailed away,
 My love, she came into the jail, and thus to me did say:
 "Cheer up your heart, don't be dismayed, for I'll not you
 disown,
 Until you do return again to Erin's Lovely Home."

EMMETT.

THOUGH the minstrel of Erin who chanted his fame,
 Hath said of her martyr, "Oh! breathe not his name!"
 Yet, what bard of Ierne the wild harp could wake,
 And forgot the young hero who died for her sake?

Though the page of her history holds to our view
 Many names of the valiant, the fearless, the true,
 Yet sad memory turns away to recall
 The brightest, the noblest, the purest of all.

Oh, his was the heart that to fear was unknown,
 When the loud trump of Freedom through Erin was blown
 How far calmer his fetterless sleep in the grave,
 Than the clank of the chains on the limbs of a slave.

Though Columbia's first chieftain, and Brutus, and Tell,
 Are names to awaken bright Liberty's spell,
 Yet undimmed by its lustre should cloudless be seen
 The Patriot Chief of the Standard of Green.

And when the proud Sunburst of Erin, unfurled,
 Proclaiming her free, shall illumine the world,
 Emblazoned shall be on its folds waving wide
 The name of our hero, her martyr, her pride.

THE FAUGH-A-BALLAGH SONG-BOOK

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

BY T. HOOD.

AIR—Bob and Joan.

NEVER go to France,
Unless you know the lingo—
If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo !
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy.

Never go, ~~ha~~

Chaises stand for chairs,
They christen letters *Billies*,
They call their mothers *mares*,
And all their daughters *fillies*
Strange it was to hear,
I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
They call their leather *queer*,
And half their shoes are wooden.

Never go, ~~ha~~

Signs I had to make,
For every little notion—
Limbs all going like
A telegraph in motion.
For wine I reel'd about,
To show my meaning fully,
And make a pair of horns,
To ask for "beef and bully."

Never go, ~~ha~~

Moo ! I cried for milk ;
I got my sweet things snugger—
When I kiss'd Jeannette,
'Twas understood for sugar.

If I wanted bread,
 My jaws I set a-going;
 And ask'd for new-laid eggs
 By clapping hands and crowing.
 Never go, &c.

If I wish'd to ride,
 I'll tell you how I got it—
 On my stick astride,
 I made believe to trot it.
 Then their cash was strange,
 It bored me ev'ry minute,
 Now here's a *hog* to change,
 How many *sows* are in it?
 Never go, &c.

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

A **PLEASANT** place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
 Uileacan dubh O!
 Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow
 barley-ear;
 Uileacan dubh O!
 There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
 And her forest paths, in summer, are by falling waters
 fanned;
 There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the
 yellow sand,
 On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringletted, and plaited to the knee,
 Uileacan dubh O!
 Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish sea,
 Uileacan dubh O!
 And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
 Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant
 strand.

And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high
 command,
 For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,
 Uileacan dubh O!

The butter and cream do wondrously abound,
 Uileacan dubh O!

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
 And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
 And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the
 forests grand,
 On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

FORTUNE IN THE FIRE.

SWEET Norah, come here, and look into the fire,
 Perhaps in its embers good luck we may see;
 Don't come too near, or your glances so burning,
 Will put it clean out, like the sunbeams, machree.
 Just look 'tween the bars, where the black sod is smoking,
 There's a sweet little valley, with rivers and trees,
 And a house on the bank quite as good as the squire's,
 Who knows but some day we'll have something like
 these—
 Who knows but some day we'll have something like
 these?

And now there's a coach with four galloping horses,
 A coachman to drive, and a footman behind,
 That shows that some day we will keep a fine carriage,
 And fly through the street at the speed of the wind.
 As Dermot was speaking, the rain drops came hissing
 Down thro' the wide chimney, the fire went out;
 While mansion and river, and horses and carriage,
 All vanished in smoke-wreaths that whirl'd about,
 All vanished in smoke-wreaths that whirl'd about.

Then Norah to Dermot this speech softly whispered,
 "I were better to do than to idly desire ;
 And one little cot by the roadside is better
 Than a palace with servants and coach in the fire,
 Than a palace with servants and coach in the fire."

"GOD SAVE IRELAND!"

AIR—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.

HIGH upon the gallows tree
 Swung the noble-hearted three,
 By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom ;
 But they met him face to face,
 With the courage of their race,
 And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
 "God save Ireland!" said the heroes ;
 "God save Ireland!" said they all :
 "Whether on the scaffold high
 Or the battle-field we die,
 Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Girt around with cruel foes,
 Still the spirit proudly rose,
 For they thought of hearts that loved them, far and near
 Of the millions true and brave
 O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
 And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.
 "God save Ireland!" said they proudly ;
 "God save Ireland!" said they all :
 "Whether on the scaffold high," &c.

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
 Rung their voices out in prayer,
 Then with England's fatal cord around them cast,
 Close beneath the gallows tree,
 Kissed like brothers lovingly,
 True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

"God save Ireland!" prayed they loudly;
 "God save Ireland!" said they all:
 "Whether on the scaffold high," &c.

Never till the latest day
 Shall the memory pass away
 Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
 But on the cause must go,
 Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,
 Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
 "God save Ireland!" say we proudly;
 "God save Ireland!" say we all:
 "Whether on the scaffold high," &c.

GARRYOWEN.

LET Bacchus' sons be not dismayed,
 But join with me each jovial blade;
 Come booze and sing, and lend your aid
 To help me with the chorus:

CHORUS.

Instead of Spa we'll drink brown ale,
 And pay the reckoning on the nail;
 No man for debt shall go to a gaol
 From Garryowen in glory!

We are the boys that take delight in
 Smashing the Limerick lights when lighting,
 Through the streets like sporters fighting,
 And tearing all before us.

Instead, &c.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors.
 The watch knock down by threes and fours;
 Then let the doctors work their cures,
 And tinker up our bruises

Instead, &c.

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
 We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run ;
 We are the boys no man dares dun,
 If he regards a whole skin.

Instead, &c.

Our hearts so stout have got us fame,
 For soon 'tis known from whence we came :
 Where'er we go they dread the name
 Of Garryowen in glory.

Instead, &c.

Johnny Cornell's tall and straight,
 And in his limbs he is complete ;
 He'll pitch a bar of any weight,
 From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.

Instead, &c.

Garryowen is gone to wrack
 Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
 Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the rock
 In spite of all the soldiers.

Instead, &c.

HANDY ANDY.

AIR—Billy Barlow.

How are yez, me friends, ?—sure I hope ye ~~are~~ all well—
 My cruel misfortunes to you I will tell :
 I ~~was~~ born on a Friday, that ill-omened day—
 "He's a blundering blackguard !" my father did say.

CHORUS.

Och hone ! now ain't it a shame
 To be called Handy Andy, when Andrew's my name !

My blunder the first, I remember it yet—
 I was sent to the post-office, letters to get :
 "What name?" axed the clerk, as I looked at him sly ;
 "That's none o' yer business, ye blackguard !" says I.
 Och hone, &c.

One morning there lay about two feet o' snow ;
 Says my boss, "You must clear off the pavement, ye
 know."
 He meant but the snow, but I cleaned it complete,
 By shovelling the bricks wid the snow in the street.
 Och hone, &c.

One night I was waiter at a party so nice,
 They tould me to put the champagne in the ice :
 I opened each bottle, and thought it all right—
 In the ice-water poured it, and ruined it quite.
 Och hone, &c.

Says they, "Ye young stupid, see what you have done !
 You've spoiled our champagne, likewise all our fun :
 Go, bring in soda-water !"—Says I, "Enough said,"—
 Soap and water I brought, which they threw at my head
 Och hone, &c.

Next I hired with a farmer to work by the year,
 One day he says, "Give the cows corn in the ear."
 With shelled corn I filled up the ears of the cows,
 When the farmer he kicked me straight out o' the house.
 Och hone, &c.

One day a man led his horse up to a fence ;
 "Keep an eye on him," says he—"I'll give ye six
 pence."
 But he never paid me, 'cause the horse took affright,
 Though my eye was on him till he run out o' sight.
 Och hone, &c.

Then a footman I was, to attend to the door,
 Where I had to tell lies as I ne'er did before :
 "Is yer masther at home?" one wud ax wid a grin ;
 "No, he tould me to tell yez he wasn't jist in."
 Och hone, &c.

At last, then, I says to myself, "Andy dear,
 If ye wudn't be spiled, ye had betther lave here."
 Now I work at railroading and diggin' canawl—
 An' when grog-time comes round, I am there at roll-call !
 Och hone, &c.

HAIL! COLUMBIA.

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
 Let Independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm—united—let us be
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more;
 Defend your rights, defend your shore;
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In heaven we place a manly trust
 That truth and justice will prevail.
 And every scheme of bondage fail.
 Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound, the trump of fame!
 Let Washington's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Let every clime to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill, and godlike power,
 He govern'd in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.

Firm—united, *etc.*

Behold the chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country stands—
 The rock on which the storm will beat:
 The rock on which the storm will beat:
 But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
 His hopes are fix'd on heaven and you.

When hope was sinking in dismay,
 And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm—united—let us be
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

IRELAND.

AIR—Kathleen Mavourneen.

ERIN, sweet Erin! the halo of glory,
 That hangs on the brow of thy every green hill,
 As it falls on the page of thy fame-written story,
 Reflects a warm glow on thy loveliness still.
 Oh, well may thy children to madness adore thee;
 Thy bards to recount thy rich beauties, despair—
 When there is not a star that at midnight shines o'er thee.
 But twinkles with joy to stand sentinel there.

Oh, who that has heard the loud wail of thy sorrow.
 But yearns, to the mourner, some balm to impart !
 Oh, who that has shared thy wild mirth but would borrow
 The charm that can kindle such joy to the heart ?
 And for music ! oh, who that has once heard the numbers
 Set free to the winds by the magic of MOORE,
 But exults that the spell which encircled its slumbers,
 And chilled the sweet Harp of his country, is o'er !

If it be but a fable that, far in thy mountains,
 Deep hidden by fairies lie treasures untold—
 Oh, 'tis but to appeal to thy heart's open fountain,
 To find them o'erflown with—better than gold !
 Land of brave sons and of light-hearted daughters,
 Smooth may the stream of thy destiny be !
 "First flower" mayst thou bloom on the breast of the waters,
 "First gem" mayst thou shine on the home of the sea !

IRISH HEARTS FOR THE LADIES.

ONE day Madam Nature was busy,
 Bright Venus beside her was seated,
 She looked till her head was quite dizzy,
 She long'd till the job was completed ;
 I'm making a heart, cried the goddess,
 For love and its joys all my trade is,
 Not a heart for a stays or a bodice,
 But an Irishman's heart for the ladies.

She bound it all round with good nature ;
 'Twas tender and soft as the dove sir ;
 'Twas sprinkled with drops of the creature ;
 'Twas stuffed too with large lumps of love, ~~all~~
 'Twas pure as the stream of the Shannon,
 As warm, too, as roasted potatoes,
 And just like a ball from a cannon,
 Is an Irishman's heart for the ladies.

Then speak, ye deluders so pretty,
 Your own silver tongues tell the story,
 That Irishmen melt you to pity,
 For they are the boys that adore ye;
 In love and in war we're so frisky,
 Nor of French, Dutch, or Yankee, afraid is,
 We've lips for our girls and our whiskey,
 And tight Irish hearts for the ladies.

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

LOUD roars the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge show'rs
 The clouds were rent asunder,
 By lightning's vivid pow'rs.
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day,
 There she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Our op'ning timbers creak,
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak!
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay,
 'Till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky,—
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd a bitter sigh;

The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew;
 As she lay,
 On that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When heav'n, all bounteous ever,
 Its bounteous mercy sent.
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers;
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

IRISHMEN ARE NOT AFRAID TO FIGHT.

AIR—Caroline of Edinburgh Town.

OLD ENGLAND oft has boasted of her valiant fighting men,
 That when they met their enemies they beat them o'er
 again;

But still she calls on Irish boys whene'er she's in a plight,
 For Irishmen, she's well aware, are not afraid to fight.

When in the Revolution of blest America,
 The patriots fought for their homes and England lost her
 sway,

The rising of the Colonies gave Johnny Bull a fright,
 He loudly called on Irishmen to aid him in the fight.

And in the year of 'Eighteen Twelve, America once more
 Gave Britain such another scare, the Lion he did roar;
 Says Johnny Bull, "I am not sure who's in the wrong or
 right,
 But, Erin's Sons, I call on you to help me in the fight."

And when the Indian Sepoys spread desolation o'er,
Then England in her trials call'd on Irishmen once more;
The dusky rascals conquered were, and scattered left and
right,
For Irishmen, as usual, were foremost in the fight.

And when the growl of Russia's Bear was borne upon the
air,
And for the British Lion not a penny seemed to care;
Says Johnny Bull, "I am not scared, I'll soon put him
to flight,
For haven't I got jolly Irish boys, who ne'er refused to
fight?"

Then when in Abyssinia the campaign had begun,
Old England sent an army out with cannon, sword, and
gun
The dusky monarch Theodore was soon put out of sight,
For, to his cost, the Irish boys were foremost in that fight.

Old England in her hour of need, whenever it has been,
Has ever placed her greatest trust in boys who wear the
green;
Although she does, in time of peace, treat Ireland with a
slight,
She knows too well that Irishmen are not afraid to fight.

Now let the tyrant warning take, if he would keep his
throne,
Nor dare resist the Irish boys whose valor he has known;
For Ireland must and shall be free, each son will show his
might,
And when the hour has come you'll find each Irishman
will fight.

IRELAND WILL YET BE FREE.

AIR—Liberty Tree.

Let tyrants exult, and their mandates proclaim,
 Their sceptres with iron hands sway;
 Oppression the Irish heart never can tame,
 Nor drive hope of freedom away.
 The yoke may be heavy and firm in its place,
 The fetters secure all may be;
 But blood will wash out this most shameful disgrace,
 And Ireland ere long shall be free.

The day may be distant—perhaps it is near,
 When freedom shall dawn on our land,
 When Ireland no longer a tyrant need fear,
 Her rights she will seek and demand.
 Her fields, now deserted, shall blossom once more,
 Her ships will skim over the sea;
 The hirelings of England be hurled from our shore,
 And Ireland will truly be free.

Then toast our fair Island, my countrymen all,
 “Success to her struggle so nigh;”
 Her sons will spring forth at the first trumpet call,
 And battle for freedom, or die!
 Then when we have conquered and peace smiles again,
 Let this our grand toast ever be:
 “Confusion to tyrants wherever they reign,”
 And Ireland shall ever be free!

IRELAND'S REDEMPTION.

AIR—Limerick Races.

The people are around, all eager for the fight, sirs,
 Awaiting the great day, and the forthcoming light, sirs,
 Hark! hark! 'tis Freedom's voice, and Irishmen obey it,
 Our country must be freed, no longer we'll delay it.

Then drink to Erin's cause
 And fill your glasses higher,
 Confusion to our foes,
 They soon will feel our fire.

Our foes are getting wise,
 Politically scheming ;
 We'll count it but as naught,
 They will not find us dreaming.
 They've waited quite too long—
 Denied us all our rights, sirs ;
 No compromises now,
 For Irishmen mean fight, sirs.
 Then here's to freedom's cause,
 May Ireland soon be free, sirs,
 And British rulers, knaves,
 Be sent into the sea, sirs.

They execute our men
 Who true in their desires,
 Fight for their native land,
 To emulate their sires.
 The day will surely come,
 When such deeds will be punished,
 Oh, grasping tyrant, pause,
 Quite oft we have admonished.
 Old Ireland shall be free,
 In spite of England's power,
 Then every Irishman
 Be ready at the hour.

Let other nations see
 That we deserve our freedom ;
 Our men will not retreat,
 But follow where we lead them.

And when the foe is met,
 And should he make a stand, **sir,**
 He'll find that Irish boys
 Strike with a heavy hand, **sir,**
 Then toast our Island, boys,
 Old Ireland forever;
 And haste the day when from
 Great Britain we shall sever.

I WOULD NOT DIE.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHEE

I **would** not die in this bright **h**,
 While Hope's sweet stream is **l** wing;
 I would not die while Youth's gay flower
 In springtide pride is glowing.
 The path I trace in fiery dreams
 For manhood's flight, to-morrow,
 Oh, let me tread, 'mid those bright gleams
 Which souls from Fame will borrow.
 I would not die! I would not die!
 In Youth's bright hour of pleasure;
 I would not leave, without a sigh,
 The dreams, the hopes I treasure!

I set young seeds in earth to-day,
 While yet the sun was gushing,
 And shall I pass, ere these, away,
 Nor see the flowerets blushing?
 Are these young seeds, when earth looks fair,
 To rise with fragrance teeming,
 And shall the hand that placed them there
 Lie cold when they are gleaming?
 I would not die! I would not die!
 In Youth's bright hour of pleasure;
 I would not leave, without a sigh,
 The dreams, the hopes I treasure

JUDGE NOT A MAN.

JUDGE not a man by the cost of his clothing,
 Unheeding the life-path that he may pursue ;
Or, oft you'll admire a heart that needs loathing,
 And fail to give honor where honor is due.
The palms may be hard, the fingers stiff-jointed,
 The coat may be tatter'd, the cheek worn with ~~care~~
But greater than kings are labors anointed :
 You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.
 But greater than kings, &c.

Give me the man, as a friend and a neighbor,
 Who toils at the loom, the spade, or the plough,
Who wins his diploma of manhood by labor,
 And purchases wealth by the sweat of his brow.
And that man shall be found 'mid the close ranks of
 labor,
 And be known by the work which his industry rears ;
And the chiefdom when won shall be dear to his labor,
 And we'll honor the man whatever he wears.
 But greater than kings, &c.

Judge of a man by the work he is doing,
 Speak of a man as his actions demand,
Watch well the path that each is pursuing,
 And let the most worthy be chief in the land.
Why should the broadcloth alone be respected,
 And the man be despised who in fustian appears ?
While the angels in heaven have their limbs unprotec-
 ted,
You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.
 But greater than kings, &c.

LIMERICK RACES.

I'm a simple Irish lad, I've resolved to see some fun, sirs,
 So, to satisfy my mind, to Limerick town I come, sirs;
 Oh, murther! what a precious place, and what a charming
 city,
 Where the boys are all so free, and the girls are all
 pretty!

CHORUS.

Musha ring a ding a da,
 Ri too ral laddy Oh!
 Musha ring a ding a da,
 Ri too ral laddy Oh!

It was on the first of May, when I began my rambles,
 When everything was there, both jaunting cars and
 gambols;
 I looked along the road, what was lined with smiling
 faces,
 All driving off ding-dong, to go and see the races.
 Musha ring a ding a da, &c

So then I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,
 And on a coach and four I neatly took my place, sirs,
 When a chap bawls out "behind!" and the coachman
 dealt a blow, sirs,
 Faith, he hit me just as fair as if his eyes were in his poll
 sirs.
 Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

So then I had to walk, and make no great delay, sirs,
 Until I reached the course, where everything was gay,
 sirs:
 It's then I spied a wooden house, and in the upper story,
 The band struck up a tune, called "Garryowen and
 Glory."
 Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

There was fiddlers playing jigs, there was lads and lassies
 dancing,
 And chaps upon their nags, round the course sure they
 were prancing,
 Some was drinking whiskey-punch, while others bawl'd
 out gaily,
 'Hurrah then for the shamrock green, and the splinter of
 shillelah." Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

There were betters to and fro, to see who would win the
 race, sirs,
 And one of the sporting chaps of course came up to me,
 sirs;
 Says he "I'll bet you fifty pounds, and I'll put it down
 this minute,"
 "Ah, then ten to one," says I, "the foremost horse will
 win it." Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

When the players came to town, and a funny set was
 they,
 I paid my two thirteens to go and see the play.
 They acted kings and cobblers, queens, and everything so
 gaily,
 But I found myself at home when they struck up "Paddy
 Carey." Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL

LIMERICK is beautiful,
 As everybody knows,
 The river Shannon, full of fish,
 Through that city flows;
 But 'tis not the river or the fish,
 That weighs upon my mind,
 Nor with the town of Limerick
 I've any fault to find.
 Ochone, ochone.

The girl I love is beautiful,
 And soft-eyed as the fawn,
 She lives in Garryowen,
 And is called the Colleen Bawn.
 And proudly as that river flows
 Through that famed city,
 As proudly and without a word
 That colleen goes by me.
 Ochone, ochone.

If I was made the Emperor
 Of Russia to command,
 Or Julius Cæsar, or the
 Lord Lieutenant of the land,
 I'd give my plate and golden store,
 I'd give up my army,
 The horses, the rifles, and the foot,
 And the Royal Artillery.
 Ochone, ochone.

I'd give the crown from off my head,
 My people on their knees,
 I'd give the fleet of sailing ships
 Upon the briny seas;
 A beggar I would go to bed,
 And happy rise at dawn,—
 If by my side for my sweet bride
 I had found my Colleen Bawn.
 Ochone, ochone.

LATHER AND SHAVE.

It was in this city not far from this spot,
 Where a barber he opened a snug little shop;
 He was silent and sad, but his smile was so sweet
 That he pulled every body out of the street,

CHORUS.

With his lather and shave 'em, lather and shave 'em,
Lather and shave 'em, frizzle 'em—bum.

One horrid bad custom he thought he would stop—
That no one for credit should come to his shop ;
So he got him a razor full of notches and rust,
To shave the poor fellows who came there for trust.
With his lather and shave, &c.

One day a poor Irishman passed by that way,
Whose beard had been growing for many a day ;
He looked at the barber and put down his hod :
" Will you trust me a shave for the pure love of God ! "
With his lather and shave, &c.

" Walk in," says the barber, " sit down on that chair,
I'll soon mow your beard off right down to a hair."
So his lather he spread over Paddy's big chin,
And with his trust razor to shave did begin.
With his lather and shave, &c.

" Och ! murder ! " says Paddy, " now what are you doing !
Leave off wid your tricks or me jaws you will ruin.
Faith, now how would you like to be shaved with a saw !
Be the powers you'll pull every tooth out o' me jaw."
With his lather and shave, &c.

" Still, still," says the barber, " and don't make a din ;
With moving your jaws I'll be cutting your chin."
" Not cut but sawed ! Och, that razor you've got,
Sure it would'nt cut butter if it wasn't made hot."
With his lather and shave, &c.

"Now lave off yer tricks and don't shave any more!"
 And Paddy he bolted straight out of the door.
 Crying "Ye may lather and shave all yer friends till yer
 sick,
 But be Jabers I'd rather be shaved with a brick."
 With his lather and shave, &c.

Not long after that Pat was passing the door,
 When a jackass he set up a terrible roar.
 "Och murther," says Paddy, "just list to yon knave,
 He's givin' some poor fellow a love-o'-G-d shave."
 With his lather and shave, &c.

MY HEART'S IN OLD IRELAND.

MY bark on the billow dash'd gloriously on,
 And glad were the notes of the sailor-boy's song;
 Yet sad was my bosom and bursting with woe,
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,
 Oh! my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

More dear than the flowers that Italy yields,
 Are the red-breasted daisies that spangle thy fields,
 The shamrock, the hawthorn, the white blossom sloe,
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,
 Oh! my heart's, &c.

The shores they look lovely, yet cheerless and vain
 Bloom the lilies of France, and the olives of Spain;
 When I think of the fields where the wild daisies grow,
 'Then my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,
 Oh! my heart's, &c.

The lilies and roses abandon the plains,
 Though the summer's gone by, still the shamrock remains,
 Like a friend in misfortune it blossoms o'er the snow:
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,
 Oh! my heart's, &c.

I sigh and I vow, if e'er I get home,
 No more from my dear native cottage I'll roam :
 The harp shall rescound, and the goblet shall flow,
 For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,
 Oh ! my heart's, &c.

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Mother.

Now, what are you crying for, Nelly ?
 Don't be blubberin' there like a fool !—
 With the weight o' the grief, 'faith I tell you,
 You'll break down the three-legged stool.
 I suppose, now, you're crying for Barney,
 But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say,
 He tells nethin' but big lies and blarney—
 Sure you know how he sarved poor Kate Kearney—

Daughter.

But, mother—

Mother.

Oh, bother !

Daughter.

But, mother, he's going away ;
 And I dreamt th' other night,
 Of his ghost all in white—
 Oh, mother, he's going away !

Mother.

If he's goin away, all the betther—
 Bless'd hour when he's out of your sight !
 There's one comfort you can't get a letther,—
 For yiz neither can read or can write.
 Sure 'twas only last week you protested,
 Since he coorted fat Jinny M'Cray,
 That the sight of the scamp you detested ;
 With abuse, sure, your tongue never rested—

Daughter.

But, mother—

Mother.

Oh, bother!

Daughter.

But, mother, he's going away,

And I dream of his ghost

Walking round my bedpost—

Oh, mother, he's going away.

MICKEY THE CARMAN.

AIR—Low Backed Car.

I'M Mickey McCue, a boy so thrue,

I belong to the Imerald Isle,

And if ye will listen, your eyes will gliston,

And your faces will bear a smile.

There's not one so merry, from Cork to Derry,

The ladies, near and far,

Say it's a thrate to take a sate

On my Irish jauntin' car.

Dhrivin'—joultin'—gallopin'—

On my jauntin' car.

When I get a fare

I dhrive away care,

As I dhrive my jauntin' car.

In Dublin city, so nate and pretty,

I used to take my stand;

On my car so nate 'twas quite a thrate

To dhrive thro' the streets so grand.

The sights so fine in summer-time,

I'd dhrive you near or far—

The reins I grip, I crack my whip,

Off goes my jauntin' car.

Dhrivin', &c.

If a girl to your mind you want to find,
 Ould Ireland is the part—
 The colleens fair, I do declare,
 Are sure to stale your heart.
 With a glance so sly, and beaming eye,
 As bright as any star—
 Be the powers above, you're shure to love,
 If you go on a jauntin' car.

Dhriv n', &c.

Poor Dublin now's in throuble,
 There's very little fun;
 I used to sit on my yoke, and crack a joke,
 With any boy undher the sun.
 But the Alliance, boys, my time employs,
 For them I've rambled far,
 And left poor Erin's Isle, my boys,
 And my horse and jauntin' car.

Dhrivin', &c.

MURPHY'S WEATHER EYE.

AIR—Norah Creenah.

MURPHY hath a weather eye,
 He can tell whene'er he pleases,
 If it will be wet or dry,
 When 'twill thaw, and when it freezes.
 To the stars he has been up,
 Higher than the Alp's high summits,
 Invited by the moon to sup
 With her, the planets and the comets.

CHORUS.

Murphy hath a weather eye,
 He can tell whene'er he pleases,
 If it will be wet or dry,
 When 'twill thaw, and when it freezes.

Murphy hath an almanac,
 From which we every day may gather—
 He has such a happy knack—
 What will really be the weather.
 Hold the rains, have hail at pleasure,
 Get in the sun when he's a mind,
 And blow a cloud when he's at leisure,
 He knows how to raise the wind.
 Murphy hath, &c.

Murphy can the world eclipse,
 Can light the sun if he should fail, sir,
 At Venus nightly lick his lips,
 And pull the Great Bear by the tail, sir;
 He knocks the quicksilver about,
 Nor ever asks what there's to pay, sir,
 Don't let his mother know he's out,
 But drinks tea in the milky-way, sir!
 Murphy hath, &c.

MOLLY CAREW.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Och hone! and what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost
 Like a bud in the frost;
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 'tis dhramas and not sleep that comes into my head.
 And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew—
 And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
 You're complater than Nature
 In every feature,
 The snow can't compare
 With your forehead so fair,
 And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
 Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky,

And by this and by that,
 For the matter o' that,
 You're more distant by far than that same!
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
 Though there's one Burke, he says, that would call it *snub*
 line:

And then for your cheek!
 Troth, 'twould take him a week
 It's beauties to tell, as ne'd rather.
 Then your lips! oh, machree!
 In their beautiful glow,
 They a pattern might be
 For the cherries to grow.
 'Twas an apple that tempted our mother we know,
 For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;
 But at this time o' day
 'Pon my conscience I'll say,
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
 You taze all ways
 That a woman can plaze,
 For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me.
 Though the piper I bate,
 For fear the old chate
 Wouldn't play you your favorite tune;
 And when you're at mass,
 My devotion you crass,
 For 'tis thinking of you
 I am, Molly Carew,

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep.

Oh, lave off that bonnet,

Or else I'll lave on it

The lose of my wandherin' sowl

Och hone! weirasthru!

Och hone! like an owl,

Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;

For there's girls by the score

That loves me—and more,

And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet

My wedding all marching in pride down the street,

Troth, you'd open your eyes,

And you'd die with surprise

To think 'twasn't you was come to it!

And faith, Katty Naile,

And her cow, I go bail,

Would jump if I'd say,

"Kitty Naile, name the day."

And though you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,

While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day,

Yet if you don't repent

Before Easter, when Lent

Is over, I'll marry for spite!

Och hone! weirasthru!

And when I die for you,

My ghost will haunt you every night!

NELL FLAUGHERTY'S DRAKE.

My name it is Nell, right candid I tell,

And I live near a cool hill I never will deny,

I had a large drake, the truth for to spake,

My grandfather left me when going to die;

He was merry and sound, and would weigh twenty pound,
 The universe round would I rove for his sake,
 Bad luck to the robber, be he drunken or sober,
 That murdered Nell Flaugherty's beautiful drake.

His neck it was green, and rare to be seen,
 He was fit for a queen of the highest degree,
 His body so white, it would you delight,
 He was fat, plump, and heavy, and brisk as a bee.
 This dear little fellow, his legs they were yellow,
 He could fly like a swallow, or swim like a hake,
 But some wicked habbage, to grease his white cabbage,
 Has murdered Nell Flaugherty's beautiful drake.

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,
 That a ghost may him haunt in the dark of the night,
 May his hens never lay, may his horse never neigh,
 May his goat fly away like an old paper kite;
 May his duck never quack, may his goose be turned black
 And pull down his stack with her long yellow beak,
 May the scurvy and itch never part from the britch
 Of the wretch that murdered Nell Flaugherty's drake!

May his rooster ne'er crow, may his bellows not blow,
 Nor potatoes to grow,—may he never have none,—
 May his cradle not rock, may his chest have no lock,
 May his wife have no frock for to shade her back bone.
 That the bugs and the fleas may this wicked wretch tease,
 And a piercing north breeze make him tremble and
 shake,
 May a four years old bug build a nest in the lug
 Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaugherty's drake.

May his pipe never smoke, may his tea-pot be broke,
 And to add to the joke, may his kettle not boil:
 May he be poorly fed till the hour he is dead.
 May he always be fed on lobsouse and fish oil.

May he swell with the gout till his grinders fall out,
 May he roar, howl, and shout with a horrid tooth-ache,
 May his temple wear horns and his toes corns,
 The wretch that murdered Nell Flaugherty's drake.

May his dog yelp and howl with both hunger and cold,
 May his wife always scold till his brains go astray,
 May the curse of each hag, that ever carried a bag,
 Light down on the wag till his head it turns gray.
 May monkeys still bite him, and mad dogs affright him,
 And every one slight him, asleep or awake,
 May wasps ever gnaw him, and jackdaws ever claw him,
 The monster that murdered Nell Flaugherty's drake!

But the only good news I have to diffuse,
 Is of Peter Hughes and Paddy McCade,
 And crooked Ned Manson, and big nosed Bob Hanson,
 Each one had a grandson of my beautiful drake.
 Oh, my bird he has dozens of nephews and cousins,
 And one I must have, or my heart it will break,
 To keep my mind easy, or else I'll run crazy,
 And so ends the song of my beautiful drake.

NOW CAN'T YOU BE AISY.

MICKEY FREE'S SONG. FROM "CHARLES O'MALLEY."

AIR—Arrah, Katty, now can't you be Aisy.

Oh what stories I'll tell when my sojering's o'er,
 And the gallant Fourteenth is disbanded;
 Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
 When safely in Ireland I'm landed.
 With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,
 I'll drive all the girls half crazy;
 And some 'cute one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 "Mr. Free, now—why can't you be aisy?"

I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
 And destroyed them all at "Talavera,"
 And then I'll just add how we finished the night,
 In learning to dance the "Bolero;"
 How by the moonshine we drank raal wine,
 And rose next day fresh as a daisy;
 Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
 "Arrah Mickey—now can't you be aisy?"

I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we spent,
 Around a big fire in the air, too,
 Or may be enjoying ourselves in a tent,
 Exactly like Donnybrook fair, too;
 How he'd call out to me, "Pass the wine, Mr. Free,
 For you're a man never is lazy!"
 Then some one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 "Arrah, Mickey dear—can't you be aisy?"

I'll tell, too, the long years in fighting we passed,
 Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him;
 And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last
 Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.
 But, "acushla," says I, "the truth is, I'm shy!
 There's a lady in Ballynacrazy!
 And I swore on the book—" she gave me a look,
 And cried, "Mickey—now can't you be aisy?"

O, ERIN, MY COUNTRY! MY HEART BEATS FOR THEE.

O, ERIN, my country! though strangers may roam
 The hills and the valleys I once called my own.
 Thy lakes and thy mountains no longer I see
 Yet warmly as ever my heart beats for thee.
 O cushlamachree,
 My heart beats for thee,
 Erin! Erin! my heart beats for thee.

Though years have rolled over since last time we met,
 Yet lived I a thousand I could not forget
 The true hearts that loved me, the bright eyes that shone
 Like stars in the heavens, of days that are gone.
 O cushlamachree, &c

Dear home of my youth, I may see thee no more ;
 Yet memory treasures the bright days of yore,
 And my heart's latest wish, the last sigh of my breast,
 Shall be given to thee, dearest land of the west.
 O cushlamachree, &c

OULD IRELAND! YOU'RE MY DARLIN'.

OULD Ireland! you're my jewel, sure,
 My heart's delight and glory ;
 Till time shall pass his empty glass,
 Your name shall live in story.
 And this shall be the song for me,
 The first my heart was larnin',
 Before my tongue one accent sung,
 "Ould Ireland! you're my darlin'."

My blessings on each manly son
 Of thine who will stand by thee ;
 But hang the knave and dastard slave
 So base as to deny thee ;
 Then bould and free, while yet for me
 The globe is round us whirlin',
 My song shall be, "Gra Galmachree,
 Ould Ireland! you're my darlin'!"

Sweet spot of earth that gave me birth,
 Deep in my soul I cherish
 While life remains within these veins,
 A love that ne'er can perish.

If it was a thing that I could sing,
 Like any thrush or starlin',
 In cage or tree, my song should be,
 "Ould Ireland! you're my darlin'."

OUR MOTHERLAND.

SONG OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK

THERE is an island in the sea,
 'Tis Motherland—our Motherland;
 Land of the brave, though not yet free,
 'Tis Motherland—our Motherland:
 And by our knighthood, now we swear,
 It shall not long its bondage bear,
 For we are bound the cords to tear
 From Motherland—dear Motherland

With heart and hand in Erin's cause,
 Motherland—our Motherland,
 We'll trample down the tyrant's laws
 In Motherland—our Motherland;
 And then, "A Nation once again!"
 Shall be our knighthood's proud refrain,
 For we shall wipe Oppression's stain
 From Motherland—dear Motherland!

"And shall our tyrants safely reign"
 O'er Motherland—our Motherland,
 "On thrones built up of slaves and slain"
 In Motherland—our Motherland?
 "No! 'round this board our oath we plight,
 To watch, and labor, and unite,
 Till banded be the nation's might"
 For Motherland—dear Motherland!

Oh, how our hearts would leap for joy,
 Motherland—our Motherland,
 For one such day as Fontenoy,
 In Motherland—our Motherland!
 And grant, O Lord, it soon may come,
 When, crossing o'er the ocean's foam,
 We freedom claim for every home
 In Motherland—dear Motherland!

We vow thy brilliant "Flag of Green,"
 Motherland—dear Motherland,
 Yet proudly floating shall be seen
 O'er Motherland—dear Motherland;
 And then a freeman, bold and brave,
 Shall 'scribe the lines on Emmett's grave.
 Which were not to be found by a slave,
 In Motherland—dear Motherland!

We once again renew our vow
 To Motherland—dear Motherland,
 To be as firm and true as now
 To Motherland—dear Motherland,
 "The Harp of Tara" is *not* dead—
 It soul-felt music yet shall shed;
 "We'll plant the Green above the Red,"
 In Motherland—dear Motherland!

❶ LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL

BY EDWARD FITZBALL.

O LET me like a soldier fall
 Upon some open plain;
 This breast, expanding for the ball
 To blot out every stain;
 Brave, manly hearts confer my doom,
 That gentler ones may tell
 Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
 I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race
 Which ends its blaze in me,
 To die the last, and not disgrace
 Its ancient chivalry ;
 Though o'er my clay no banner ~~wave~~
 No trumpet requiem swell,
 Enough, they murmur at my grave,
 "He like a soldier fell."

THE OLD SEXTON.

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,
 Leaned a Sexton old on his earth-worn **spade**;
 His work was done, and he paused to wait
 The fun'ral train through the open gate.
 A relic of bygone days was he,
 And his locks were white as the foamy sea ;
 And these words came from his lips so thin,
 "I gather them in ! I gather them in ! **gather, gather,**
 gather, I gather them in !

"I gather them in ! for man and boy,
 Year after year of grief and joy,
 I've builded the houses that lie around
 In ev'ry nook of this burial ground.
 Mother and daughter, father and son,
 Come to my solitude one by one ;
 But come they strangers, or come they **kin,**
 I gather them in ! I gather them in ! &c.

"Many are with me, but still I'm alone,
 I'm king of the dead—and I make my **throne**
 On a monument slab of marble cold,
 And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
 Come they from cottage, or come they from **hall,**
 Mankind are my subjects—all, all, all :
 Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
 I gather them in ! I gather them in ! &c.

‘I gather them in—and their final rest
 Is here, down here in the earth’s dark breast.
 And the Sexton ceased—for the funeral train
 Wound mutely over that solemn plain;
 And I said to my heart, when time is old,
 A mightier voice than that Sexton’s old,
 Will sound o’er the last trump’s dreadful din—
 I gather them in! I gather them in!” &c.

PAT MALLOY.

At sixteen years of age I was my mother’s fair hair
 boy;

She kept a little huckster shop, her name it was Malloy,
 “I’ve fourteen children, Pat,” says she, “which Heav’n to
 me has sent;

But childer ain’t like pigs, you know; they can’t pay the
 rent.”

She gave me ev’ry shilling there was in the till,
 And kiss’d me fifty times or more, as if she’d never get
 her fill,

“Oa! Heav’n bless you! Pat,” says she, “and don’t
 forget, my boy,

That Ould Ireland is your country, and your name is
 Pat Malloy!”

Oh! England is a purty place: of goold there is no lack—
 I trudged from York to London wid me scythe upon me
 back,

The English girls are beautiful, their loves I don’t decline;

The eating and the drinking, too, is beautiful and fine;

But in a corner of me heart, which nobody can see,

Two eyes of Irish blue are always peeping out at me!

O, Molly darlin’, never fear: I’m still your own dear boy—

Ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy!

From Ireland to America, across the seas, I roam:

And every shilling that I got, ah! sure I sent it home,

Me mother couldn't write, but, oh! there came from
Father Boyce:

"Oh! Heav'n bless you! Pat," says she—I hear me
mother's voice!

But, now I'm going home again, as poor as I began,
To make a happy girl of Moll, and sure I think I can:
Me pockets they are empty, but me heart is fill'd wid joy:
For, Ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat
Malloy.

PADDY'S ISLAND OF GREEN.

AIR—In Ireland so frisky.

AH, pooh, botheration, dear Ireland's the nation
Which all other nations together excels;
Where worth, hospitality, conviviality,
Friendship, and open sincerity dwells.
Sure I've roamed the world over, from Dublin to Dover,
But, in all the strange countries wherever I've been,
I ne'er saw an island, on sea or on dry land,
Like Paddy's own sweet little island of green.

In England, your roses make beautiful posies;
Provoke Scotia's thistle, you'll meet your reward;
But sure, for its beauty, an Irishman's duty
Will teach him his own native plant to regard:
Saint Patrick first set it, with tear-drops he wet it,
And often to cherish and bless it was seen;
Its virtues are rare, too—it's fresh and it's fair, too—
And flowers but in Paddy's own island of green.

Oh, long life to old Ireland, its bogs and its moorland,
For there's not such a universe under the sun
For honor, for spirit, fidelity, merit,
For wit and good fellowship, frolic and fun!
With wine and with whiskey, when once it gets frisky
An Irishman's heart in true colors is seen,
With mirth overflowing, with love it is glowing--
With love for its own native island of green.

PADDY CAREY'S FORTUNE.

TWAS at the town of nate Clogheen,
 That Sergeant Snap met Paddy Carey :
A claner boy was never seen—
 Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy !
His brawny shoulders four feet square,
 His cheeks like thumping red potatoes ;
His legs would make any chairman stare,
 And Pat was loved by all the ladies—
 Old and young, grave and sad—
 Deaf and dumb, dull or mad—
Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
 Light, tight, and airy !
 All the sweet faces
 At Limerick races,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
 At Paddy's beautiful name would melt :
 The sows would cry,
 And look so shy—
 Och ! cushlamachree,
 Did you never see
 The jolly boy, the darling joy,
 The coaxing boy, the ladies' toy,
Nimble-footed, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed
 Paddy Carey ?
 O sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy,
 Nate little, tight little Paddy Carey !

His heart was made of Irish oak,
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney ;
His tongue was tipped with a bit o' the brogue,
 But a divil a bit at all of the blarney.
Now Sergeant Snap, so sly and keen,
 While Pat was coaxing duck-legged Mary,
A shilling slipped, so nate and clean—
 By the powers, he 'listed Paddy Carey !

Tight and sound, strong and light ;
 Cheeks so round, eyes so bright—
 Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
 Light, tight, and airy !

All the sweet faces, *ka*

The sows wept loud, the crowd was great,
 When, waddling forth, came Widow Leary ;
 Though she was crippled in her gait,
 Her brawny arms clasped Paddy Carey.
 "Och, Pat," she cried, "go buy the ring ;
 Here's cash galore, my darling honey !"
 Says Pat, "You sow! I'll do that thing,"
 And clapped his thumb upon her money !
 Gimlet-eye, sausage-nose—
 Pat so sly, ogle throws—
 Leering, tittering, jeering, frittering
 Sweet Widow Leary !

All the sweet faces, *ka*

When Pat had thus his fortune made,
 He pressed the lips of Mrs. Leary,
 And mounting straight a large cockade,
 In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey.
 He, grateful, praised her shape, her back,
 To others like a dromedary ;
 Her eyes, that seemed their strings to crack,
 Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey !
 Neat and sweet, no alloy ;
 All complete love and joy ;
 Ranting, roaring, soft, adoring,
 Dear Widow Leary !

All the sweet faces

At Limerick races

From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,

At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt ;

The sows all cry,

As the groom struts by—

"Och ! cushlamachree,
 Thou art lost to me !"—
 The jolly boy, the darling boy !
 The ladies' joy, the widow's joy !
 Long-sword girted—neat, short-skirted,
 Head-cropped, whisker-chopped Captain **Carey !**
 O sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy,
 White-feathered, boot-leathered Paddy **Carey !**

PADDY'S LAND.

COME, all ye boys of Paddy's land, who are inclined to
 roam,
 To reap the English harvest so far away from home,
 Be sure you're well provided with comrades bold and true,
 For you have to fight both day and night 'gainst John
 Bull and his crew.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah, my boys, for Paddy's land,
 'Tis the land I do adore,
 May heaven smile on every child
 That loves that shamrock shore.

When we left home for Dublin, the morning it being
 clear,
 And when we got on board the boat, we gave three hearty
 cheers,
 Saying: Good-bye, my boys, to that dear old land, we
 ne'er may see it more,
 For we're going to fight, both day and night, all for that
 shamrock shore.

Then hurrah, my boys, &c.

We sailed away from Dublin Quay, and ne'er received a
 shock,
 Until we landed in New York, 'longside of the dock,

Where thousands of our countrymen they were all in that
town,
And "Faugh a ballagh!" (clear the track) were the
words that passed all round.
Then hurrah, my boys, &c.

Then away we went, in merriment, to drink bourbon and
wine,
Each lad he gave his favorite toast for the girl he left be-
hind;
We sat and sang, made the ale-house ring, despising Erin's
foes,
Or any man that hates the land where St. Patrick's sham-
rock grows. Then hurrah, my boys, &c.

PADDY'S RETURN.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY J. M. BURKE.

AIR—Billy O'Rourke.

I'VE just landed from America, with watch and cash galore,
sir,
'Tis six years ago to-day since I sailed from Baltimore, sir.
It was in the Shamrock I set sail; for New York I was
bound, sir,
The wind being fair I soon got there, and welcome hand I
found, sir.

CHORUS.

So it's, boys, I am glad to see you all,
Make yourselves quite hearty,
And if you would rather rise than fall,
Emigrate like Paddy M'Carthy.

Going through the streets one day, not knowing what to
do, sir.
A gentleman came up to me, saying "What countryman are
you, sir?"

"I am from Old Ireland, if you plaze, a place called Donegal, sir,
 I landed here but yesterday, could you find me work at all, sir?"
 So it's, boys, &c

"What kind of work, now, can you do?" says I, "Anything in the farming."
 He slapped his hand upon my back, says he, "My boy, that's charming,
 Fifty dollars I will give you a month, your lodging and good meat, sir,
 For I like a man from Ireland, for before he'd starve, he'd emigrate, sir."
 So it's, boys, &c.

For six long years with this good man I lived, outside of Baltimore, sir,
 Till death called to his door, as many he did before, sir.
 Before he died he called me to his bedside, saying "Paddy, don't hesitate, sir,
 Here's box in store, sir, and cash galore, so for old Ireland emigrate, sir."
 So it's, boys, &c.

PATRICK CASEY.

AIR—Billy O'Rourke.

He.—Sweet Kathleen, dear, I'm now come here,
 With love's impatient choking;
 I can't forget your last night's pet
 But I think you was only joking.
 My cabin's built, my ground is tilt,
 I've been neither proud nor lazy,
 So come hard by, and the priest shall try
 To make you Mistress Casey.

Ri tal di ral de ra too, di ral de lal tal, di ral di ri da

She. Indeed, young Pat, I shan't do that,
 Your courtship you may close up,
 The rich exciseman is now my prizeman,
 At you I shall turn my nose up;
 He's bought a gown would make you stare,
 A bonnet would drive you crazy,
 His wealth and riches I must share.
 So march on, Patrick Casey. *Ri tal, &c*

He.—Sweet Kathleen dear, you can't see clear,
 For gold you'd turn the worms up;
 You'll calm that brow, and I'll teach ye how,
 For you'll spoil that nose if it turns up.
 The thundering thief with gold in store,
 But I'll try to keep my rage in,
 So when next we meet, I'll make so bold,
 By the powers, I'll spoil his gauging.
Ri tal, &c

She.—Pray stay your gostering, Master Pat,
 Perhaps you've seen a worse day,
 He's not so old, if it comes to that—

He.—He was sixty-five last birthday;

She.—Well, that is not so old, I'm sure,
 For one that can smile and plaze ye.

He.—It's a trifling fault that time can't cure,
 It's too old for a Mistress Casey.

Ri tal, &c

She.—Come, Mr. Impudence, no more prate,
 On your betters your scorn you're show'ring,
 Young Judy at chapel perhaps may wait,
 And you see your grapes are souring;
 My dear exciseman brought me books,
 I'm learning, I'm much advancing
 A Frenchman who divinely looks,
 He has hired to teach me dancing.

Ri tal, &c

She.—When I'm his wife, I've got a tongue,
And if your arts be trying,
You'll find although he's old, I'm young.

He.—Well, that's what I'm not denying.

She.—He's got a watch,

He.—I've got a boar,
A cow that gives milk and custard,

She.—He's got a thousand pounds or more—

He.—When he's yours he'll not want for mustard.

Ri tal, &c.

He.—Miss Kathleen, I've just got one say,
For, my love, you are greatly shocking,
As your old exciseman comes this way,
I'll show you the back of my stocking.
When I am gone, you'll dance and sing,
Your wealth will drive you crazy.
But I'll find out Judy, I have bought the ring,
And I'll soon make her Mistress Casey.

Ri tal, &c.

She.—Dear Patrick, stay,

He.—Be quiet, I say,

She.—You should not scorn or flout me.

He.—What signifies this cold delay?

She.—You know I can't do without ye.

He.—Your exciseman's bought you showy rags.

She.—How can you be so provoking,

He.—You said you loved his wealth and bags.

She.—You know I was only joking.

Ri tal, &c.

He.—Sweet Kathleen, give those lips divine,
Was all this done to taze me?

She.—Dear Patrick, do forgive this time,
And I'll do what I can to plaze ye,

I'll henceforth make your sweet repose,
 So make your mind quite aisy,
 I'll make your meals, I'll mend your hose,
He.—Then I'll make you Mistress Casey.

Ri tal, &c.

PADDY IS THE BOY.

It's some years ago, I very well know,
 Since I first saw daylight with my two blessed eyes;
 I was born, so they say, when my Dad was away,
 On St. Patrick's day, in the morning.
 How they nursed me with joy; said, what a fine boy!
 Put a stick in my fist, by the way of a toy;
 Faith! there's no mistake, they admired my make,
 And said some day I'd give the girls a warming

CHORUS.

For, Paddy is the boy that's fond of a glass,
 Paddy is the boy that's fond of a lass!
 Dear Old Dublin is the place for me,
 And Donnybrook is the place to go for a spree.

At a wake or a fair, poor Paddy is there;
 He will fight foe or friend, if they do him offend;
 Let the piper strike up, he will rise from his cup,
 With a smile on his face adorning.
 With his little Colleen, he'll dance on the green,
 Sure, an Irishman, there, in his glory was seen;
 Play a reel or jig, he don't care a fig,
 But he'll dance till daylight in the morning.

For, Paddy is the boy, &c.

Now boys, do you mind, you never will find,
 Such a dear little place as the Emerald Isle;
 Long, long, may it stand, and good luck to the land,
 That dear Old St. Patrick was born in!

May the girls, young and old, may the boys, brave and bold
 Unite, heart and hand, to protect the dear isle !
 And, morn, noon, and night, may joy and delight
 Shine on them, like a fine summer's morning.
 For, Paddy is the boy, &c.

PAT OF MULLINGAR.

THEY may talk of Flying Childers,
 And the speed of Harkaway,
 Till the fancy it bewilders,
 As you list to what they say ;
 But for real bone and beauty, though, to travel near and far,
 The fastest mare you'll find belongs to Pat of Mullingar.

CHORUS.

She can trot along, jog along, drag a jaunting-car ;
 No day's too long, when set along with Pat of Mullingar.

She was bred in Connemara,
 And brought up at Castlemaine ;
 She won cups at the Curragh
 The finest baste on all the plain !
 All countries and conveyances she has been buckled to ;
 She lost an eye at Limerick, and an ear at Waterloo.
 She can trot along, jog along, &c.

If a friend you wish to find, sir,
 I'll go wherever you want ;
 I'll drive you out of your mind, sir,
 Or a little way beyond.
 Like an arrow through the air, if you step upon the car,
 You'll ride behind the little mare of Pat of Mullingar.
 She can trot along, jog along, &c.

To Dollymount or Kingston,
 If the place you wish to see,
 I'll drive you to the Strawberry beds,
 It's all the same to me :
 To Donnybrook, whose ancient fair is famed for love or war
 Or if you have the time to spare, we'll go to Mullingar,
 She can trot along, jog along, &c.

When on the road we're going,
 The other carmen try
 (Without the darling knowing)
 To pass her on the sly,
 Her one ear points up to the sky, she tucks her haunches in,
 Then shows the lads how she can fly, as I sit still and grin
 She can trot along, jog along, &c.

Then should yez want a car, sirs,
 I hope you'll not forget
 Poor Pat of Mullingar, sirs,
 And his darlin' little pet ;
 She's gentle as the dove, sirs, her speed you can't deny ;
 And there's no blind side about her, though she hasn't got
 an eye.

She can trot along, jog along, &c.

PADDY MAGEE ;

OR, THE THREE DREAMS.

JOHN BULL, he was an Englishman, and he went
 tramp one day,
 With three pence in his pocket, to carry him on his way ;
 He travelled for miles and miles and no one did he see,
 Till he fell in with an Irishman by the name of Paddy
 Magee.

"Good morning," says John Bull, "Good morning, sir,"
says Pat;

"Where ~~are~~ you going?" says Johnny; "I'm on the
road, that's flat."

"Have you any money about you?" says Johnny unto Pat,
"It's the only thing I wanted, for I have not got a rap."

They trudged along together, met a Scotchman on their
way.

"Oh, lend us a bob, now, Scotty, to help us on our way;"

"Lend you a bob," said Scotty, "faith and sure," said he,

"It's the only thing I wanted, for I'm not worth a
bawbee."

"I have three pence," said the Englishman; "what shall
I do with that?"

"Oh, buy three pen'orth of whiskey, it will cheer us up,"
said Pat.

"Don't do that," said the Scotchman, "I'll tell you ~~what~~
to do,

Buy three pen'orth of oatmeal, and we'll all of us have
burgoo."

"Now with my three pence," said the Englishman, "half
quartern loaf, what say?"

And in yonder haystack we'll sleep all hunger away;

We can quench our thirst by the running brook, beside
the brawling stream.

And the loaf shall be his in the morning who dreams the
largest dream."

John Bull he dreamed by the morning that ten thousand
men had been

For ten years digging a turnip up, the largest ever ~~was seen~~.

At last they got this turnip up by working night and day

And it took five thousand horses to draw this turnip ~~away~~

Now, the Scotchman he dreamt by the morning ten thousand men had been
 For ten years making a boiler, the largest ever was seen ;
 "What was it made of?" said the Englishman, "was it
 made of copper or tin?"
 Said Scotty, "'Twas made of copper, to boil your turnip
 in."

"Blood and 'ounds," said the Irishman, I've been dream-
 ing a very big drame,
 I dreamt I was in a haystack, beside of a brawling strame ;
 I dreamt you, I, and Scotty was there, 'tis true or I'm an oaf,
 I dreamt that I was hungry—so I got up and ate the
 loaf."

PADDY BURKE.

A FRENCH gentleman from Limerick, one Paddy Burke by
 name,
 Took passage for America, to come all the way by
 stame ;
 And as Pat had never seen a ship, he was very much to
 blame,
 So his troubles you'll take as a warning.
 When going by the hatchway, Pat cried out: "What is
 that ?
 If it's cocks and hens you've got on board, begoles! I'll
 live on fat."
 Just then the Boatswain cried, "Lay to!" "I'll want
 enough," says Pat,
 "And I'll swallow all your eggs in the morning."

CHORUS.

Paddy was the boy that looked out for number one,
 Paddy was the boy when the ating it begun,
 For his mother was a Murphy, and he was his mother's
 son,
 And he'd ate till he bust in the morning.

When they started on the ocean, poor Pat felt rather sick;
Like a drunken man he staggered, and he rolled around
the deck,

And he wished himself in Limerick, Old Ireland—avick,

“And the pigs and potatoes he’d be scorning:

When getting in the Captain’s way, who shouted, “Heave
ahead!”

“Oh! be jabers—and my stomach, too,” says Pat, now
nearly dead,

“Stop the ship and let me out, or there’ll be murder on
nearly your head,

It’s an inquest you’ll be holding in the morning.”

Paddy is the boy, &c.

Poor Pat a little better got, as they went on their way,
Till one dark night a storm arose, and raging was the sea,
And he wished he’d never started, to see America,

But stayed home at Ireland, where he was born in:

The vessel sprung a leak, she let water in below,

“Go fetch the doctor quick,” says Pat, “it’s a shame to leave
her so,

For I had the same complaint myself, ere from Ireland I
did go,

And I thought I’d be dead before morning.”

Paddy is the boy, &c.

When they sighted Old Columbia’s shore, Pat cried, “God
bless the soil;

It is the land where dacent men can live beyond their toil,
And not be taxed and ground to death to increase the
Saxon’s spoil.

Let freemen take this as a warning,

It is the land where Erin’s Harp is free from British tread,

Where every noble Fenian can go forth with warlike tread

And raise the noble banner, the Green above the Red,

And freedom on Old Ireland will be dawning.”

Paddy is the boy, &c.

PADDY McSHANE'S SEVEN AGES.

AS SUNG BY MACFARLAND, TYRONE POWER, &c.

AIR—Sprig of Shillalah.

If my own botheration don't alter my plan,
Ill sing seven lines of a tight Irishman,
 Wrote by old Billy Shakspeare, of Ballyporeen.
 He said, while a babe I loved whiskey and pap,
 That I roared like a bull in my grandmothers iap;
 She joulted me hard, just to hush my sweet roar,
 When I slipped through her fingers, whack on the floor
 What a squalling I made, sure, at Ballyporeen!

When I grew up a boy, with a nice, shining face,
 With my bag at my back, and a snail-crawling pace,
 Went to school at old Thwackan's, at Ballyporeen:
 His wig was so fusty, his birch was my dread;
 He larning beat out 'stead of into my head:
 "Master McShane, you're a great, dirty dolt;
 You've got no more brains than a Monaghan colt;
 You're not fit for our college at Ballyporeen!"

When eighteen years of age, was teased and perplexed
 To know what I should be—so a lover turned next,
 And courted sweet Shelah, of Ballyporeen.
 I thought I'd just take her, to comfort my life,
 Not knowing that she was already a wife;
 She asked me just once if to see her I'd come,
 When I found her ten children and husband at home—
 A great, big, whacking chairman of Ballyporeen!

I next turned soldier—I did not like that,
 So turned servant, and lived with great Justice Pat,
 A big dealer in praties at Ballyporeen.
 With turtle and venison he lined his inside—
 Ate so many fat capons, that one day he died;
 So great was my grief, that, to keep spirits up,
 Of some nice whiskey-cordial I took a big sup,
 To my master's safe journey from Ballyporeen!

Kicked and tossed about, like a weathercock vane,
 I packed up my all, and I went back again
 To my grandfather's cottage, at Ballyporeen.
 I found him, poor soul ! with no legs for his hose,
 Could not see through the spectacles put on his nose,
 With no teeth in his mouth, so Death locked his chin—
 He slipped out of his slippers and 'faith I slipped in,
 And succeeded poor Dennis of Ballyporeen.

PETTICOAT LANE.

WHEN to Dublin I came from the sweet County Down,
 I called on a friend, for to show me the town;
 He brought me thro' streets, lanes, and alleys so grand,
 Till my brogues were most wore, and I scarcely could stand.
 He show'd me fine houses, which were built up so high,
 And a man made of stone, almost up to the sky;
 But the names of them places went out of my brain,
 Except one, and he said it was Petticoat Lane.

Ri to, &c.

Convenient to Petticoat Lane there's a place,
 And as we walked through it, we couldn't get peace;
 The shops were all full of fine clothes, black and blue,
 But the fellows outside nearly tore me in two:
 One dragged me this way, to get a good frieze,
 Another had corduroy breeches, my size:
 But one chap bawls out, when I wouldn't remain,
 "Show him up to the college in Petticoat Lane!"

Ri to, &c.

We got loose from this spot, myself and my friend,
 I couldn't do less than a tester to spend,
 But we spied boys and girls in a laughable group,
 Sitting cross-legged, and they licking up soup.
 Says I, "Are these what you call your poor-house recruits?"
 "Find out," says one, and his bowl at me shoots.
 They roared with pleasure, while I roared with pain,
 "Arrah, Paddy, you're welcome to Petticoat Lane!"

Ri to, &c.

My friend thought to drag me away by the sleeve,
 When a tartar dropt over my head an old sieve;
 I turned for to strike her, but got in the eye
 A plaster of what they called hot-mutton pie!
 I kept groping about, like a man that was blind,
 Till I caught hould of somebody coming behind:
 I prayed that I might get the strength of a CAIN,
 To be ABLE to whale him in Petticoat Lane.

Ri to, &c.

I walloped away, and I got walloped, too,
 While all sorts of ructions were raised by the crew;
 You would swear it was raining brick-bats and stones,
 Till I heard my antagonist giving some groans:
 "Run, run, you villan you!" some one did cry,
 "Sure, I can't for the mutton that's stuck in my eye!"
 I was led through the crowd, and heard somebody saying
 "There's a peeler most kill'd, up in Petticoat Lane."

Ri to, &c.

These words like a thunderbolt fell on my ear,
 So, I scooped all the fat from my eye, pretty clear;
 My friend tould the crowd that was round to be mute!
 While we slipped to a house, called the Sign of a Boot;
 There I call'd for a sup and we both took a seat,
 Two or three that had backed us came in for a treat—
 When the reck'ning was called for, my pockets were
 clean;

For pounds, shillings, and pence were in Petticoat Lane.

Ri to, &c.

The reck'ning it came to a hog and a groat,
 For which the landlord he took the lend of my coat;
 I started without, still cursing the town,
 When a policeman's pot-stick made friends with my crown
 Says he: "You have killed C 106"—
 "Arrah, be aisy, sir! I want none of your tricks."
 But the sergeant and twenty more swore it was plain
 That I was the bully of Petticoat Lane.

Ri to, &c.

They all swarmed about me, like flies on a cask ;
 But to prison to take me was no easy task,
 When I got there, I was charged with the crime ;
 'Twas my own brother Darby I bate all the time.
 When he seen me, he let out a thundering curse
 On the day that he first went to join in the force ;
 He released my ould coat and he got me off clean,
 To go home and say prayers for sweet Petticoat Lane.

RETURN OF PAT MALLOY.

WHEN landed safe in Dublin-town, I met a castle-back—
 The boots upon my feet he eyed, and the clothes upon my
 back.

He says : " You're from America, you look so neat and trim ;
 Just let me see your letters, sir ? " I handed one to him.

He says : " It's from O'Mahony," and says I, " You funny elf,
 'Tis a letter for my own sweet Moll I'm taking home
 myself."

He says : " You are a Fenian." Says I, " You're right,
 old boy ;

For, Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat
 Malloy."

He had me then examined, and he says : " My nice young
 man,

What brought you home to Ireland ? Was it the Fenian
 plan ? "

" The ship it brought me home," says I, " and Fenians all
 agree

That from sweet Athlone to Blarney-Stone Ould Ireland
 shall be free ;

But was it not for Molly's eyes that's sticking in my heart,
 An me mother an' the childer, too, oh, sure they had their
 part !

I'll take them to America, and then look out, my boy,
 For, Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat
 Malloy."

Bat when I met my Molly dear, she kissed me o'er and
o'er;

She could not laugh for crying, as I gave her goold
galore.

"It's your own, my dearest Molly, for I knew you would
prove true;

Every pound I sent my mother, I put by two for you;
And now you have the shiners, Moll, and will you take
myself?"

She blushed and whispered: "Yes, dear Pat, I'm yours,
but not for pelf."

We got my mother's blessing, and it filled my heart with
joy,

For Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat
Malloy.

Early the next morning, sure, we went to Father Boyce,
"That rib," says he, wid a wink at me, "it is a purty
choice."

"And mighty strong it is," says I, "my heart, sure, knows
it best,

Three years or more, with thumps galore, she made it
thrash my breast;

These eyes are mighty killing, sir; but now they are my
own,

For four long years when far from home, they made me
cry, och, hone!

And now I ask your blessing, sir, for to complete my joy,
For, Ould Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat
Malloy."

Now my mother's in her rocking-chair, her childer pay the
rint,

In New York, relieved from work, each happy hour is spint;
And, free from every toil and care, her heart is light and
free;

She sings a good old Irish song, with young Pat on her
knee;

And Molly, lovely Molly, sure, he is her heart's delight,
 She sings, and talks, and plays with him, both morning,
 noon, and night,
 And says: "he's his daddy's picture," and she calls him
 her darling boy;
 For, he was born in Ould Ireland, and his name it is
 Malloy.

SOGGARTH AROON.

BY JOHN BANIM.

Am I the slave they say,
 Soggarth aroon!
 Since you did show the way,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Their slave no more to be,
 While they would work with me
 Ould Ireland's slavery,
 Soggarth aroon!

Why not her poorest man,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Her commands to fulfil
 Of his own heart and will,
 Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth aroon!

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Yet be no slave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,—
 Nor, out of fear to you,
 Stand up so near to you—
 Och! out of fear to you!
 Soggarth aroon!

THE FAUGH-A-BALLAGH SONG-BOOK

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cowl'd blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And, on my earthen flure
Knelt by me, sick and poor
Soggarth aroon?

Who on the marriage-day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my heart was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1793

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—Boyne Water.

HURRAH! 'tis done—our freedom's won—
Hurrah for the volunteers!
No laws we own, but those alone
Of our Commons, Kings, and Peers.
The chain is broke—the Saxon yoke
From off our neck is taken;
Ireland awoke—Dungannon spoke—
With fear was England shaken

When Grattan rose, none dared oppose
The claim he made for freedom :
They knew our swords, to back his words
Were ready, did he need them.
Then let us raise, to Grattan's praise
A proud and joyous anthem ;
And wealth, and grace, and length of days
May God, in mercy grant him !

Bless Harry Flood who nobly stood
By us, through gloomy years !
Bless Charlemont, the brave and good,
The Chief of the Volunteers !
The North began, the North held on
The strife for native land ;
Till Ireland rose and cowed her foes—
God bless the Northern land !

And bless the men of patriot pen—
Swift, Molynaux, and Lucas ;
Bless sword and gun, which "Free Trade" won ;
Bless God ! who ne'er forsook us !
And long may last the friendship fast,
Which binds us all together ;
While we agree our foes shall flee
Like clouds in stormy weather.

Remember still, through good and ill,
How vain were prayers and tears—
How vain were words, till flashed the swords
Of the Irish Volunteers.
By arms we've got the right we sought,
Through long and wretched years—
Hurrah ! 'tis done, our freedom's won—
Hurrah for the Volunteers !

SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY.

AIR.—Who'll be King but Charley.

I'm Paddy Whack, of Ballyhack,
 Not long ago turn'd soldier;
 In grand attack, in storm or sack,
 None will than I be bolder.
 With spirits gay I march away,
 I please each fair beholder;
 And now they sing, "He's quite the thing."
 Och! faith! ye girls, I charm ye,
 And there ye come, at beat of drum,
 To see me in the army.
 Rub ■ dub dub, and pilli li loo,
 Whack! fal de lal la, and trilli li loo
 I laugh and sing like anything
 Since I've been in the army.

The lots of girls my train unfurls
 Would form a pleasant party;
 There's Kitty Lynch, a tiddy wench,
 And Suke and Peg M'Carthy:
 Miss Judy Baggs, and Sally Maggs,
 And Martha Sciaggs, all storm me,
 And Molly Magee is after me,
 Since I've been in the army.
 The Sallies and Pollies, the Kitties and Dollies,
 In numbers would alarm ye;
 E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,
 Admires me in the army.

Rub ■ dub dub, &c.

The roaring boys who made a noise,
 And thwack'd me like the mischief,
 Are now become, before me, dumb,
 Or else are very civil.

There's Murphy Roake, who often broke
 My head, now daresn't dare me,
 But bows and quakes, and off he sneaks,
 Since I've been in the army.
 And if one neglect to pay me respect,
 Och! another tips the blarney,
 With "whisht! my friend, and don't offend,
 A gentleman of the army."
 Rub a dub dub, &c.

My arms are bright, my heart is light,
 Good-humor seems to warm me;
 I've now become with every chum,
 A favorite in the army.
 If I go on as I've begun,
 My comrades all inform me,
 They soon shall see that I will be
 A general in the army.
 Delightful notion, to get promotion,
 Then, ladies, how I'll charm ye;
 For it's my belief, commander in chief
 I shall be in the army.
 Rub a dub dub, &c.

A SONG FOR THE POPE.

BY REV. P. MURRAY, D.D., OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

A SONG for the Pope, for the royal Pope,
 Who rules from sea to sea,
 Whose kingdom or sceptre never can fail;
 What a grand old king is he!
 No warrior hordes has he with their swords
 His rock-built throne to guard;
 For against it the gates of hell shall war
 In vain, as they ever have warred.

O never did mightiest monarch yet,
In the day of his power and pride,
Rule, as the good old Pontiff rules,
With his Cardinals by his side.
In terror and death is the conqueror's march,
As the steel tides rise and roll;
But the bonds he binds with our faith and love,
Clasping the heart and the soul.

Great dynasties die, like flowers of the field,
Great empires wither and fall;
Glories there have been that blazed to the stars;
There have been—and that is all.
But there is the grand old Roman See,
The ruins of earth among,
Young with the youth of its earliest prime,
With the strength of Peter strong.

The heretic leader rears his head,
And the lie from his poisoned lips
Goes out, like a thousand shadows of death,
Black as the black eclipse;
But sure and swift, in the destined hour,
The Anathema from on high
Flashes, and down the doomed one falls,
As Lucifer fell from the sky.

Two hundred millions of loyal hearts,
The sheep at the shepherd's voice,
As the tongues of the Angels echo it on
To the ends of the earth, rejoice.
From clime to clime, and throughout all time,
It lives and speaks and thrills,
Away beyond the seas and the streams,
Beyond the eternal hills.

Over all the orb no land more true
 Than our own old Catholic land,
 Through ages of blood to the Rock hath stood—
 True may she ever stand !
 O, ne'er may the star St. Patrick, set
 On her radiant brow, decay !
 Hurra for the grand old Catholic Isle !
 For the grand old Pope, hurra !

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleam
 ing,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
 fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly stream-
 ing ;
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag ~~was~~ still
 there !

O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow'ring steep
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ;
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream :
 'Tis the star-spangled banner ! O, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country shall leave us no more ?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollu-
 tion :

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved ~~us~~ a
 nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

A SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turn'd, to take a last fond look
 At the valley, and the village church, and the cottage by
 the brook;
 He listen'd to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier lean'd upon his sword, and wiped away a
 tear.

Beside that cottage porch a girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf, which flutter'd in the breeze:
 She breathed a prayer for him, a prayer he could not
 hear;
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped away
 a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot—oh! do not deem him weak,
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart, though tears were on
 his cheek.
 Go watch the foremost ranks in danger's dark career—
 Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear

PATRICK SARSFIELD.

"THERE are few names more worthy to be inscribed in the roll of honor than that of Patrick Sarsfield, who may be quoted as a type of loyalty and patriotic devotion. In the annals of Irish history he stands as a parallel to Pierre du Terrail and Chevalier de Bayard, in those of France, and may be equally accounted *sans peur et sans reproche*, 'the fearless and irreproachable' Knight, in his public actions firm and consistent, in his private character amiable and unblemished. . . . At the end of the war, William III. would have gladly won his services, and he offered to continue him in his rank and property; but he listened to no overture and left his native country attended by thousands of that gallant body, who, under the title of 'Irish Brigade' filled the continent of Europe with their renown."

SHAMUS O'BRIEN

A TALE OF 'NINETY-EIGHT, AS RELATED BY AN IRISH
PEASANT.

Lefanu.

JUST after the war, in the year 'ninety-eight,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'TWAS the custom, whenever a peasant was got,
'To hang him by trial—barrin' such as was shot.

THERE was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial law hangin' the lavin's by night.
It's then was hard times for an honest gossoon,
If he missed the judges he'd meet a dragoon.

An' whether the sojers or judges gave sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance;
An' the many a fine boy was then on his kapin'
With a small share of restin' or sittin' or sleepin'

An' because they loved Erin, and scorned to sell it,
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullit—
 Unsheltered by night and unrested by day,
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.

An' the bravest an' honestest boy of thim all
 Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town of Glingall;
 His limbs wor well set, an' his body was light,
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half as white.

But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
 An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red
 An' for all that he was'nt an ugly young boy,
 For the old boy himself couldn't blaze with his eye,

So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depths of the night;
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
 An' the elegantest hurler that ever was seen.

In fencin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,
 An' in jumpin' he gave Tom Molony a fut;
 For lightness of foot there was not his peer,
 For, by heaven! he almost outrun the red deer.

An' his dancin' was such that the men used to stare.
 An' the women turn crazy, he did it so square:
 An' sure the whole world gave in to him there!

An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
 An' it's often he ran, an' it's often he fought;
 An' it's many the one can remember quite well
 The quare things he did, an' it's oft I heerd tell

How he frightened the magistrates in Cahirbally,
 An' escaped through the sojers in Aherlo valley,
 An' leathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
 An' stretched the four strongest on old Galtimore.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood of the best;
An' many an action of power an' of pride,
An' many a night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers an' toils overpast,
In darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
An' take your last look at her dim, misty light,
That falls on the mountain and valley to-night.

One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering far-distant wood;
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still.

Farewell to the pattrern, the hurlin', an' wake,
An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake!
An' twelve sojers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' with irons secured him, refusin' all bail.

The fleet limbs wor chained, the sthrong hands wor bound,
An' he lay down his length on the cold presen ground.
An' the dhrames of his childhood kem over him there,
As gentle and soft as the sweet summer air.

Al' happy remembrance crowdin' an ever,
As fast as the foam flakes dhrift down an the river,
Bringin' fresh to his heart merry days long gone by
Till the tears gathered heavy an thick in his eye.

But the tears didn't fall, for the pride iv his heart
Wouldn't suffer one dhrop down his pale cheek to start
An' he sprang to Lis feet in the dark presen cave,
An' he swore with a fierceness that misery gave

By the hopes iv the good an' the cause iv the brave,
 That when he was mouldhering in the cowl'd grave,
 His inimies never should have it to boast
 His scorn iv their vengeance one moment was lost.
 His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry
 For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

PART SECOND.

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over an' gone,
 The terrible day of the trial came on;
 There was such a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
 An' sojers on guard, an' dragoons sword in hand.

An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
 An' attorneys and criers on the point of being smothered;
 An' counsellors almost gave over for dead,
 An' the jury sittin' up in the box overhead.

An' the judge setted out so determined an' big,
 An' the gown on his back, and an elegant wig,
 An' silence was called and the minute 'twas said,
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead.

An' they heard but the opening of one prison lock,
 An' Shamus O'Brien came into the dock—
 For one moment he turned his eyes round on the throng,
 An' then looked on the bars so firm and so strong

An he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
 As calm an' as cold as a statue of stor 3.

An' they read a big writin' a yard long at laste,
 An Shamus didn't see it, nor mind it a taste,
 An the judge took a big pinch of snuff, an' he says:
 "Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, if you please?"

An' all held their breath in silence of dread,
 An' Shamus O'Brien made answer an' said:
 "My lord, if you ask me if in my life-time
 I thought any treason or did any crime,

"That should call to my cheek, ~~as~~ I stand alone here,
 The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow
 Before God and the world I would answer you, "No."

"But if you would ask me, ~~as~~ I think it like,
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
 An' fought for old Ireland from the first to the close,
 An' shed the hearts' blood of her bitterest foes—

"I answer you, "Yes"; an' I tell you again,
 Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
 In her cause I am willing my veins should run dry,
 An' that now ~~for~~ her sake I am willing to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
 By my soul it's himself was the crabbed ould chap!
 In a twinkling he pulled on his ugly black cap.

Then Shamus's mother, in the crowd standin' by,
 Called out to the judge in a pitiful cry,
 "Oh! judge, darlin', don't—oh! don't say the word
 The crayther is young—have mercy, my lord!

"You don't know him, my lord! oh! don't give him to ruin
 He was foolish—he didn't know what he was doin':
 He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest hearted—
 Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted!

"Judge, mavourneen, forgive him—forgive him, my lord!
 An' God will forgive you—oh! don't say the word!"
 This was the first minute O'Brien was shaken,
 When he ~~saw~~ that he was not quite forgotten or forsaken.

An' down his pale cheek, at the word of his mother,
The big tears were running, one after the other,
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the streng manly voice used to falter and break.

But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride
He conquer'd an' mastered his grief's swelling tide ;
An' says be, "Mother don't—don't break your poor heart
Sure, sooner or later, the dearest must part,

"An' God knows it's better than wandering in fear,
On the bleak trackless mountains among the wild deer,
To be in the grave, where the heart, head, an' breast ;
From labor and sorrow forever shall rest.

"Then, mother, my darling, don't cry any more—
Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour ,
For I wish, when my heart's lyin' under the raven,
No true man can say that I died like a craven."

Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

PART THIRD.

The morning was bright, and the mists rose on high,
And the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky—
But why are the men standing idle so late ?
And why do the crowd gather fast in the street ?

What come they to talk of ? What come they to see
And why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree ?
Oh ! Shamus O'Brien, pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your sou' for this day is your last.

Pray fast and strong, for the moment is nigh,
When strong, proud, and great as you are, you must die !
At last they drew open the big prison gate,
And out came the sheriffs and sojers of state.

An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it—
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minit,
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' an' blessin', an' all the girls cryin',

A wild wailin' sound kem on all by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees,
On, on, to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the car, an' the sojers go steadily on.

An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild sorrowful sound that would open your heart,
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with a rope in his hand.

An' the priest havin' blest him gets down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one look around.
Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still,
Young faces turn sickly, an' warm hearts turn chill;

An' the rope being ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe of the life-strangling cords to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer

But the good priest did more—for his hands he unbound.
An' with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground
Bang! bang! go the carbines, an' clash go the sabres;
He's not down! he's alive! now attend to him, neighbors

By one shout from the people the heavens are shaken,
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken;
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hanging, 'tis yourself you must hang

To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe glin,
An' the luck's in the dice if you catch him agin;
The sojers run this way, the sheriffs run that,
An Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat.

An' the sheriffs were both of them punished sevarely,
 An' fined very steep because Jim done them fairly
 A week after this time, without firin' a cannon,
 A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon.
 An' the captain left word he was goin' to Cork,
 But the divil a bit—he was bound to New York.

The very next spring—a bright mornin' in May—
 An' just six months after the great hangin' day—
 A letter was brought to the town of Kildare,
 An' on the outside was written out fair :

“ ‘Tis ould Mrs. O'Brien, in Ireland, or elsewhere.”
 An' the inside began—“ My dear good ould Mother,
 I'm safe, an' I'm happy—an' not wishin' to bother
 You in radin'—with the help of the priest—
 I send you enclosed in this letter at least
 Enough to pay him an' to fetch you away
 To the land of the free and the brave—Amerikay !
 Here you'll be happy, an' never made cryin'
 As long as you're the mother of Shamus O'Brien.

“ Give my love to sweet Biddy, an' tell her beware
 Of that spalpeen who calls himself ‘ Lord of Kildare.’
 An' just say to the judge, I don't care a rap
 For him, or his wig, or his dirty black cap.

“ An' as for the dragoons—they paid men of slaughter—
 Say I love them as well as th' old boy loves holy water
 An' now, my good mother, one word of advice—
 Fill your bag with potatoes, an' bacon, an' rice ;

“ An' tell my sweet Biddy, the best way of all
 Is now, an' forever, to leave ou'l Glengall,
 An' come with you, taking a snug cabin berth,
 An' bring us a sod of the ould Shamrock earth.

"An' when you start from ould Ireland take passage at Cork,
 An' come straight across to the town of New York:
 An' there ask the Mayor the best way to go
 To the town of Cincinnati—the state of Ohio.
 An' there you will find me, without much tryin',
 At the 'Harp an' the Eagle,' kept by Shamus O'Brien."

THE IRISH JIG.

AIR—One Bumper at Parting.

OH, my blessing be on you, old Ireland,
 My own land of frolic and fun!
 For all sorts of mirth and diversion,
 Your like isn't under the sun.
 Bohemia may boast of its polka,
 And Spain of its waltzes talk big;
 Oh, they are all nothing but limping,
 Compared with our own Irish jig.

CHORUS.

Then a fig for your new-fashioned waltzes,
 Imported from Spain and from France;
 And a fig for the thing called the polka—
 Our own Irish jig is the dance!

They tell how this jig came in fashion—
 And I believe that the story is true—
 'Twas Adam and Eve that first danced it:
 The reason was, partners were few.
 And although they could both dance the polka,
 Eve thought it was not over-chaste;
 So she preferred the jig to the dancing—
 And, 'faith, I approve of her taste.

Then a fig, &c.

The light-hearted daughters of Erin,
 Like wild deer on the mountain that bound,
 Their feet never touch the green island,
 But music is struck from the ground.

And oft on their hills and green valleys
 They dance with such light and such grace,
 That even the daisies they tread on.
 Look up with delight in their face.
 Then a fig, &c.

They tell how this jig it was danced by
 The kings and the great men of yore;
 King O'Toole himself could well foot it,
 To a tune they called Rory O'More.
 And oft in the great halls of Tara,
 Our famous King Brien Boru,
 He danced this old jig with his nobles,
 And played on his harp to it, too.
 Then a fig, &c.

And, sure, when Herodias's daughter
 Was dancing in King Herod's sight,
 His heart, that for years had been frozen,
 Was melted with joy and delight.
 And oft, and a hundred times over,
 I heard Father Flanagan tell,
 'Twas this very same jig that she footed,
 That pleased the ould villain so well.
 Then a fig, &c.

THE IRISHMAN.

'Tis myself that bears an illigant name,
 And who dare say it is not?
 I was born one day when my mother was out,
 In a nate little mud-built cot.
 My father was the broth of a boy,
 And my mother was the same,—
 The reason, my jewels, do you hear,
 That I bear such an illigant name.

CHORUS.

I'm the broth of a boy, deny it wno can,
 And my mother's a true-born Irishman!
 I'm the broth of a boy, deny it who can,
 And my mother's a true-born Irishwoman!

There's the English, the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welch,
 And success to them all jolly four;
 And bad luck to me if one of them will flinch,
 If there was but one to a score.
 For John Bull's cold steel will make them freeze;
 Paddy's shillelah will warm them enough;
 Taffy will choke them with red-hot toasted cheese;
 And Scotchy will blind them with snuff.

'Tis a glorious army, deny it who can,
 John Bull, Taffy, Scotchy, and an Irishman
 'Tis a glorious army, deny it who can,
 John Bull, Taffy, Scotchy, and an Irishman!

At the city of Delhi we gave them cayenne,
 And our sojers they fought first-rate;
 And with determination went in every man,
 When they blew up the Cashmere gate.
 The word of command from our Generals did fly,
 And lion-hearted fought officers and men,
 Blood for blood was our country's cry,
 And we'll never trust the Indians again!

For our country can conquer by land or sea;
 On, boys, for death or victory!
 On, brave army! on, my boys!
 One Irishman can lick ten Sepoys!

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

BY ANDREW CHERRY.

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
 'Twas Saint Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
 And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
 And with dew from his eye often wet it.
 It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through
 the mireland:
 And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little Shamrock, the dear little Shamrock.
 The sweet little, green little Shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
 In each climate that they may appear in;
 And shine through the bog, through the brake, through
 the mireland;
 Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little Shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little Shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
 And still through the bog, through the brake, through the
 mireland,
 From one root should branch, like the Shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little Shamrock,
 The sweet little, green little Shamrock of Ireland.

THE SHAN VAN VOGH.

A BALLAD OF 1796.

Oh! the French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh;
 The French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh;
 Oh! the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here without delay,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 Oh! the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here by break of day
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

And where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh;
 Where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh:
 On the Curragh of Kildare,
 The boys they will be there,
 With their pikes in good repair,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.
 To the Curragh of Kildare
 The boys they will repair,
 And Lord Edward will be there,
 Says the Shan Van Vogh.

Then what will the yeomen do?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh;
 What will the yeomen do?
 Says the Shan Van Vogh:
 What should the yeomen do,
 But throw off the red and blue,
 And swear that they'll be true
 To the Shan Van Vogh?
 What should, &c

And what color will they wear?

Says the Shan Van Vogh;

What color will they wear?

Says the Shan Van Vogh;

What color should be seen

Where our fathers' homes have been,

But their own immortal Green?

Says the Shan Van Vogh.

What color, &c.

And will Ireland then be free?

Says the Shan Van Vogh;

Will Ireland then be free?

Says the Shan Van Vogh.

Yes! Ireland SHALL be free,

From the centre to the sea;

Then hurra for Liberty!

Says the Shan Van Vogh,

Yes! Ireland, &c.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

O, PADDY dear, and did you hear the news that's going
round,

The Shamrock is forbid by laws, to grow on Irish ground;
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his color last be
seen,

For there's a bloody law agin the wearing of the green
O, I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the
hand,

And he says, "How is Ould Ireland, and how does she
stand?"

"She's the most distressed country that ever I have seen,
For they are hanging men and women for the wearing of
green."

And since the color we must wear, is England's cruel red,
Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they
have shed:

Then take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the
 sod,
 It will take root, and flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod.
 When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing
 as they grow,
 And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure does
 not show,
 Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,
 But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to the wearing of
 the green.

But if at last her colors should be torn from Ireland's
 heart;
 Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old soil
 will part;
 I've heard whispers of a country that lies far beyond the
 sea,
 Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's
 day.
 O! Erin, must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
 Must we ask a mother's blessing in a strange but happy
 land?
 Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom is never to be
 seen,
 But where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wearing of
 the green

THE CORK LEG.

AIR—The King and the Countryman.

I'LL tell you a story without any sham :
 In Holland lived Mynheer Von Flam,
 Who every morning said "I am
 The richest merchant in Rotterdam."

Ri tooial, &c.

One morning when he was as full as an egg,
 A poor relation came to beg,
 He kick'd him out without broaching a keg,
 But in kicking him out he broke his leg.

Ri tooral, &c.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
 Came, and he made a long oration,
 He wanted a limb for anatomization,
 So he finish'd the job by amputation.

Ri tooral, &c.

Says he, when the surgeon had done his work,
 "By your sharp knife I lose one fork,
 But on to crutches I'll never stalk,
 For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."

Ri tooral, &c.

An artist in Rotterdam, it would seem,
 Had made cork legs his study and theme,
 Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
 And the springs were a compound of clock-work and
 steam.

Ri tooral, &c.

The leg came home, and fitted right,
 Inspection the artist did invite,
 Its fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
 He fix'd it on, and he screw'd it tight.

Ri tooral, &c.

He walk'd through each square, and he pass'd each shop,
 Of speed he went at the utmost top,
 He went with a bounce, and a jump, and a hop,
 When he found his leg he could not stop.

Ri tooral, &c.

Horror and grief were in his face,
 The neighbors thought he was running a race,
 He clung to a lamp-post to stop his pace
 But the leg kept on, nor gave up the chase.

Ri tooral, &c.

He call'd to some men with all his might,
 "O! stop my leg, or I'm murder'd quite."
 But though they heard him aid invite,
 In less than a minute he was out of sight.

Ri tooral, &c.

He did his best to ease his pain,
 He went o'er hill, and field, and plain,
 He laid himself down, but all in vain,
 For the leg got up and was off again.

Ri tooral, &c.

He walk'd of days and nights a score,
 Of Europe soon he made the tour,
 He died, and though he was no more,
 His leg kept on the same as before.

Ri tooral, &c.

The leg-maker grumbles and loudly swears,
 That of his bill he'll increase the amount
 But for all this the leg never cares,
 But still keeps up a running account.

Ri tooral, &c.

I've told my story fairly and free,
 Of the funniest man I ever did see,
 He never was buried, though dead he be,
 And I am now singing his L E G. Ri tooral, &c.

THE OLD RACE.

AIR—Garryowen.

HURRA for the brave old Irish race
 That fire or sword could not efface,
 That lives and thrives and grows apace

However its foes assail it—

That point by point, and day by day
 Wins back its rights, and works its way!
 And bursts its bonds—Hurra! Hurra!

With a hundred cheers we'll hail it!

What did those foes to the old race do?
 They wreck'd their country through and through,
 They robb'd and stripp'd, they hacked and slew,
 They hang'd and burn'd, and drown'd them,
 But vainly spent were storm and shock
 On that deathless seed, that living rock—
 The Isle is filled with the brave old stock,
 And they've worth and wealth around them!

When fire and sword had done their parts,
 Then tried those foes their baser arts,
 By dark degrees to change the hearts
 That never would yield or falter;
 But now, as in the days of old,
 The Irish heart is native gold,
 Cast in the glorious heaven-made mould,
 No power on earth can alter!

And if good work is yet undone,
 If rights remain yet to be won,
 As sure as the rising of the sun,
 'Twill be the same proud story,
 Till ends the strife in Liberty,
 Till stands the race redeemed and free,
 And all the isle from sea to sea
 Is one bright field of glory!

THE FORLORN HOPE.

A SONG OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

AIR—Cruiskeen Lawn.

LET us lift the green flag high
 Underneath this foreign sky,
 Unrol the verdant volume to the wind.
 As we hasten to the fight
 Let us drink a last good night
 To the beauty which we leave, boys, behind, behind,
 behind;
 To the beauty which we leave, boys, behind.

Plant it high upon the breach,
And within the flag-staff's reach;
We'll offer it the tribute of our gore.
Yes! on that altar high,
'Spite of tyrants we can die,
And our spirits to the saints above may soar, ~~soar~~
soar;
And our spirits to the saints above may ~~soar~~.

Liberty is gone,
Now 'tis glory leads us on,
And spangles gloomy slavery's night;
If freedom's shattered bark
Have not foundered i' the dark,
Her wreck must ~~see~~ this beacon bright, bright,
bright;
Her wreck will ~~see~~ this beacon bright.

Yes; glory's shining light
Must irradiate the night,
And renew the flaming splendor of the day!
And freedom's sinking crew
Shall recover hope anew,
And hail the blazing splendor of this ray, ray,
ray;
And hail the blazing splendor of this ray.

The green flag on the air,
Sons of Erin and despair,
To the breach in serried column quick advance.
On the summit we may fall:
Hand in hand, my comrades all,
Let us drink a last adieu to merry France, France,
France;
Let us drink a last adieu to merry France.

To Erin, comrades, too,
 And her sunny skies of blue,
 A goblet commingled with tears !
 With the *fleur-de-lis* divine,
 The green shamrock shall entwine ;
 But the Ancient see the Sun-burst rears, ~~rears~~
 rears ;
 The Ancient see the Sun-burst rears.

THE COW THAT ATE THE PIPER.

In the year '98, when our troubles were great,
 And it was treason to be a Milesian,
 That black-whisker'd set we will never forget,
 Though history tells us they were Hessian.
 In this troublesome time, oh ! 'twas a great crime,
 And murder never was riper,
 At the side of Glenshee not an acre from me,
 There lived one Denny Byrne, a piper.

Neither wedding nor wake would be worth a shake,
 Where Denny was not first invited,
 At squeezing the bags and emptying the kegs,
 He astonished as well as delighted.
 In these times poor Denny could not earn one penny,
 Martial law had him stung like a viper ;
 They kept him within till the bones and the skin
 Were grinning thro' the rags of the piper.

One evening in June, as he was going home,
 After the fair of Rathnagan,
 What should he see from the branch of a tree,
 But the corpse of a Hessian there hanging.
 Says Denny, "those rogues have boots, I've brogues ;"
 On the boots then he laid such a griper,
 He pulled with such might, and the boots were so tight,
 That legs and boots came away with the piper

Then Denny did run, for fear of being hung,
 Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin :
 Says Tim from within, " I can't let you in,
 You'll be shot if you're caught there a rapping."
 He went to the shed, where the cow was in bed,
 With a wisp he began to wipe her ;
 They lay down together on a seven-foot feather ;
 And the cow fell a hugging the piper.

Then Denny did yawn, as the day it did dawn,
 And he streeled off the boots of the Hessian ;
 The legs—by the law, he left on the straw
 And he gave them leg-bail for his mission.
 When the breakfast was done, Tim sent out his son,
 To make Denny jump up like a lamp-lighter ;
 When the legs there he saw, he roar'd like a jackdaw,
 "Oh, daddy ! the cow's ate the piper !"

"Musha bad luck on the beast—she'd a musical taste,
 For to eat such a beautiful chanter ;
 Arrah ! Patrick avic, take a lump of a stick,
 Drive her off to Glenhealy—we'll cant her."
 Mrs. Kennedy bawl'd, and the neighbors were call'd,
 They began for to humbug and gibe her ;
 To the churchyard Tim walked, with the legs in a box,
 And the cow will be hung for the piper.

The cow she was drove a mile or two off,
 To the fair at the side of Glenhealy,
 And there she was sold for four guineas in gold,
 To clerk of the parish, Tim Daly.
 They went to a tent, the luck-penny was spent,
 The clerk being a jolly old swiper.
 Who d'ye think was there, playing the "Rakes of KB
 dare,"
 But poor Denny Byrne, the piper !

Then Tim gave a bolt, like a half-drunken colt,
 At the piper he gazed like a *gommack*,
 He said, "By the powers! I thought these eight hours
 You were playing in *driman dhu's* stomach!"
 Then Denny observed how the Hessian was served,
 And they all wish'd Nick's cure to the griper;
 For grandeur they met, their whistles they wet,
 And like fairies they danced round the piper.

THE TAIL IV ME COAT.

I LARNED me reading an' writing,
 At Ballyragget where I wint to school,
 'Twas there I first took to fighting,
 With the schoolmaster, Misther O'Toole;
 He and I had many a scrimmage,
 The never a copy I wrote,
 But not a gossoon in the village,
 Dare thread on the tail iv me coat.

I an illegant hand was at courting,
 For lessons I took in the art,
 Till Cupid, that blaggard, while sporting,
 A big arrow sint smack through my heart
 Miss O'Connor, I live straight forninst her,
 And tindh her lines to her I wrote,
 Who dare say a black word against her,
 Why I'd thread on the tail iv their coat.

A bog-trotter, wan Micky Mulvany,
 He tried for to coax her away;
 He had money and I hadn't any,
 So a challenge I sent him wan day.
 Next morning we met at Killhealy,
 The Shannon we crossed in a boat,
 There I lather'd him wid me shillely,
 For he trod on the tail iv me coat.

Me fame spread through the nation,
 Folks flock for to gaze upon me,
 All cry out without hesitation,
 "Och, yer a fightin man, Micky Magee!"
 I fought with the Finnigan faction,
 We bate all the Murphys afloat,
 If inclined for a row or a ruction,
 Why, I'd tread on the tail iv me coat.

THY HARP, BELOVED ERIN.

BY LEMAN REDE.

AIR—Erin-go-bragh.

THY harp, beloved Erin, sounds over the deep,
 Like the murmuring sigh of an infant asleep—
 My own native Ireland—my dear native Ireland,
 Oh, Erin-go-bragh.

The gales that blow o'er thee, lovely Ireland, **are** dear,
 As a mother's caress, or a penitent's tear,
 Oh, the heart homes of Ireland—the dear, dear homes of
 Ireland, Oh, Erin-go-bragh.

The dove ne'er returned whom the ark saw depart,
 For he built an abode in Hibernia's heart,
 Olive branch'd Ireland, olive branch'd Ireland,
 Oh, Erin-go-bragh.

THE PILOT.

"OH, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
 There's danger on the deep,
 I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
 I do not dare to sleep."
 "Go down!" the sailor cried, "go down,
 This is no place for thee;
 Fear not! but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be."

"Ah! pilot, dangers often met,
 We all are apt to slight,
 And thou hast known these raging ~~waves~~
 But to subdue their might."
 "It is not apathy," he cried,
 "That gives this strength to me,
 Fear not! but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night, the sea engulph'd
 My father's lifeless form;
 My only brother's boat went down,
 In just so wild a storm;
 And such perhaps may be my fate,—
 But still I say to thee,
 Fear not! but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be."

THE DONNYBROOK JIG.

OH, 'twas Dermot O'Nolan M'Figg,
 That could properly handle a twig;
 He went to the fair,
 And kicked up a dust there,
 In dancing the Donnybrook jig,
 With his wig
 Oh! my blessing to Dermot M'Figg.

When he came to the midst of the fair
 He was all in a *paugh* of fresh air,
 For the fair very soon,
 Was as full as the moon.
 Such mobs upon mobs were there,
 Oh, rare!
 So more luck to sweet Donnybrook fair.

The souls they came pouring in fast,
 To dance while the leather would last,
 For the Thomas-street brogue
 Was there in much vogue,
 And oft with a brogue a joke passed,
 Quite fast,
 While the cash and the whiskey did last.

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
 In search of his sweetheart he went,
 Peeped in here and there,
 As he walked through the fair,
 And took a small drop in each tent as he went,
 Och ! on whiskey'd love he was bent.

And who should he spy in a jig,
 With a meal man, so tall and so big,
 But his own darling Kate,
 So gay and so nate—
 Faith, her partner he hit him a dig,
 The pig,
 He beat the meal out of his wig.

Then Dermot, with conquest elate,
 Drew a stool near beautiful Kate:
 "Arrah, Katty !" says he,
 " My own cushlamachree !
 Sure, the world for beauty, you beat,
 Complete,
 So we'll just take a dance while we wait."

The piper to keep him tune,
 Struck up a gay lilt very soon,
 Until an arch wag
 Cut a hole in his bag,
 And at once put an end to the tune,
 Too soon,
 Och ! the music flew up to the moon.

To the fiddler says Dermot M'Figg,
 "If you'll please to play 'Shelah ~~na~~ gig,
 We'll shake a loose toe,
 While you humor the bow,
 To be sure you won't warm the wig
 Of M'Figg,
 While he's dancing a tight Irish jig."

The meal man he looked very shy,
 While a great big tear stood in his eye,
 He cried, "Oh dear, how I'm kilt,
 All alone for that jilt,
 With her may the birds fly high
 In the sky,
 For I'm murder'd and don't know for why."

"Oh!" says Dermot, and he in the dance,
 Whilst a step towards his foe did advance,
 "By the Father of men,
 Say but that word again,
 And I'll soon knock you back in a trance
 To your dance,
 For with me you'd have but a small chance."

"But," says Katty, the darlint, says she,
 "If you'll only just listen to me,
 It's myself that will show,
 That he can't be your foe,
 Though he fought for his cousin, that's me."
 Says she,
 For, sure, Billy's related to me.

"For my own cousin-jarmin, Anne Wild
 Stood for Biddy Mulroony's first child,
 And Biddy's step son,
 Sure he married Bess Dunn,
 Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild
 A child,
 As ever at mother's breast smiled

' And may be you don't know Jane Brown,
Who served goats' whey in sweet Dundrum town,
 'Twas her uncle's half-brother
 That married my mother,
And bought me this new yellow gown,
 To go down,
Where the marriage was held in Milltown."

Oh, then how the girls did look,
When the clergyman opened his book,
 Till young Nelly Shine,
 Tipt Dermot a sign,
Faith, he soon popped her into a nook
 Near the brook,
And there he linked arms with the cook.

"By the powers!" then says Dermot, "'tis plain,
Like the son of that rapscallion Cain,
 My best friend I have kilt,
 Though no blood there is spilt,
And the never a harm did I mean,
 That's plain,
But by me he'll be ne'er kilt again."

Then the mealman forgave him the blow,
That laid him a-sprawling so low,
 And being quite gay,
 Asked them both to the play,
But Katty, being bashful, said "No,
 No, no,"
Yet he treated them all to the show.

THE DEATH OF SARSFIELD.

[Sarsfield was slain on the 29th July, 1693, at Landen, heading his countrymen in the van of victory—King William flying. He could not have died better. His last thoughts were for his country. As he lay on the field, unhelmed and dying, he put his hand to his breast. When he took it away it was full of his best blood. Locking at it sadly with an eye in which victory shone a moment before, he said faintly, "Oh! that this were for Ireland." He said no more; and history records no nobler saying, nor any more becoming death.]

SARSFIELD has sailed from Limerick Town,
He held it long for country and crown;
And ere he yielded, the Saxon swore
To spoil our homes and our shrines no more.

Sarsfield and all his chivalry
Are fighting for France in the Low Countries—
At his fiery charge the Saxons reel,
They learned at Limerick to dread the steel.

Sarsfield is dying on Landen's plain;
His corslet hath met the ball in vain—
As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
He says, "Oh! that this was for fatherland!"

Sarsfield is dead, yet no tears shed we—
For he died in the arms of Victory.
And his dying words shall edge the brand,
When we chase the foe from our native land!

THE IRISH HURRAH.

HAVE you hearkened the eagle scream over the sea?
Have you hearkened the breaker beat under your lee?
A something between the wild waves, in their play,
And the kingly bird's scream, is the Irish Hurrah.

How it rings on the rampart when Saxons assail—
 How it leaps on the level, and crosses the vale,
 Till the talk of the cataract faints on its way,
 And the echo's voice cracks with the Irish Hurrah.

How it sweeps o'er the mountain when hounds are on
 scent,
 How it presses the billows when rigging is rent,
 Till the enemy's broadside sinks low in dismay,
 As our boarders go in with the Irish Hurrah.

Oh! there's hope in the trumpet and glee in the fife,
 But never such music broke into a strife,
 As when at its bursting, the war-clouds give way,
 And there's cold steel along with the Irish Hurrah.

What joy for a death-bed, your banner above,
 And round you the pressure of patriot love,
 As you're lifted to gaze on the breaking array
 Of the Saxon reserve at the Irish Hurrah.

THE WHISTLING THIEF.

SAMUEL LOVER.

WHEN Pat came o'er the hills, his colleen fair to see,
 His whistle, loud and shrill, his signal was to be.

[*Shrill whistle.*]

"Oh! Mary," the mother cried, "there's some one whis-
 tling sure."

"Oh! mother, you know it's the wind that's whistling
 through the door."

[*Whistles "Garryowen."*]

"I've lived a long time, Mary, in this wide world, my
 dear,
 But the wind to whistle like that, I never yet did hear."

"But, mother, you know the fiddle hangs just behind the
chink.

And the wind upon the string is playing a tune, I
think."

[*Dog barks.*]

"The dog is barking now, and the fiddle can't play ~~that~~
tune."

But, mother, you know that dogs will bark when
they see the moon."

"Now how can he see the moon, when you know he's old
and blind?

Blind dogs can't see the moon, nor fiddles be played by
the wind."

[*Pig grunts.*]

"And there is the pig, onaisy in his mind."

"But, mother, you know they say that pigs ~~can see~~ the
wind."

"That's all very well in the day, but then, I may remark,
That pigs, no more than we, can see anything in the
dark.

"Now I'm not such a fool as you think; I know very well
it is Pat.

Be off, you whistling thief! and get along home out of
that!

And you be off to your bed, and don't bother me with
your tears,

For though I've lost my eyes, I have not lost my ears."

MORAL.

Now boys, too near the house don't courting go, d'ye mind,
Unless you're certain ~~sure~~ the old woman's both deaf
and blind;

The days when they were young, forget they never can—
They're sure to tell the difference 'twixt a fiddle, a dog,
or a man.

THE BOLD IRISH SOLDIER.

AIR—The Girl I Left Behind Me.

A RAW recruit, och shure is me.
 I enlisted in Phildelaphy,
 Fieldmarshal soon I came to be,
 Tip-top of the Union army.
 Oh, what pleasure an' oh what joys,
 'Twill be to gain promotion.
 I've a taste for fighting, anyhow, boys,
 An' a better one for the lotion.

Spoken.—Arrah! an' ain't I, sure, fond of the lotion.
 Look at the bloom on the top of my nose. Ain't it beautiful. But the worst of it is it is always runnin' an' the sorra bit can I stop it, and that's not military, is it lads? It wants a rum puncheon (punching). I should think that would do it. But enough. I'll leave my nose alone an' go on wid my tale. Well, afther I took the bounty, I enlisted and got dhrunk to the tune of—

CHORUS.

With spirits gay I'll march away,
 All danger to be scorning;
 I could fight all night till the break of day,
 An' come home quite fresh in the morning

Now I an' another an' a good many more,
 Had to strip an' show our figure,
 An' be well examined by Dr. O'Moore,
 Afore we could pull a trigger.
 The Docther patted us on our backs,
 Say he, "None can be prouder,
 Yez can give an' take some thunderin whacks,
 An' yer rattlin stuff for powder."

Spoken.—Well, an' afther we were all well aquainted

at, the Sargent comes up, and says, "Fall in: Quick march, an' don't fall out," an' thin we all marched in a straight line down crooked lanes till we came to the Pig in the Pound, kept by a mighty civil landlord, who lost his appetite directly we entered, an' I belave has not regained it since. However, he put us six in a bed, and all of us dreamed about ould Ireland, the first Jim of the Say, bless the veins of her heart. An' somehow or another we all dreamed we were fightin' the enemy, for in the middle of the night we all rolled on to the floor, an' I received a murderous kick on the jaw from Mick Casey's iron-tipped boot, who let daylight into Kelly's skull, who holloed out blue murder, which woke the chap of a sargent up, who soon got knocked down, but up came the picket, an' we were marched off to be drilled to the tune of——

AIR—Young Recruit.

See these ribbons gaily flying,
 I name fightin' for the flag,
 I name fightin' for the flag.
 For that I don't mind dyin'
 Since to ould Ireland good it's been.
 I'll serve it with right good will,
 And help to cure or kill
 Any cruel despot's band,
 Should they e'er attempt to land,
 For we're made of fightin' stuff,
 An' they'll get handled rather tough,
 Then three cheers for our Union flag,
 Three cheers for our Union flag.

Spoken.—Well, I shan't say anything more about myself or any other man to-night lads, but drop in to-morrow & your poor feet will let you, an' hear me sing to the tune

With spirits gay I'll march away, &c.

THE MACS AND THE O'S.

WHEN Ireland was founded by the Macs and the O's,
 I never could learn, for nobody knows:
 But history says they came over from Spain,
 To visit old Granua, and there to remain;
 Our fathers were heroes for wisdom and fame;
 For multiplication they practised the same;
 St. Patrick came over to heal their complaints,
 And very soon made them an island of saints.

The harp and the shamrock were carried before
 Brave Roderick O'Connor and Roger O'Moore,
 And the good and bad deeds of the Macs and the O's,
 And this is the tale that these verses disclose.
 Hugh Neil of Tyrone, O'Donnel, O'Moore,
 O'Brien, O'Kelly, O'Connell galore,
 All houses so royal, so loyal and old,
 One drop of their blood was worth ounces of gold.

McDonnell, McDougal, O'Curran, O'Keefe,
 Sly Redmond O'Hanlon, the Rapderrey chief;
 O'Maley, McNally, O'Sullivan rare,
 O'Faily, O'Daily, O'Eurns of Kildare;
 O'Dougherty, chief of the Isle Inishone,
 McGinness, the prince of the valleys of Down,
 The Collerans, Hollerans, every one knows;
 The Raffertys, Flahertys—they were all O's.

One-eyed King McCormick, and great Phil McCool,
 McCarty of Dermot and Tooley O'Toole,
 Hugh Neil the grand and great Brian Boru,
 Sir Tagen O'Regen and Con Donohue;
 O'Hara, O'Marrah, O'Conner, O'Kane,
 O'Carroll, O'Farrell, O'Brennan, O'Drane,
 With Murtaugh McDermot, that wicked old Turk,
 Who had a crim. con. with the wife of O'Rourke.

McGra, McGrath, McGill, McKeon,
 McCadden, McFadden, McCarron, McGlone,
 McGarren, McFarren, McClarey, McCoy,
 McHaley, McClinch, McElrath, McElroy ;
 McMillan, McClellan, McGillan, McFinn,
 McCullagh, McCunn, McManus, McGyn ;
 McGinley, McKinley, McCaffray, McKay,
 McCarral, McFarrell, McCurchy, McRay.

O'Dillon, O'Dolan, O'Devlin, O'Doyle,
 O'Mullen, O'Nolan, O'Bolan, O'Boyle ;
 O'Murray, O'Rooney, O'Corney, O'Kane,
 O'Cary, O'Leary, O'Shea and O'Shane,
 O'Brien, O'Rourke, O'Reilley, O'Neill,
 O'Hagan, O'Reagan, O'Fagan, O'Sheil ;
 O'Dennis, O'Dwyer, O'Blaney, O'Flynn,
 O'Grady, O'Shaughnessey, Brian O'Lynn.

The daughters of Erin are. Eileen O'Roone,
 And Norah McCushla and Shela McClone,
 With Kathleen Mavourneen and Molley Asthore,
 The beautiful charmers we love and adore.
 There is Dora McCushla and Widow McChree ;
 There is Molly McGuire and Biddy McGee ;
 There is dear Norah Creina and Shelish McGrath,
 And the mother of all is—sweet Erin-go-Bragh !

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

[This song, which is the production of John B. Casey, "the Galtee Boy," who was an inmate of an English dungeon, is immensely popular here, especially in the West, where it is often made the marching tune of bodies of men eager to emulate the patriot example of the men '98. It is sung to the air of "Wearing of the Green."]

"Oh ! then, tell me, Shane O'Farrel, tell me where you hurry so ?"

"Hush, ma bouchal ! hush and listen " and his cheeks were all aglow,

"I bear orders from the Captain : get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon."

CHORUS.

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon :
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon,
I bear orders from the Captain : get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.

"Oh ! then, tell me, Shane O'Farrell, where the gatherin' is to be ?"

In the ould spot, by the river, right well-known to you and me.

One word more : for signal-token, whistle up the marchin' tune,

With your pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of the moon.
By the rising of the moon, &c

Out from many a mud-wall cabin, eyes were watching thro' the night,

Many a manly heart was throbbing for that blessed warnin' light ;

Murmurs passed along the valley, like the banshee's lonely croon,

And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon.
By the rising of the moon, &c.

Down along yon singing river, that dark mass of men was seen,

High above their shining weapons floats their own beloved green,

Death to every foe and traitor ! forward ! strike the marchin' tune !

And hurrah, my boys, for Freedom ! 'tis the rising of the moon.
'Tis the rising of the moon, &c.

It's a friend both so true and so constant,
 It's constancy pen cannot paint,
 For it always is there when it's wanted,
 And sometimes it's there when it aint.
 It beats all your guns and your rifles,
 For it goes off when'er you desire,
 And it's shure to hit what'er it's aimed at,
 For shillalahs they never miss fire.

'Twas a delicate sprig, &c

It's a talisman so upright and honest,
 Twenty shillings it pays to the pound;
 So if ever it gets you in debt, sir.
 You are sure to be paid, I'll be bound.
 It never runs up a long score, sir,
 In trade it's not given to fail,
 There's no danger of it's being insolvent,
 For it always pays down on the nail.

'Twas a delicate sprig &c.

And faith, at an Irish election,
 An argument striking it's there;
 For with brickbats and sprigs of the Shann
 We see things go all right and square,
 It's then there's no bribery at all, sir,
 They vote as they like, every soul,
 But it's no use opposing the shillalah.
 Or it's sure to come down on the poll.

'Twas a delicate sprig, &c

THE DYING SOLDIER;

OR, ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

'Twas a glorious day, worth a warrior's telling:
 Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,
 When, amidst the shouts of victory swelling,
 A soldier fell on the field he'd won

He thought of kings and royal quarrels,
And thought of glory without a smile—
For what had he to do with laurels,
He was only one of the rank and file.
But drawing his little cruiskeen,
He drank to his pretty colleen,
“Oh! darling,” said he, “if I die,
You won’t be a widow, for why?
Sure you would never have me, vourneen.”

Then a raven tress from his bosom taking,
That now was stained with his life stream shed,
A fervent prayer on that ringlet making,
He blessings sought on the loved one’s head.
And visions fair of his native mountains
Arose, enchanting his fading sight;
Her emerald valleys and crystal fountains
Were never shining more clear and bright.
But grasping his little cruiskeen,
He pledged that dear island so green:
“Though far from thy valleys I die,
Dearest isle of my heart, thou art nigh,
As though absent I never had been.”

A tear now fell, for as life was sinking,
The pride that guarded his manly eye
Had weaker grown, and such tender thinking
Brought heaven and home, his true love, nigh;
But, with the fire of his gallant nation,
He scorned surrender without a blow;
He met death with capitulation,
And with warlike honors he would go.
But drawing his little cruiskeen
He drank to his cruel colleen,
To the emerald land of his birth,
Then lifeless he sunk to the earth,
Brave a soldier as ever was seen

THE IRISH RECRUIT.

AIR—Paddy O'Rourke.

PEDDY O'RAN had a valiant heart, and to fight was mighty willing ;

To the sergeant Paddy marched, and took the 'listing shilling.

"Faith, I'll be promoted soon," says he to Corporal Cazy,
 "For I've shouldered the hod for many long years, it will
 tache me to shoot aisy."

Wid a row dow dow, &c.

Spoken.—"Hould up your head," says the sergeant.
 "That's what I'm always after doing—excepting whin I've
 got a whiskey faver, and thin it is a bit lobsided." "Turn
 out your toes," says he. "Faith, and sure don't you see
 my toes are out already ;" and faith, that was true for me,
 for both shoes were *out at elbows*, and the only *stockings* I
 had were *bare feet*. "Stand at ease," cried he. "How
 will I be after doing that same? Sure and faith," said I,
 "I never *stand* at ease but when I *set* down." "Shoulder
 arms," cried he. "Would you have me shoulder legs?"
 says I. "Right about face," says he. "Oh, I'm all right
 about the face," says I. "To the right wheel," says he.
 "If it's the same thing to you I would sooner have a *taste of*
mutton." "Order arms," says he. "Where will I order
 thim," says I. "Load," says he. "The cart or the barrow,"
 says I. "Fire," says he. "Where," says I. "Charge,"
 says he. "Three and a kick," says I. "Take that,"
 says he. And by powers of Poll Kelly he was after hittin
 me such a crack that made me sing——

Row de lew, &c.

At last they drill'd and brac'd me up, and fitted me for battle,
 And off we marched to the field of fight, where the cannons
 loud did rattle.

There the blood did run about just like pools of water,
 "Paiddy," says they, "now which is the best, the gun or the
 hod wid de mortar."

Spoken.—Phat was the use of disliking that same ! They told me I cud but die once ; faith, but I saw many a poor fello'w killed two or three times. At last it came to my turn—for a ball come and knocked me down as dead as a herren. "Get up out of that," says the sargent. "How can I," says I, "sure and don't you see I am *kilt*." "The sorra bit," says he. "Sure then, I'm helpless," says I "and that's just as bad." While he was going on so, bad luck to me but a ball comes along and takes off his leg. "My leg's gone," says he. "Which leg?" says I. "My left," says he. "Och, then," says I, "your right is left." "How's that?" says he. "Because it's the only one *that's left*." So at last we beat the foe, and the drummers bate, and I was taking off the field wid the killed and wounded, got my discharge wid a thumping penchan, which they never pay, causing me to sing.

Row, de dow, &c.

WATERFORD BOYS.

AIR—The Flaming O'Flannigans.

WELL, boys, for divarsion, we all met together ;
 I'll tell you how from Waterford hither I came,
 I left that dear city in dark, gloomy weather,
 My heart it was light and my pockets the same
 I lilted a song as I tripped it along ;
 By the road-side a tavern I happened to spy,
 And, as I was meltin', my pockets I felt in
 For the price of a drink ; I was mortally dry.

CHORUS.

But we are the boys for fun, wit, and element,
 Drinking, and dancing, and all other jcyas,
 Ructions, destruction, divarsion, and enjoyment—
 Who can compare to the Waterford

In the tavern I strolled, out the landlord he rolled;
 "Good mornin'," says he. Says I, "If you please,
 Could you shake me a bed, but first bring some bread,
 With a bottle of porter and a small lump of cheese?"
 For, times they are queer, and provisions are dear;
 If you cannot get meat, with cheese be content.
 Says the landlord: "You're right" as he brought me the bite.
 So, I rolled up my sleeves and at it I went.
 We are the boys &c.

My bread and cheese ended, I then condescended
 To seek my repose: so I bade 'em good night.
 Soon under the clothes I was trying to doze,
 But first popped in my toes, and then popped out the light.
 Not long was I sleeping, I heard something creeping,
 And meandering, and scratching, about the bed-post
 My breath I suspended, but the noise never ended:
 Thinks I: Ye have mighty long claws for a ghost!
 We are the boys, &c.

The row it commences: near out of my senses,
 I ventured to peep from beneath the bed-clothes.
 Milla murther! what's that? 'Twas a big black jack-rass,
 With a leap from the floor, came a top of my nose.
 "Confound ye!" says I, "for a scheming ould vagabone
 Take that, and that." I jumped on the floor;
 "Oh! Moses, blue fire, Biddy! Sophia!
 The rats they are eating me up by the score!"
 We are the boys, &c.

The landlord affrightened, he then brought a light in
 Says I: "I'm near dead, its time I'm away."
 Says he: "Before going, I'd have ye be knowing,
 For supper and bed you've five shillings to pay."
 "Five shillings! for what? Now don't be disgracing
 Yourself as a rogue," says I, "if you please."
 When I can't sleep for rats, you've the brassiest face on ya,
 To charge me five shillings for plain bread and cheese!
 We are the boys, &c.

Says he: "Och, those rats, I wish they would leave me,
They ruin my trade. I'm not worth a rap."

Says I: "The five shillings now would you forgive me,
If I tell you the way to keep out every rat?"

"I will." Says I: "Then to supper invite them,
And plain bread and cheese set before them, be sure,
Don't mind if they're willing, but charge them five shillings,
Bad luck to the rat that ye'll ever see more!"

We are the boys, &c.

WUERE THE GRASS GROWS GREEN.

I'm Denny Blake from County Clare,
And here, at your command,
To sing a song in praise of home,
And my own native land!
I've sailed to foreign counteries,
And in many climes I've been,
But my heart is still with Erin,
Where the grass grows green.

CHORUS.

I love my native country,
And tho' richer land's I've seen
Yet I can't forget Ould Ireland,
Where the grass grows green.

Poor Pat is often painted
With a ragged coat and hat;
His heart and hospitality,
Have much to do with that.
Let slanderers say what they will,
They cannot call him mean;
Sure, a stranger's always welcome
Where the grass grows green.

I love my, &c.

He's foolish, but not vicious,
 His faults I won't defend;
 His purse to help the orphan,
 His life to serve a friend,
 He'll give, without a murmur—
 So, his follies try and screen;
 For, there's noble hearts in Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.
 I love my, &c.

'Tis true he has a weakness
 For a drop of something pure,
 But that's a slight debility
 That many more endure.
 He's fond of fun, he's witty,
 Though his wit 'tis not too keen;
 For there's feeling hearts in Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.
 I love my, &c.

There's not a true-born Irishman,
 Wherever he may be,
 But loves the little Emerald
 That sparkles in the sea.
 May the sun of bright prosperity
 Shine peaceful and serene,
 And bring better days to Erin,
 Where the grass grows green!
 For I love my, &c.

WHAT IRISH BOYS CAN DO.

THEY insult an Irishman, and think naught of what they
 say,
 They'll call him green, an Irish bull—it happens every
 day.

Now to these folks I'll say a word ; to sing a song I'll try ;
And answer to those dirty words : " No Irish need apply ! "
So, if you'll give attention, I'll sing my song to you,
And the subject of this song shall be : What Irish boys
can do.

If you'd come to Ireland, they'd treat you well, I'm sure —
Pat would share his last potato with the destitute and
poor ;
If you were sick and weary, and had no place to rest,
The bed you'd get, though poor, perhaps, would be Pat's
very best ;
He'd nurse you, too ; he would that, and give you plenty,
too ;
And you cannot find a nobler act than Irishmen can do.

Did you ever know an Irishman from any danger flinch ?
In fighting, too, he'd rather die than give his foe an inch,
Among the bravest in the world are the sons of Erin's
green Isle—
Sure, the Iron Duke of Wellington was a native of the
soil—
And didn't he badly whip the French on the plains of
Waterloo ?
Which plainly showed to the whole world what Irishmen
can do.

Did you ne'er hear tell of Sheridan, or lamented Catharine
Hayes ?
Did you ne'er see fun in Irish songs, or laugh at Irish
plays ?
Old Ireland had her statesmen ; their fame the wide world
rings !
She's likewise had musicians to tune her old harp strings !
Not all Irish girls are beautiful, but then they're always
true,
And for faith and generosity the Irish girls will do.

Then, why slur upon the Irish? Why are they treated so?
What is it you have against them? is what I want to know.

Sure, they work for all they get, and that you can't deny!
Then, why insult them with the words: No Irish need apply?

If you want to find their principles, go search the wide world through,
And you'll find all things that's noble the Irish folks can do.

WHY JANT PADDY BE A GENTLEMAN?

WORDS BY GEORGE COOPER.

I WAS told that Pat couldn't be a gentleman; so I've set myself the task,

That I to-night the reason why—of you, my friends, would ask;

Hasn't Ireland her colleges that have for centuries stood
To teach the people? and you know, the teaching might be good,

Haven't Irishmen got heads and hearts? Bedad I know that's so.

Then why can't Paddy be a gentleman? That's what I want to know.

Spoken.—I should like to see it denied. Look at the record and you'll never ask——

CHORUS.

Why can't Paddy be a gentleman?

A gentleman, a gentleman!

Why can't Paddy be a gentleman?

That's what I want to know.

If Paddy's not a gentleman, I'd like to know who is.
You cannot give a reason why—each manly trait is his;

He's always first to help a friend, although his means are
 scant,
 And tho' he's fond of blarney, he hates deceit and cant.
 His coat may be of common frieze, his heart won't freeze,
 oh, no!
 Then why can't Paddy be a gentleman? That's what I
 want to know.

Spoken.—If you know, tell me—

Why can't Paddy, &c.

Just read the Irish history, and in that same you'll find
 Great deeds of Irish gentlemen; St. Patrick's one, d'ye mind?
 If great deeds then, ennobles men, ah, worrah, sure it's true,
 Pat shows a long a list, my boys, as any one can do.
 And don't forget this, ye who sneer at honest Paddy's
 worth,
 That actions make the gentleman, no matter what the birth.

Spoken.—Sure, none of you can tell me—

Why can't Paddy be a gentleman?
 A gentleman, a gentleman!
 Why can't Paddy be a gentleman?
 That's what I want to know!

WIDOW MALONE.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES LEVER.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone
 Ohone
 Who lived in the town of Athlone?
 Ohone!
 h, she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts,
 So lovely the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

[illegible]

Till one Mister O' Brien, from Clare—
How queer!—
It's little for blushing they care
Down there,
Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at least—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone;
My own.
Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
For why?

See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares,
Why even the bears
 In couples agree,
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
 Och hone! Widow Machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone! Widow Machree,
Why, the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
 Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled—
Could you sleep on your bed,
 Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
 Crying, och hone! Widow Machree.

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
 Och hone, Widow Machree,
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

You'd have me to desire,
 And to stir up the fire,
 And, sure, hope is no liar,
 In whispering to me,
 That the ghosts would depart
 When you'd be near my heart,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

OLD IRELAND'S LIBERTY.

REJOICE ! rejoice ! Hibernia's sons rejoice !

For the day is near at hand when the French are going to land !

Then rejoice ! rejoice ! Hibernia's sons rejoice !

For soon we shall see the day of liberty.

Old Ireland shall be free, and to that we all agree,
 For the foeman may meet us, and in battle not defeat us ;
 But still ! still ! we look for liberty !
 For we are as brave a race as e'er could be.

Then prepare ? prepare ! Hibernia's sons prepare !

For the time it soon will come, get ready your pike and gun,

And prepare ! prepare ! Hibernia's sons prepare !

To strike a gallant blow for liberty.

Let the dastard that is willing to take the Saxon shilling,

Return from whence he came, with a blot upon his name,
 And repent ! repent ! for all his former crimes,
 Until the sun no longer on him shines.

Now forward ! forward ! on to the fight we go !

Mind each your pike or gun, and we'll show the Saxon fun ;

Then steady ! steady ! let each one mark his man !

And soon our cry will be, "*Old Ireland's free !*"

For God is on our side, and in that alone we pride ;
 For we have a righteous cause, "*Free Ireland and Free Laws !*"

Then huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

We will thrash the enemies of Liberty !

KATE KEARNEY.

OH! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney!
 She lives on the banks of Killarney;
 From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
 For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
 You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;
 Yet, oh! I can tell, how fatal's the spell
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 Yet there's mischief in every dimple,
 And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

PAT ROACH AT THE PLAY.

As Pat Roach and the Missus, from Galway,
 In Dublin once happened to be,
 To the playhouse they went one fine evening,
 Determined diversion to see.

But, says Pat as he entered, "There's no one."
 To pay money to, here, at all;"

"Pay here!" cried a voice. "Holy murther!"
 Says Pat, "there's a man in the wall."

"Pay here!" cries a voice. "Holy murther!"
 Says Pat, "there's a man in the wall."

The missus she looks all around her,
 In wonder her eyes they did roll,
 But says she, "Paddy darling, alanna,
 He is here like a rat in a hole:"

"Pay here." "How much is it?" "A shilling.

"A shilling apiece, that won't do;

'Tis too much, Mr. Pay here, avourneen,
Eighteen pence I will give you for two:

'Tis too much, Mister Pay here, avourneer,
Eighteen pence I will give you for two."

Pat grumbled, but paid and got seated,

The band was beginning to play,

He jigged on his seat quite elated,

And to the musicians did say:

"'Tis yerselves that can do it, me bouchas,

And I wish to yes wid all me mind.

To the fiddlers, "More power to your elbows,

Mister Bugler, Heav'n spare ye yer wind."

To the fiddlers, "More power to your elbows,

Mister Bugler, Heav'n spare ye yer wind."

The play then went on and Pat wondered,

And sat with his mouth open wide,

As the proud haughty Lord of the Manor,

Sought to make the fair maiden his bride.

"To the mountains," says he, "I will bear thee."

She shrieked as she saw him approach:

"Is there no one at hand now to save me?"

Shouts a voice: "Yis, me darlin', Pat Roach."

Then up on the seat jumped brave Paddy,

Says he: "Now you blackguard, be gone,

Or a lord though you be tin times over,

I'll knock your two eyes into one."—

"Sit down there in front!" "Wnat, you spalpeen,

Is it me you thus dare to address?"

Do you think that Pat Roach would sit aisy,

And see that poor girl in distriss?"

A scuffle ensued in a minute,
 But soon sure the row did subside,
 And as Pat gasped for breath he discovered,
 Of the door he was on the wrong side;
 He soon found the missus, next morning
 They started for home, and Pat swore
 If he once safely landed in Galway,
 He'd come up to Dublin no more.

THE ROSE OF ERIN.

I saw her first in golden hours,
 With primrose stars appearin',
 O green was she of all the flow'rs,
 The lovely Rose of Erin!
 Beneath the shade of Irish hills,
 Their Isle's own colors wearin',
 Ah, where smiled the shamrock all the day,
 There dwelt the Rose of Erin,
 Dwelt the Rose of Erin.

I saw her next in summer time,
 With ev'ry charm endearin',
 For she was in her girlhood's fame,
 The lovely Rose of Erin;
 We met beside the banks of Erin.
 No thought of sorrow fearin',
 Ah, yet oft I thought her lily-pale,
 My darlin' Rose of Erin,
 Darlin' Rose of Erin.

Alas! alas! on autumn's wave,
 To heav'n her bark was steerin',
 And I, no pray'r of mine might save
 My lovely Rose of Erin.

Ah! well-a-day, the angels came,
 My heart's own garden nearin',
 Ah! and took from earth, to bloom in heav'n,
 My lovely Rose of Erin,
 Lovely Rose of Erin.

THERE'S BOUND TO BE A ROW.

I'M a poor unlucky married man,
 I've got an awful wife:
 To please her I do all I can,
 But still she plagues my life.
 If I do everything that's right,
 She'll find a fault somehow,
 And if not in at eight, each night,
 There's bound to be a row.

CHORUS.

There's bound to be a row,
 Bound to be a row:
 Do all in life to please my wife.
 Yet there's bound to be a row.

She makes me do the household work
 When I come home at night:
 If I cough or sneeze when going to bed,
 Of course that is not right.
 If she should wake the young ones up,
 With rage she'll storm, I vow,
 And if I snore too hard for her,
 Why, there's bound to be a row.
 There's bound, &c.

She wakes me early, every morn,
 In an awful cruel way:
 She kicks me round about the room,
 Yet not a sentence dare I say.

I have to wash my stockings,
 My pants and shirts, I vow,
 And if I don't wash for her as well,
 There's bound to be a row.

There's bound, &c.

And when I'm paid my wages,
 After working hard all week,
 I give her every farthing up,
 And then she's got the cheek
 To give me two pence for myself,
 And for that I have to bow :
 But if I spend it all at once,
 There's bound to be a row.

There's bound, &c.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

Darling, I am growing old,
 Silver threads among the gold
 Shine upon my brow to day :
 Life is fading fast away,
 But, my darling, you will be, will be—
 Always young and fair to me—
 Yes, my darling, you will be
 Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS.

Darling, I am growing, growing old,
 Silver threads among the gold
 Shine upon my brow to-day :
 Life is fading fast away—

When your hair is silver white,
 And your cheeks no longer bright
 With the roses of the May,
 I will kiss your lips and say :

"Oh ! my darling, mine alone, alone
You have never older grown—
Yes, my darling, mine alone—
You have never older grown !"

Chorus.

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold ;
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know
Never, never winter's frost and chill :
Summer warmth is in them still—
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.

Chorus.

Love is always young and fair—
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below ?
Since I kissed you mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown—
Since I kissed you mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Chorus.

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
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